CHRISTMAS
CAROLS
NEW AND
OLD

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Christmas Carols

NEW AND OLD

THE WORDS EDITED BY THE

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THE MUSIC EDITED BY

SIR JOHN STAINER, M.A., MUS. DOC.,

OF THE SAME COLLEGE.

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THE following collection of Christmas Carols, new and old, has been formed with the purpose of providing a single source, easily accessible, from which those who are so disposed may make choice of songs, suitable in words and music, for the sacred and joyous season of our Lord's Nativity.

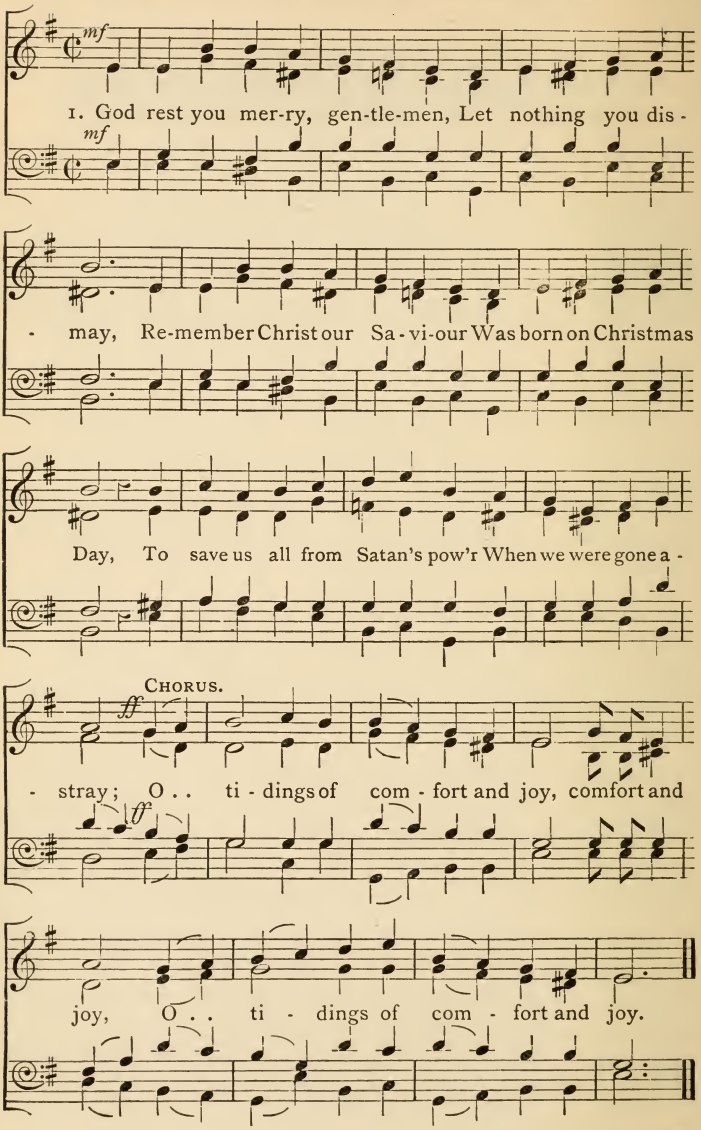
The time-honoured and delightful custom of thus celebrating the Birthday of the Holy Child seems, with some change of form, to be steadily and rapidly gaining ground. Instead of the itinerant ballad-singer or the little bands of wandering children, the practice of singing Carols in Divine Service, or by a full choir at some fixed meeting, is becoming prevalent.

Among the Carols here given are some which are best suited for the old simple mode of rendering; others which require more ample means for their performance. Some, from their legendary, festive, or otherwise less serious character, are unfit for use within the Church.

In choosing Carols for this purpose, the Editors would recommend that the selection should be confined to those which are numbered as follows: 1—9 inclusive, 13—17, 19—22, 26, 27, 29—32, 34, 36, 38, 41, 43, 44, 46—48, 50, 53—55, 57, 58, 60, 62, 65, 66, 70. The rest may fitly be reserved for less sacred places and occasions.

With this brief account of the purpose and nature of their undertaking they again submit the result to those orthodox lovers of music who desire to keep the Feast of Christmas with mirth which shall not overstep the bounds of reverence; referring those who may wish for further information upon the subject of Christmas Carols to the larger Preface prefixed to the Library Edition of this work.

1 # God rest you merry, Gentlemen.



2 In Bethlehem, in Jewry,
This blessed Babe was born,
And laid within a manger,
Upon this blessed morn;
The which His Mother Mary,
Did nothing take in scorn.
O tidings, &c.

3 From God our Heavenly Father,
A blessed Angel came;
And unto certain Shepherds
Brought tidings of the same:
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by Name.
O tidings, &c.

4 "Fear not then," said the Angel,
"Let nothing you affright,
This day is born a Saviour
Of a pure Virgin bright,
To free all those who trust in Him
From Satan's power and might."
O tidings, &c.

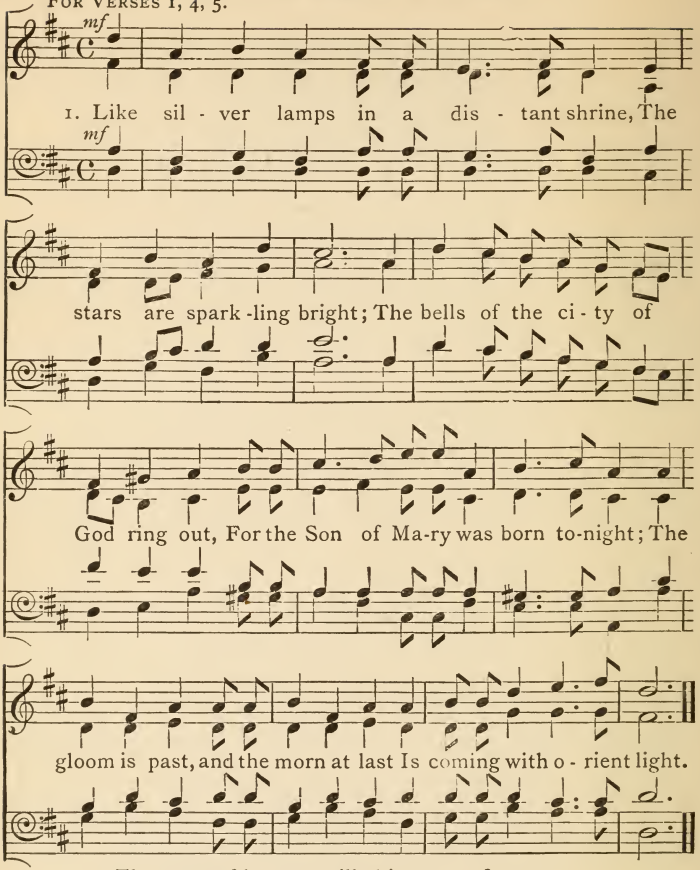
5 The shepherds at those tidings
Rejoicèd much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding,
In tempest, storm, and wind:
And went to Bethlehem straightway,
The Son of God to find.
O tidings, &c.

6 And when they came to Bethlehem
Where our dear Saviour lay,
They found Him in a manger,
Where oxen feed on hay;
His Mother Mary kneeling down,
Unto the Lord did pray.
O tidings, &c.

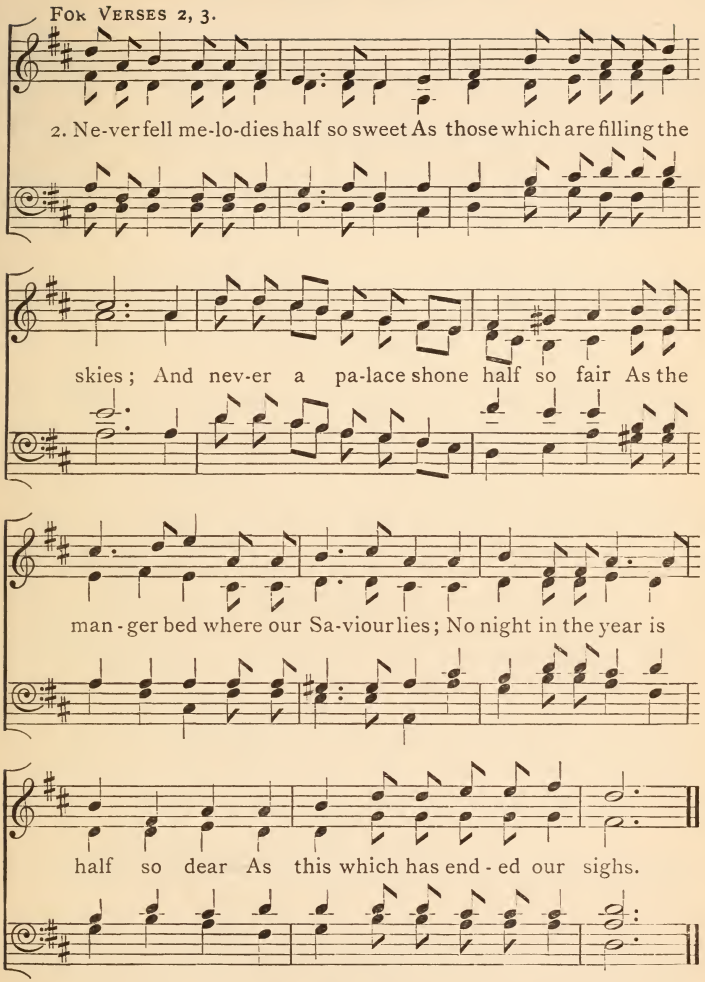
7 Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace;
This holy tide of Christmas
All other doth deface.
O tidings, &c.

The Manger Throne.

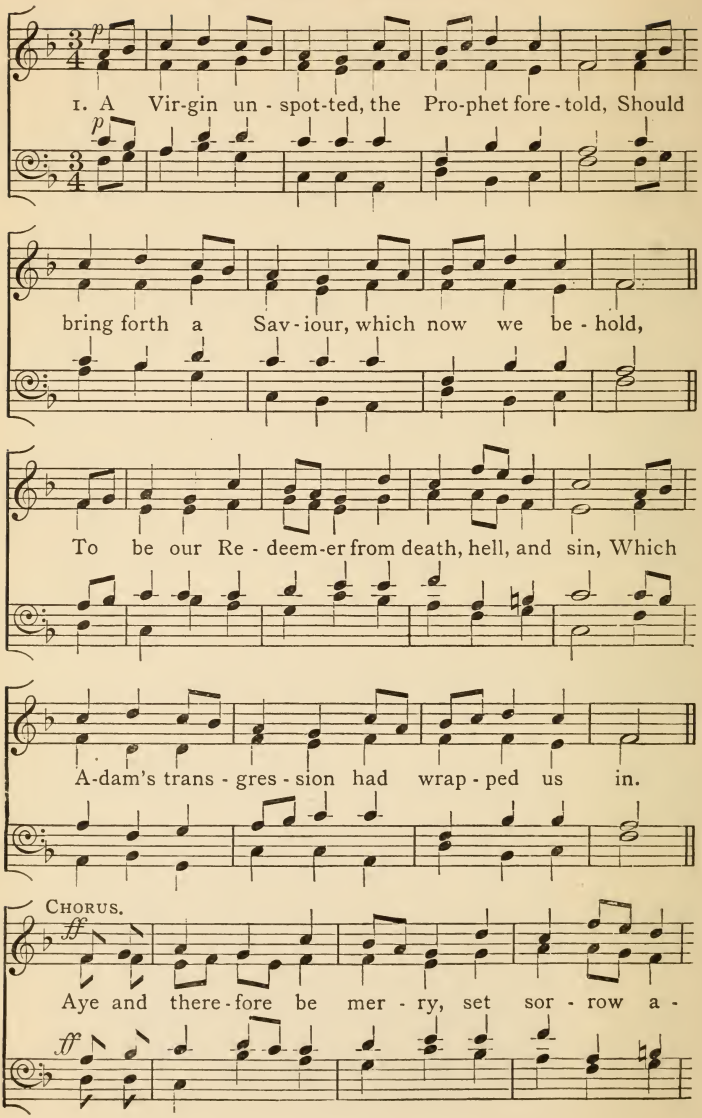
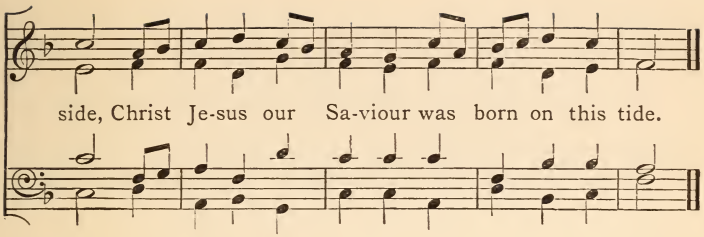
FOR VERSES 1, 4, 5.



4 The stars of heaven still shine as at first
They gleamed on this wonderful night;
The bells of the city of God peal out,
And the Angels' song still rings in the height;
And love still turns where the Godhead burns,
Hid in Flesh from fleshly sight.

5 Faith sees no longer the stable-floor,
The pavement of sapphire is there,
The clear light of Heaven streams out to the world:
And Angels of God are crowding the air;
And Heaven and earth, through the spotless Birth,
Are at peace on this night so fair.

3 Now a new Power has come on the earth,
A match for the armies of Hell:
A Child is born who shall conquer the foe,
And all the spirits of wickedness quell;
For Mary's Son is the Mighty One
Whom the prophets of God foretell.

A Virgin unspotted.



2 At Bethlehem city in Jewry it was
That Joseph and Mary together did pass,
All for to be taxed with many one moe,
Great Cæsar commanded the same should be so.
Aye and therefore, &c.

3 But when they had entered the city so fair,
A number of people so mighty was there,
That Joseph and Mary, whose substance was small,
Could find in the inn there no lodging at all.
Aye and therefore, &c.

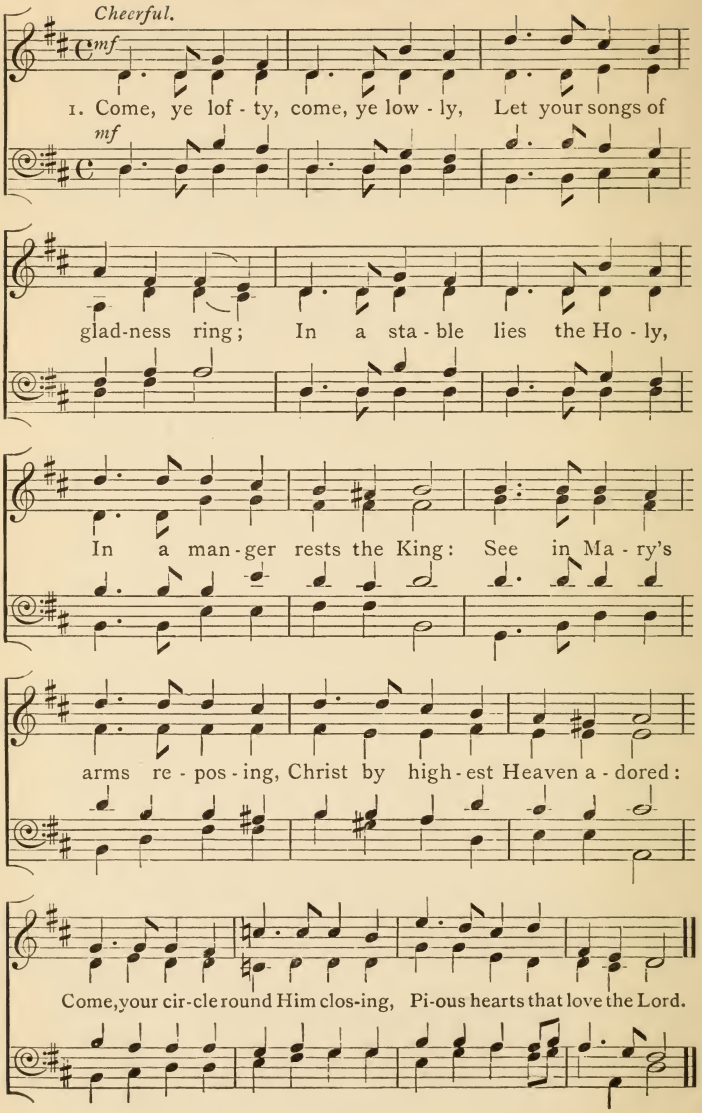
4 Then were they constrained in a stable to lie,
Where horses and asses they used for to tie:
Their lodging so simple they took it no scorn,
But against the next morning our Saviour was born.
Aye and therefore, &c

5 The King of all kings to this world being brought,
Small store of fine linen to wrap Him was sought;
But when she had swaddled her young Son so sweet,
Within an ox manger she laid Him to sleep.
Aye and therefore, &c.

6 Then God sent an angel from Heaven so high,
To certain poor shepherds in fields where they lie,
And bade them no longer in sorrow to stay,
Because that our Saviour was born on this day.
Aye and therefore, &c.

7 Then presently after the shepherds did spy
Vast numbers of angels to stand in the sky;
They joyfully talkèd and sweetly did sing,
To God be all glory, our heavenly King.
Aye and therefore, &c.

8 To teach us humility all this was done,
And learn we from thence haughty pride for to shun:
A manger His cradle who came from above,
The great God of mercy, of peace, and of love.
Aye and therefore, &c.

Come, ye lofty.

2.

Come, ye poor, no pomp of station
  Robes the Child your hearts adore:
He, the Lord of all salvation,
  Shares your want, is weak and poor:
Oxen, round about behold them;
  Rafters naked, cold, and bare,
See the shepherds, God has told them
  That the Prince of Life lies there.

3.

Come, ye children, blithe and merry,
  This one Child your model make;
Christmas holly, leaf, and berry,
  All be prized for His dear sake;
Come, ye gentle hearts, and tender,
  Come, ye spirits, keen and bold;
All in all your homage render,
  Weak and mighty, young and old.

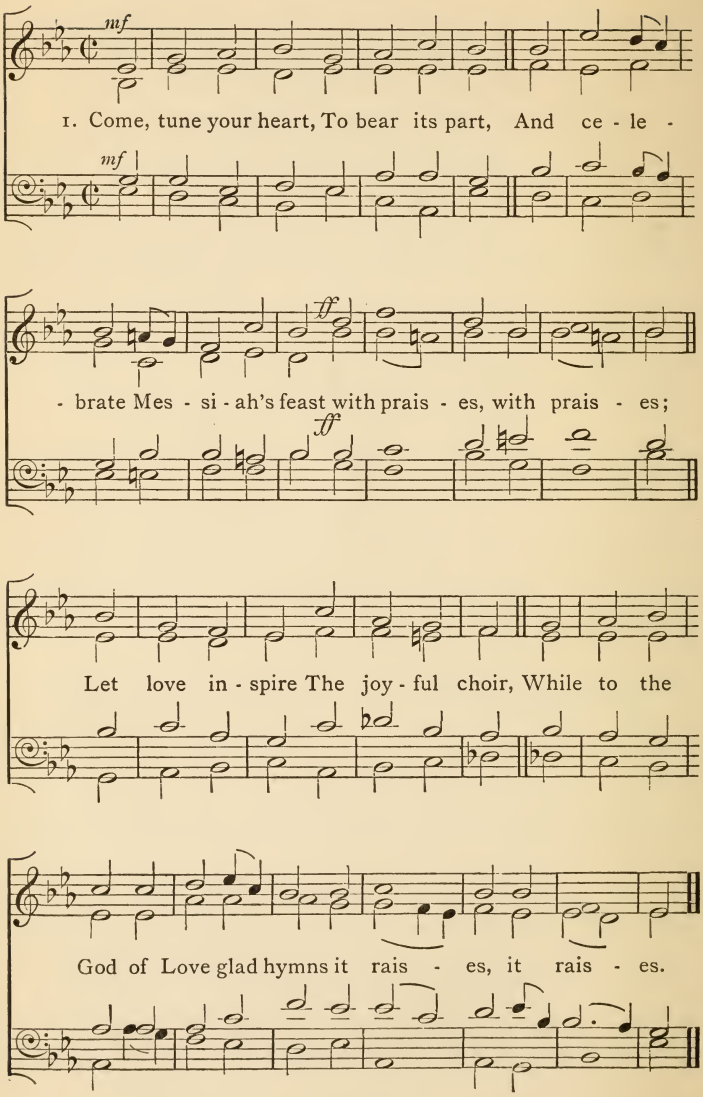
4.

High above a star is shining,
  And the Wisemen haste from far:
Come, glad hearts, and spirits pining:
  For you all has risen the star.
Let us bring our poor oblations,
  Thanks and love and faith and praise:
Come, ye people, come, ye nations,
  All in all draw nigh to gaze.

5

Hark! the Heaven of heavens is ringing
  "Christ the Lord to man is born!"
Are not all our hearts too singing,
  "Welcome, welcome, Christmas morn?"
Still the Child, all power possessing,
  Smiles as through the ages past;
And the song of Christmas blessing.
  Sweetly sinks to rest at last.

Come, tune your heart.



2.

Exalt His Name;
With joy proclaim,
God loved the world, and through His Son forgave us;
Oh! what are we,
That, Lord, we see
Thy wondrous love, in Christ who died to save us!

3.

Your refuge place
In His free grace,
Trust in His Name, and day by day repent you;
Ye mock God's Word,
Who call Him Lord,
And follow not the pattern He hath lent you.

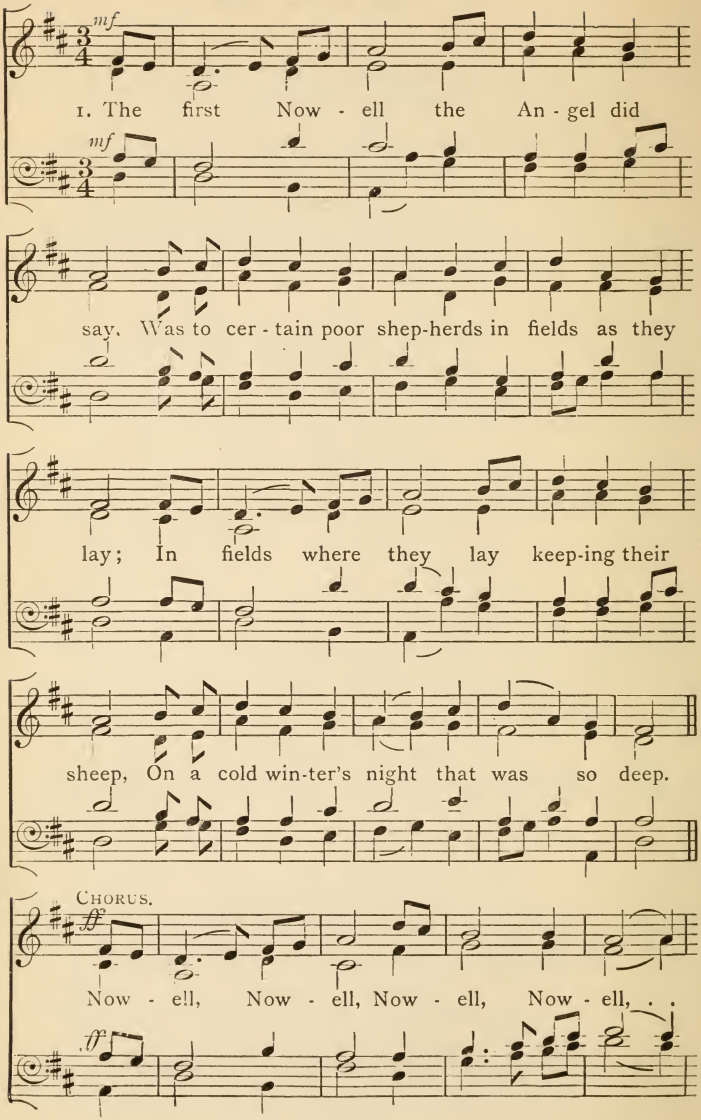
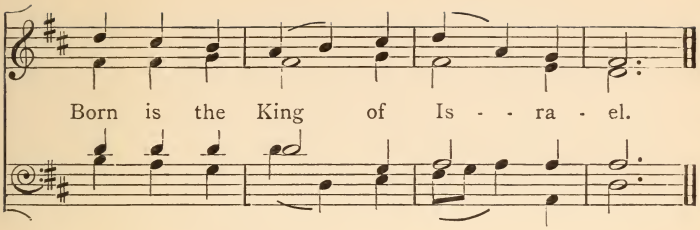
4.

O Christ, to prove
For Thee my love,
In brethren Thee my hands shall clothe and cherish;
To each sad heart
Sweet Hope impart,
When worn with care, with sorrow nigh to perish.

5.

Come, praise the Lord;
In Heaven are stored
Rich gifts for those who here His Name esteemèd;
Alleluia,
Alleluia;
Rejoice in Christ, and praise Him, ye redeemèd.

The First Nowell.



2.

They lookèd up and saw a Star,
Shining in the East, beyond them far,
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night.
Nowell, &c.

3.

And by the light of that same Star,
Three Wisemen came from country far;
To seek for a King was their intent,
And to follow the Star wherever it went.
Nowell, &c.

4.

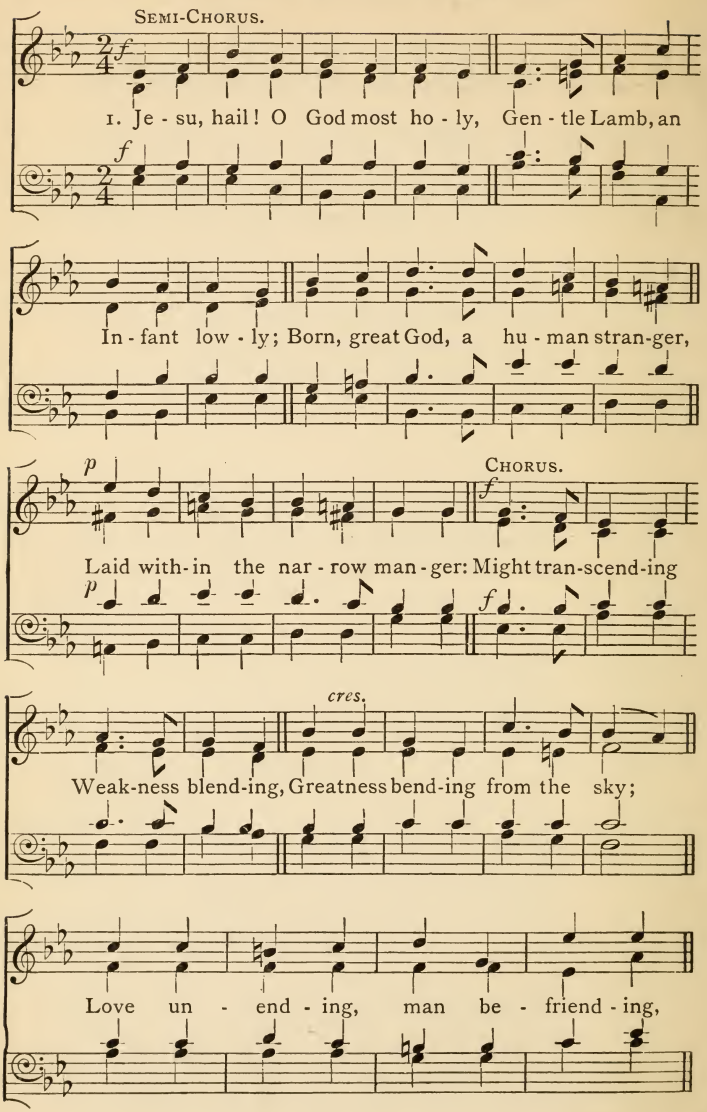
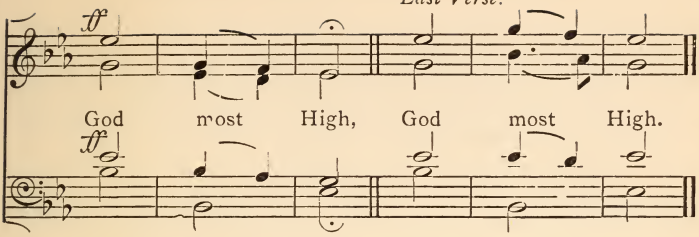
This Star drew nigh to the north-west,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay,
Right over the place where Jesus lay.
Nowell, &c.

5.

Then entered in those Wisemen three,
Full reverently upon their knee,
And offered there, in His Presence,
Their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.
Nowell, &c.

6.

Then let us all with one accord,
Sing praises to our Heavenly Lord,
That hath made Heaven and earth of nought,
And with His Blood mankind hath bought.
Nowell, &c.

7 Jesu, hail! O God most holy.

Last Verse.

2.

To enrich my desolation,
To redeem me from damnation,
Wrapt in swathing-bands Thou liest,
Thou in want and weakness sighest:
Might transcending, &c.

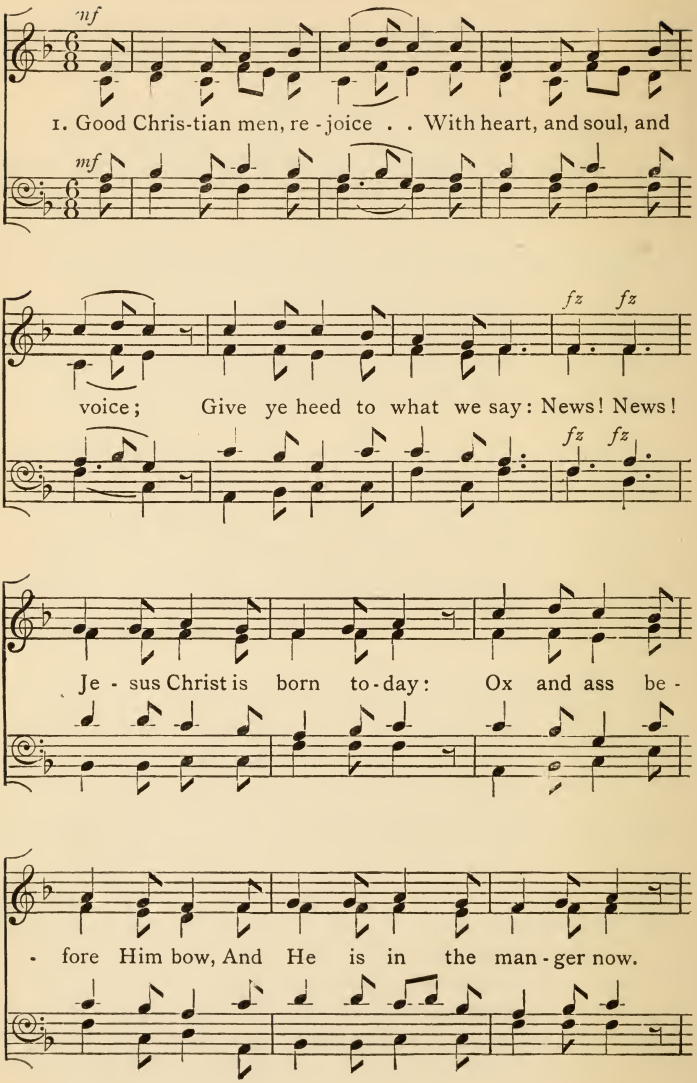
3.

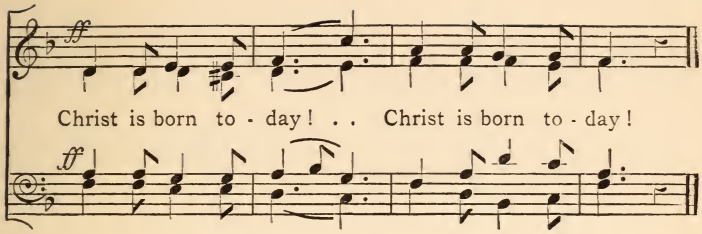
Low abased, where brutes are sleeping,
God's belovèd Son is weeping;
Judge supreme, true Godhead sharing,
Sinner's likeness for us wearing!
Might transcending, &c.

4.

Jesu, Thine my heart is solely,
Draw it, take it to Thee wholly:
With Thy sacred Fire illume me,
Let it inwardly consume me.
Might transcending, &c

5.

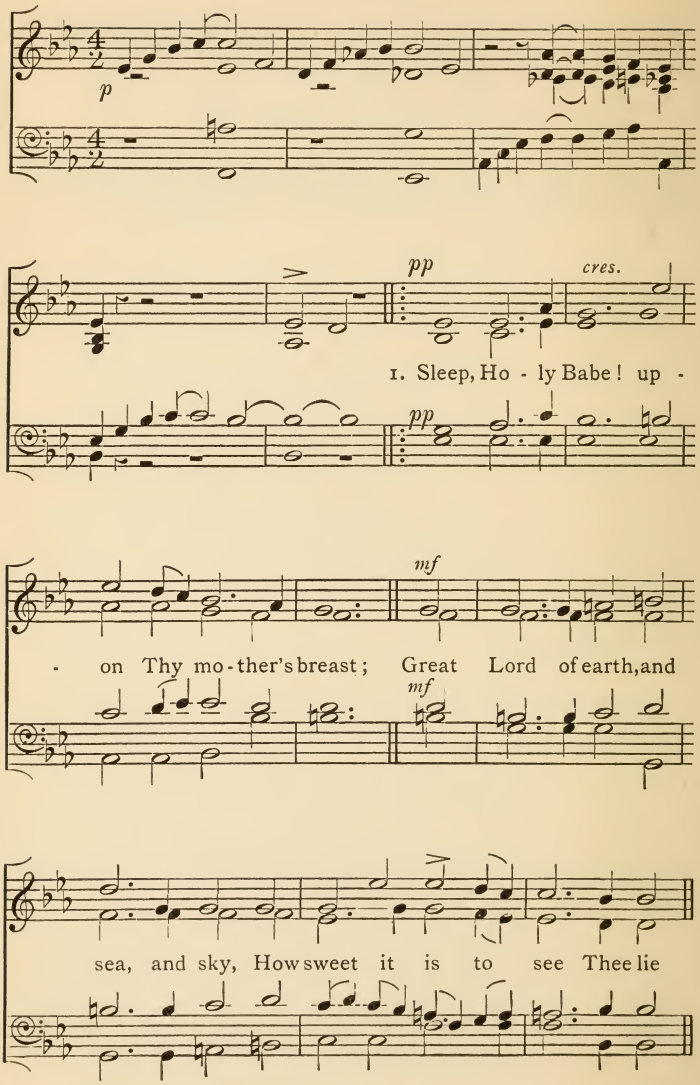
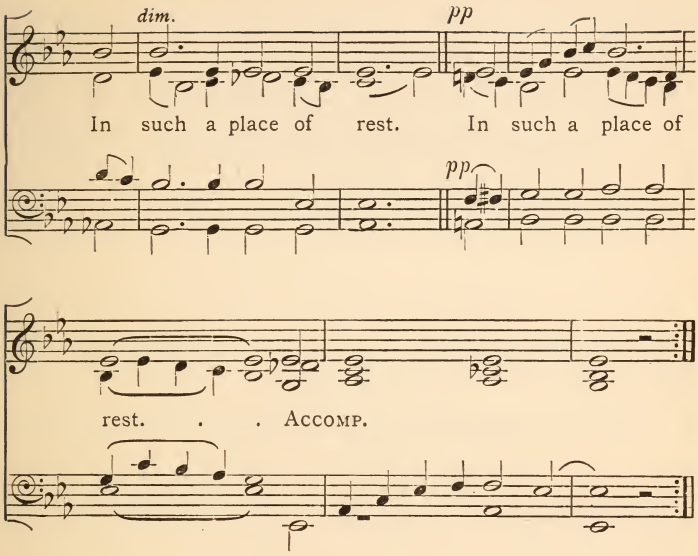
Hence let idle fancies vanish,
Hence all evil passions banish;
Make me like Thyself in meekness,
Bind to Thee my human weakness.
Might transcending, &c

mf
1. Good Chris-tian men, re-joice . . With heart, and soul, and
mf
fz fz
voice; Give ye heed to what we say: News! News!
fz fz
Je-sus Christ is born to-day: Ox and ass be-
-fore Him bow, And He is in the man-ger now.



2.

Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Now ye hear of endless bliss:
Joy! Joy!
Jesus Christ was born for this!
He hath oped the heav'nly door,
And man is blessed evermore.
Christ was born for this!

3.

Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Now ye need not fear the grave:
Peace! Peace!
Jesus Christ was born to save!
Calls you one and calls you all,
To gain His everlasting hall:
Christ was born to save!

p
pp
cres.
1. Sleep, Ho - ly Babe! up -
pp
mf
- on Thy mo-ther's breast; Great Lord of earth, and
mf
sea, and sky, How sweet it is to see Thee lie

2.

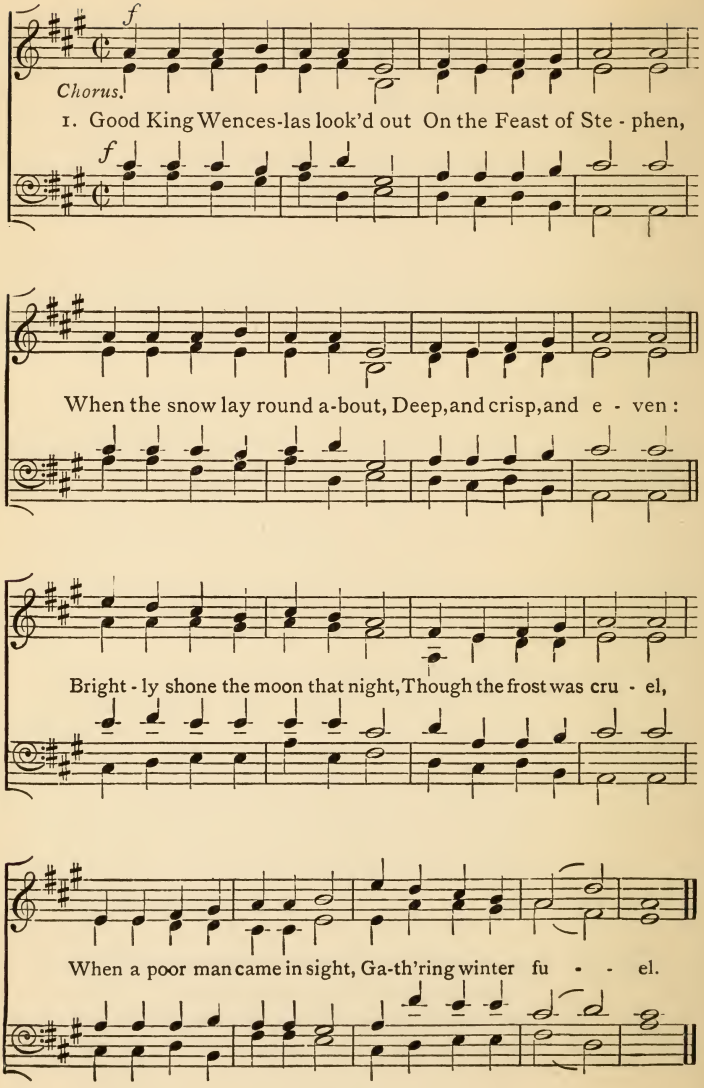
Sleep, holy Babe! Thine Angels watch around,
All bending low with folded wings,
Before the Incarnate King of kings,
In reverent awe profound.

3.

Sleep, Holy Babe! while I with Mary gaze
In joy upon that Face awhile,
Upon the loving infant smile
Which there divinely plays.

4.

Sleep, holy Babe! ah! take Thy brief repose;
Too quickly will Thy slumbers break,
And Thou to lengthened pains awake,
That Death alone shall close.

Good King Wenceslas.

2.

Tenor Solo. "Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?"
Treble Solo. "Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain;
Right against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes' fountain."

3.

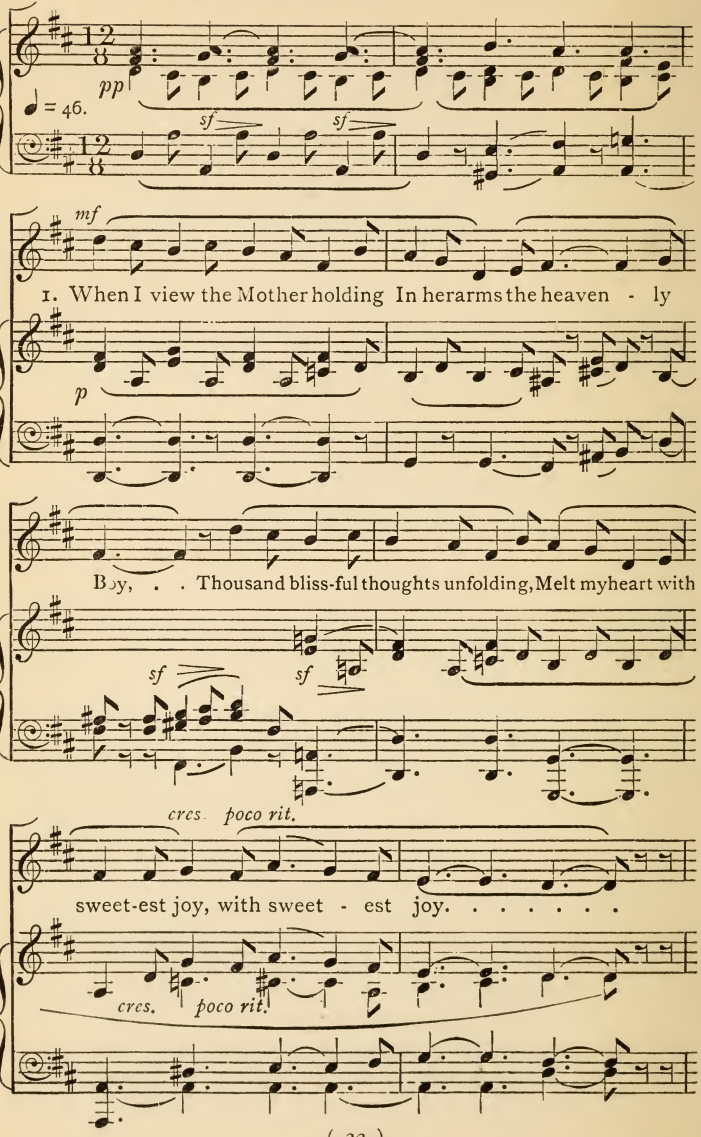
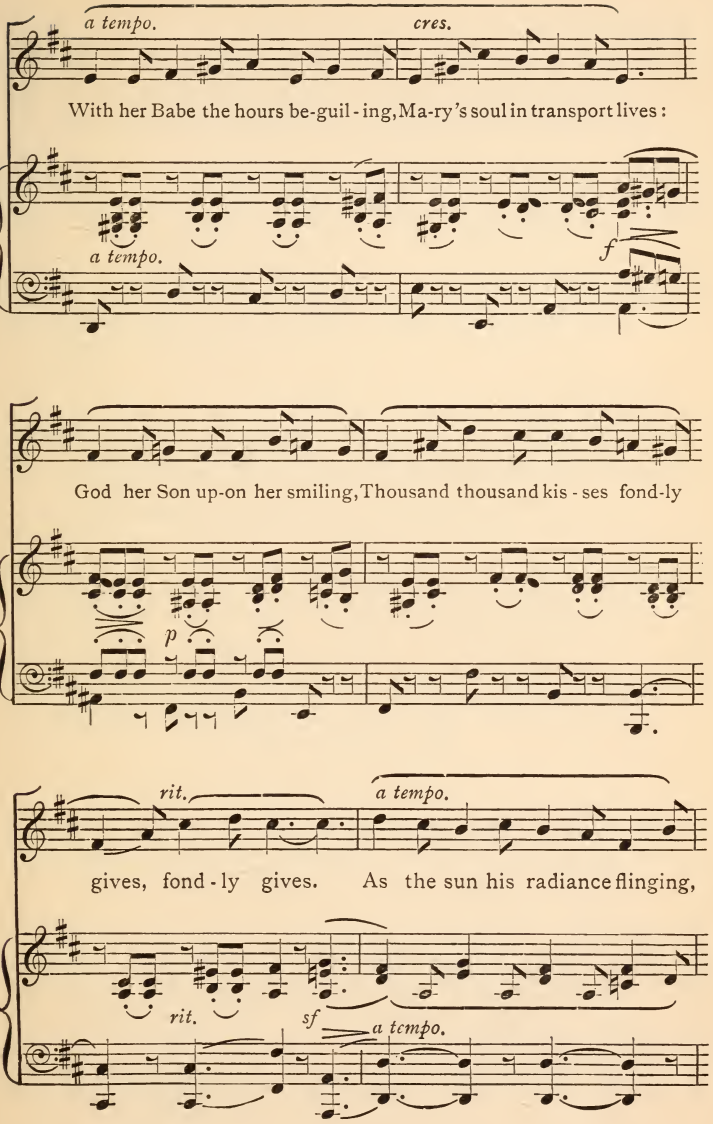
Tenor Solo. "Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
Bring me pine-logs hither;
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither."
Chorus. Page and monarch forth they went,
Forth they went together;
Through the rude wind's wild lament,
And the bitter weather.

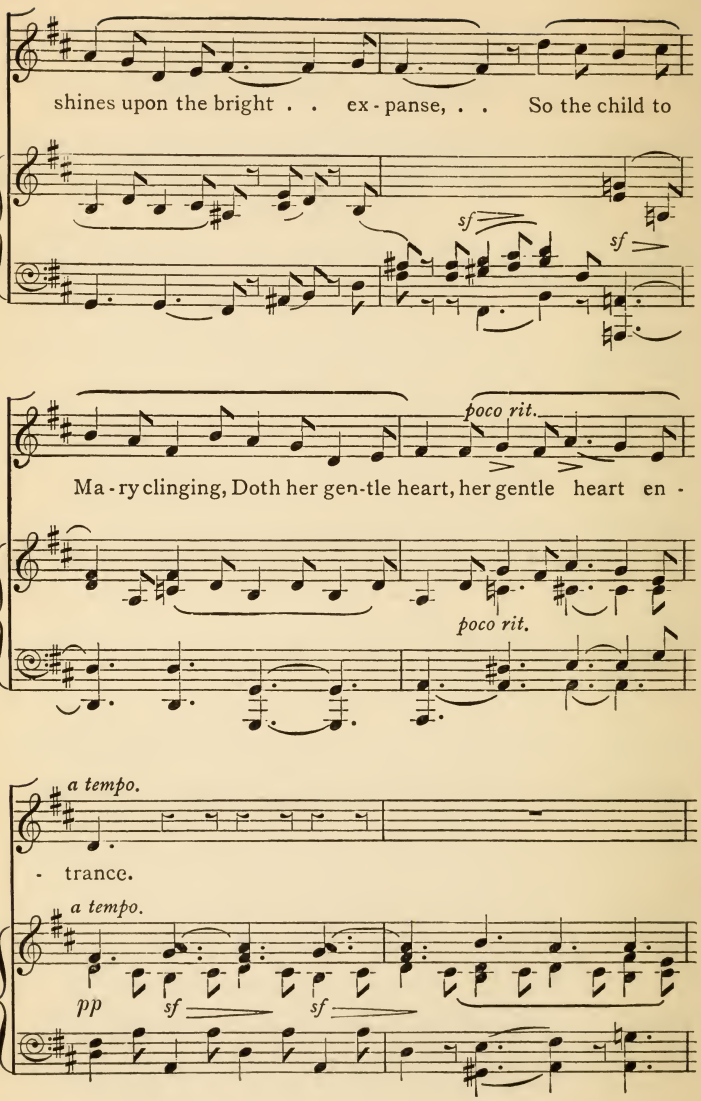
4.

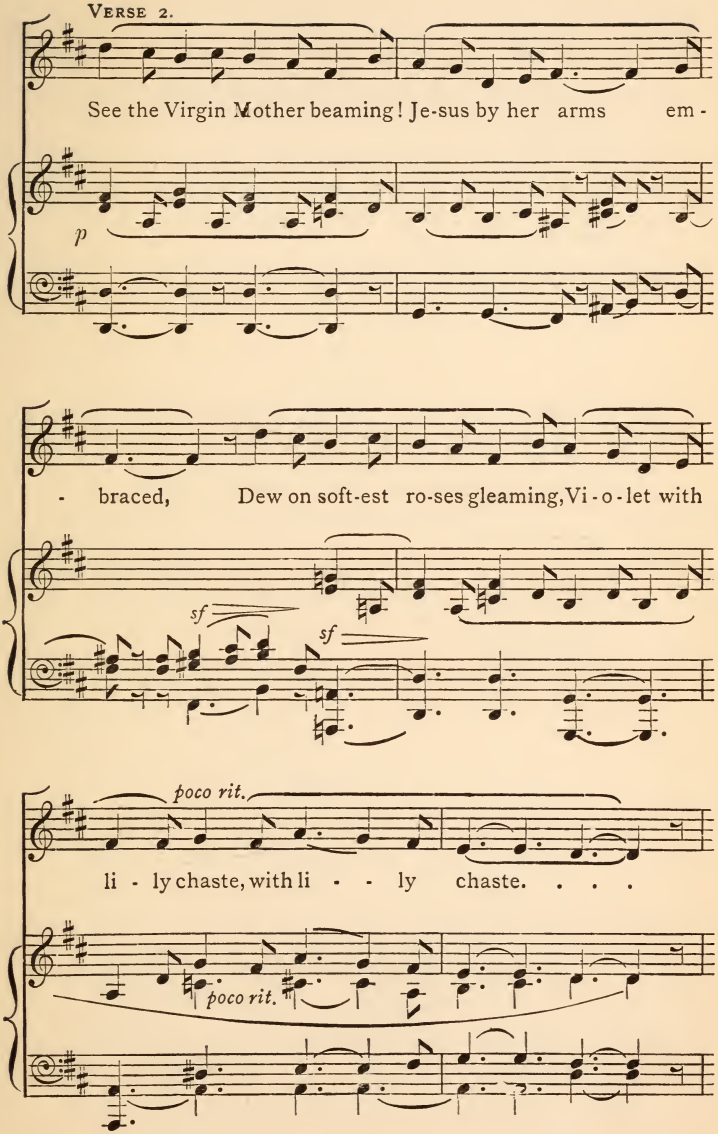
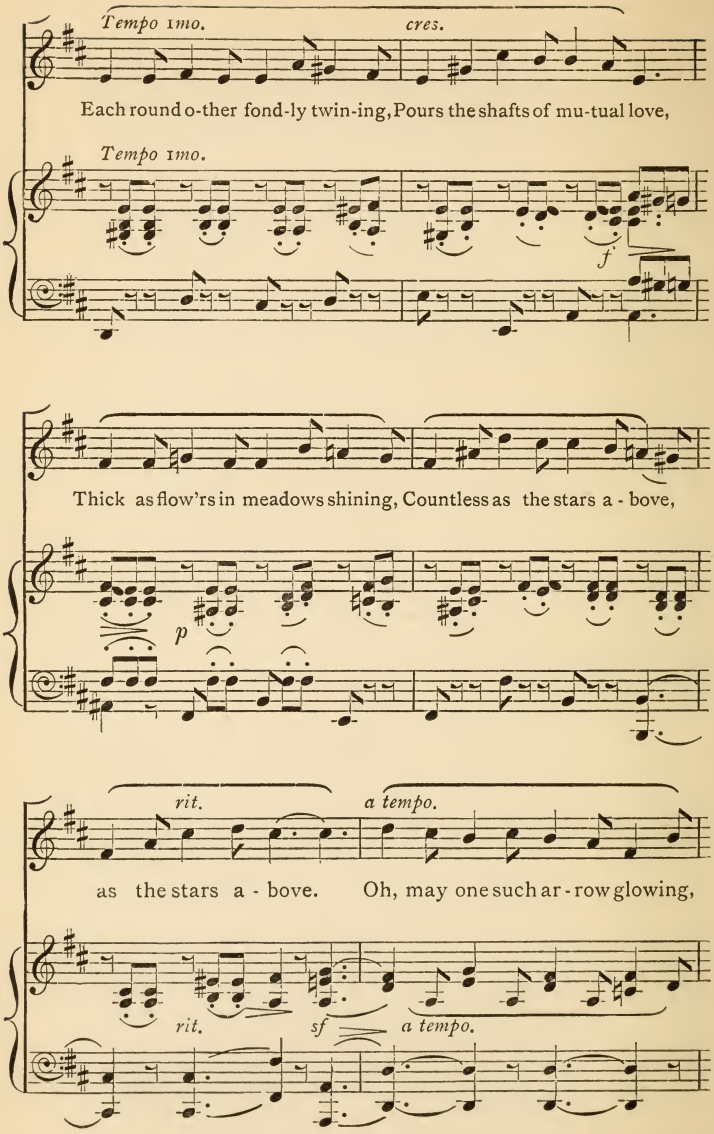
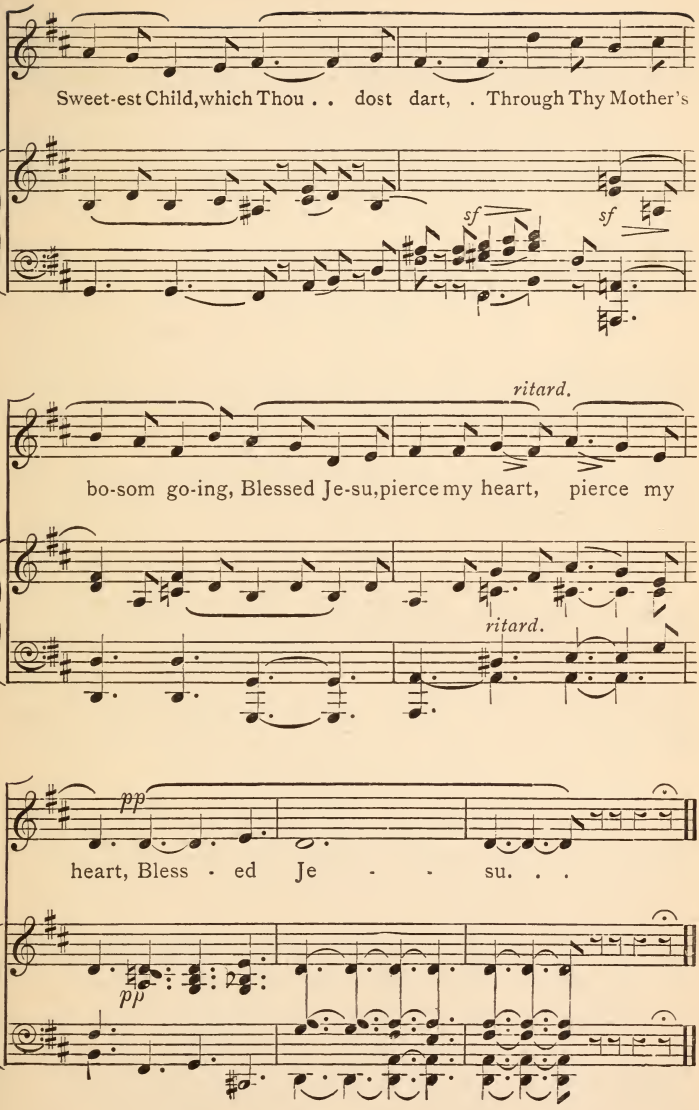
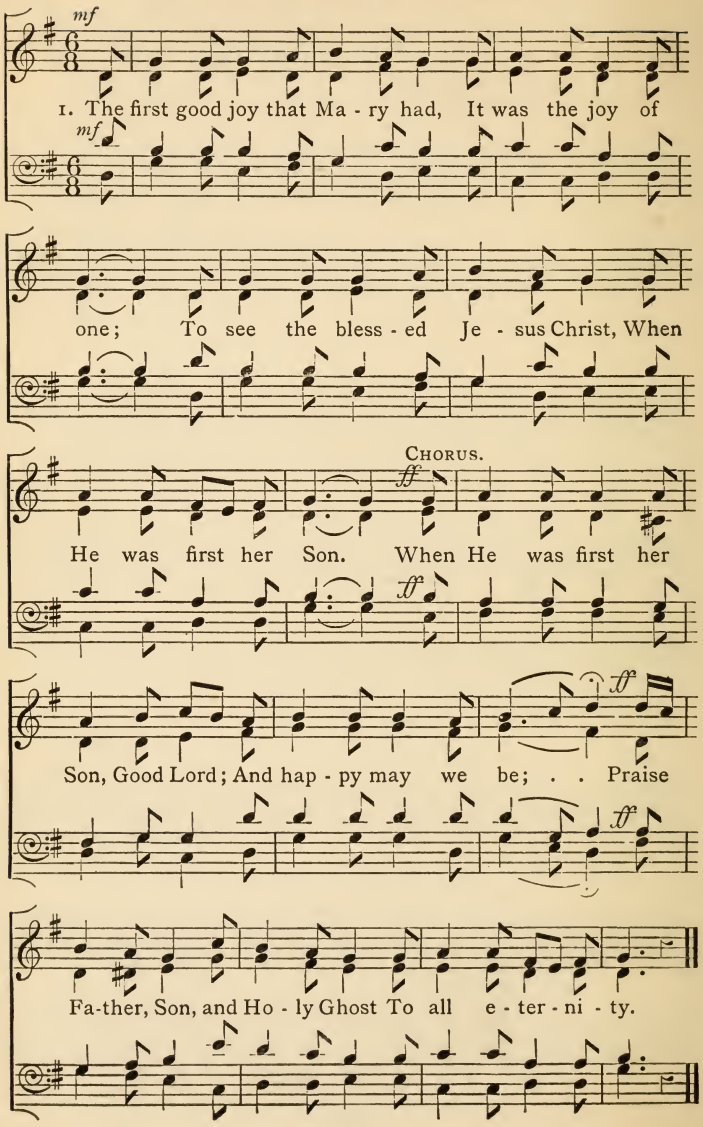
Treble Solo. "Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer."
Tenor Solo. "Mark my footsteps, my good page
Tread thou in them boldly:
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

5.

Chorus. In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.

11 When I view the Mother holding.

a tempo.
cres.
With her Babe the hours be-guil - ing, Ma-ry's soul in transport lives:
a tempo.
f
God her Son up-on her smiling, Thousand thousand kis - ses fond-ly
p
rit.
a tempo.
gives, fond - ly gives. As the sun his radiance flinging,
rit.
sf
a tempo.


shines upon the bright . . ex - panse, . . So the child to
sf
sf
poco rit.
Ma - ry clinging, Doth her gen-tle heart, her gentle heart en -
poco rit.
a tempo.
- trance.
a tempo.
pp
sf
sf


VERSE 2.
See the Virgin Mother beaming! Je-sus by her arms em-
p
- braced, Dew on soft-est ro-ses gleaming, Vi-o-let with
sf
sf
poco rit.
li - ly chaste, with li - - ly chaste. . . .
poco rit.

Tempo 1mo.
cres.
Each round o-ther fond-ly twin-ing, Pours the shafts of mu-tual love,
Tempo 1mo.
f
Thick as flow'rs in meadows shining, Countless as the stars a - bove,
p
rit.
a tempo.
as the stars a - bove. Oh, may one such ar - row glowing,
rit.
sf
a tempo.

Sweet-est Child, which Thou . . dost dart, . Through Thy Mother's
sf
sf
ritard.
bo-som go-ing, Blessed Je-su, pierce my heart, pierce my
ritard.
pp
heart, Bless - ed Je - - su. . .
pp

mf
1. The first good joy that Ma - ry had, It was the joy of
mf
one; To see the bless - ed Je - sus Christ, When
Chorus.
ff
He was first her Son. When He was first her
ff
Son, Good Lord; And hap - py may we be; . . Praise
ff
Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost To all e - ter - ni - ty.

2.

The next good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of two;
To see her own Son Jesus Christ
Making the lame to go.
Making the lame to go, Good Lord;
And happy, &c.

3.

The next good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of three;
To see her own Son Jesus Christ
Making the blind to see.
Making the blind to see, Good Lord;
And happy, &c.

4.

The next good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of four;
To see her own Son Jesus Christ
Reading the Bible o'er.
Reading the Bible o'er, Good Lord;
And happy, &c.

5.

The next good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of five;
To see her own Son Jesus Christ
Raising the dead to life.
Raising the dead to life, Good Lord
And happy, &c.

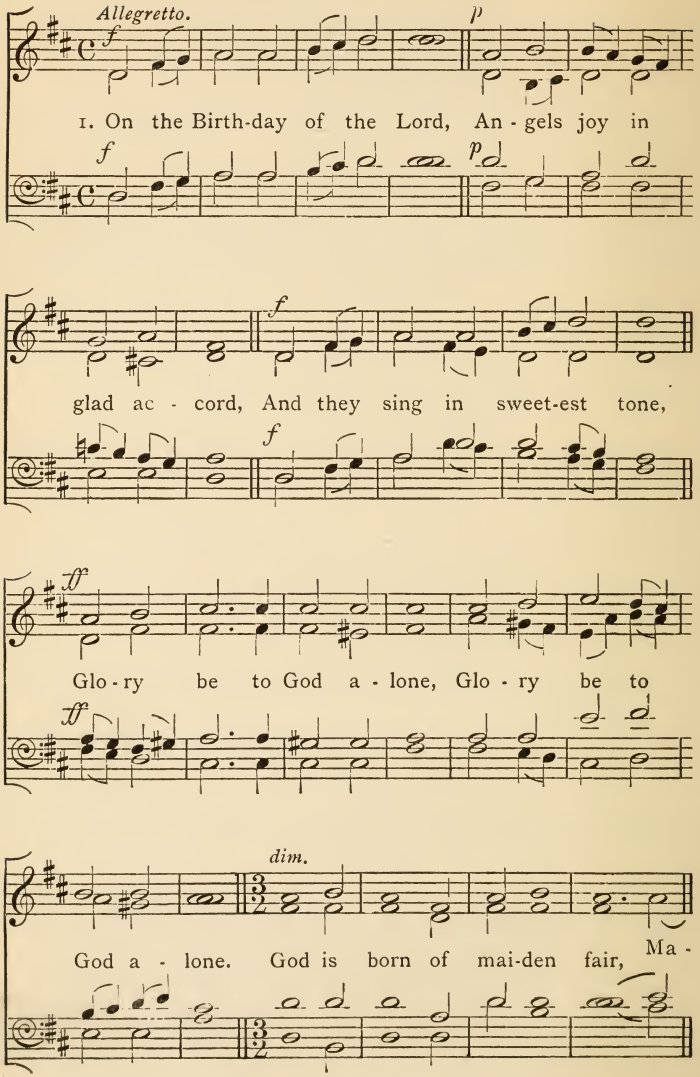
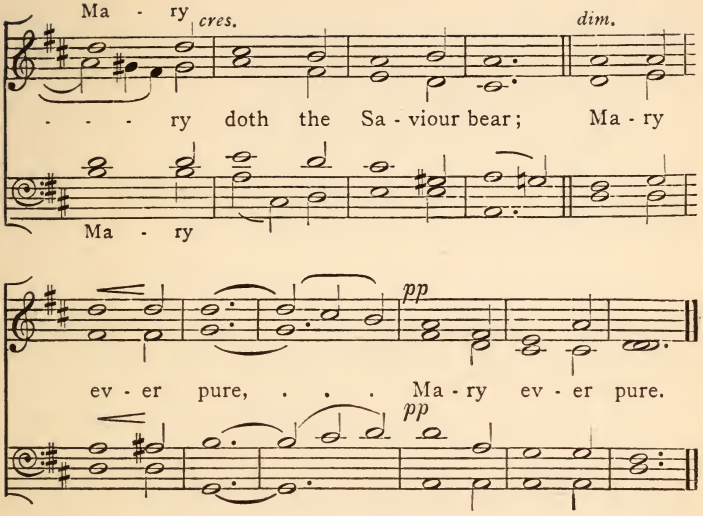
6.

The next good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of six;
To see her own Son Jesus Christ
Upon the Crucifix.
Upon the Crucifix, Good Lord;
And happy, &c.

7.

The next good joy that Mary had
It was the joy of seven;
To see her own Son Jesus Christ
Ascending into Heaven.
Ascending into Heaven, Good Lord;
And happy, &c.

13 On the Birthday of the Lord.



2.

These good news an Angel told
To the shepherds by their fold,
Told them of the Saviour's Birth,
Told them of the joy for earth.
God is born, &c.

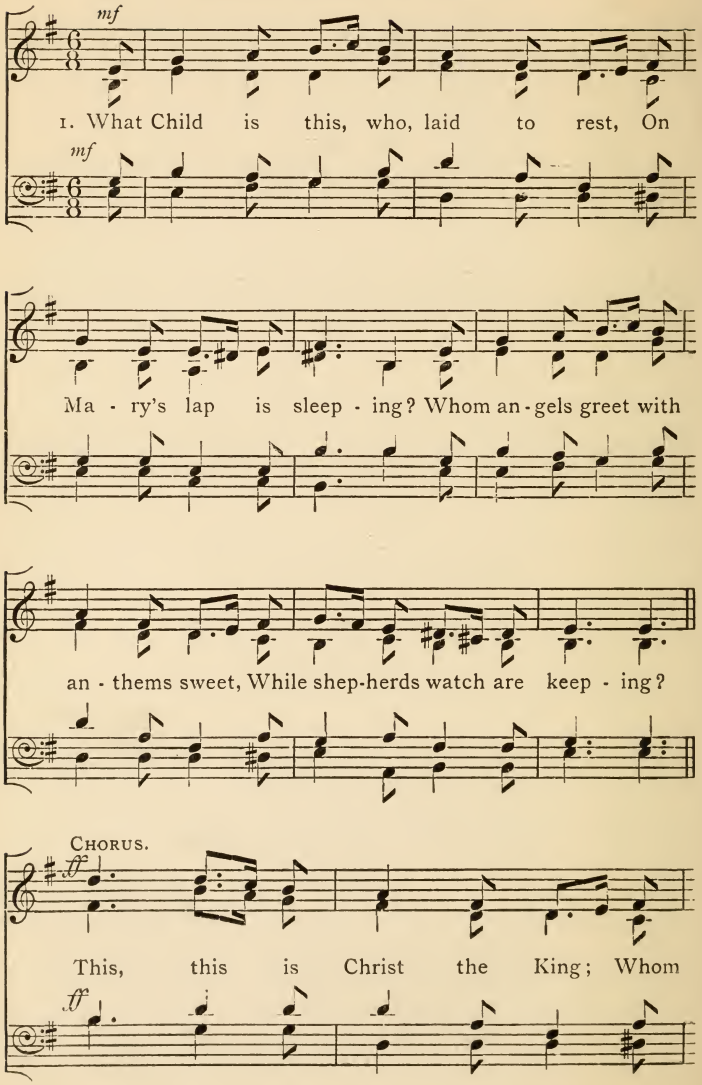
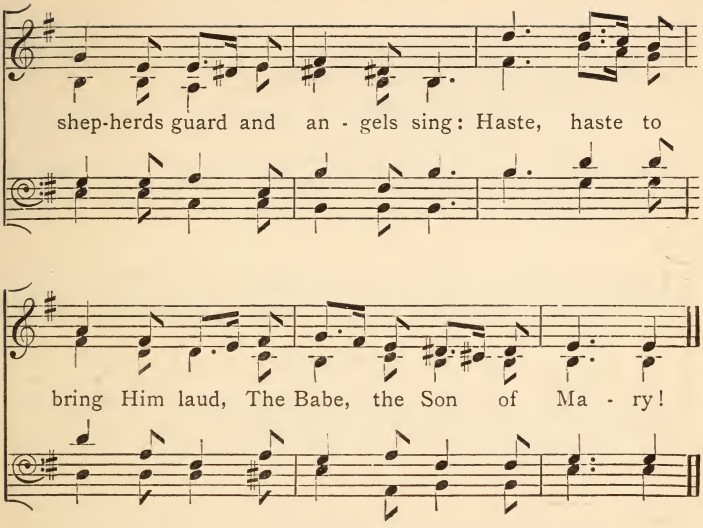
3.

Born is now Emmanuel,
He, announced by Gabriel,
He, Whom Prophets old attest,
Cometh from His Father's Breast.
God is born, &c.

4.

Born to-day is Christ the Child,
Born of Mary undefiled,
Born the King and Lord we own;
Glory be to God alone.
God is born, &c.

What Child is this?



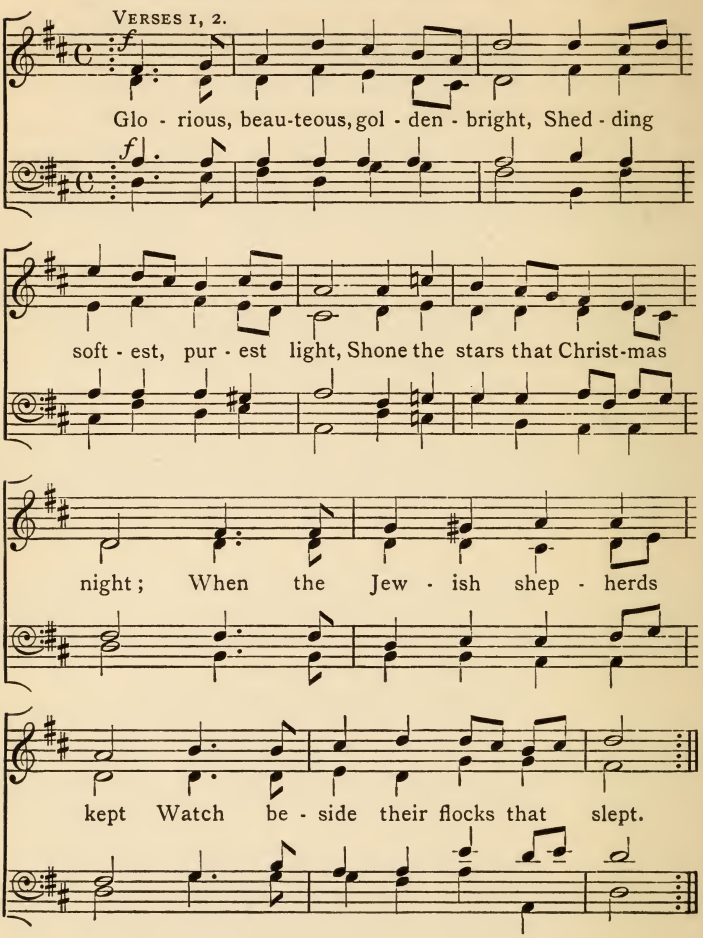
2.

Why lies He in such mean estate,
Where ox and ass are feeding?
Good Christian, fear: for sinners here
The silent Word is pleading:
Nails, spear, shall pierce Him through,
The Cross be borne, for me, for you:
Hail, hail, the Word made flesh,
The Babe, the Son of Mary!

3.

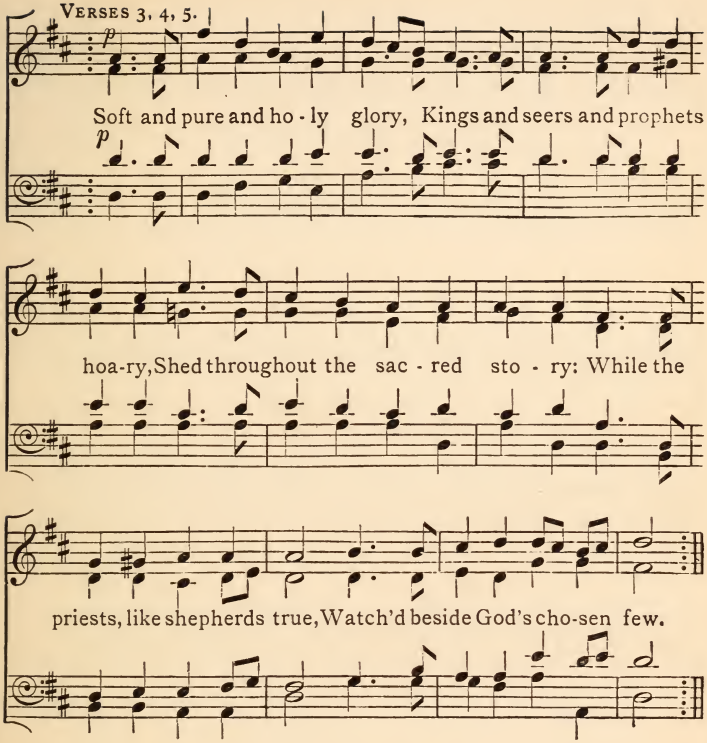
So bring Him incense, gold, and myrrh,
Come peasant, King to own Him;
The King of kings, salvation brings;
Let loving hearts enthrone Him.
Raise, raise, the song on high,
The Virgin sings her lullaby:
Joy, joy, for Christ is born,
The Babe, the Son of Mary!

15 Glorious, beauteous, golden-bright.



2.

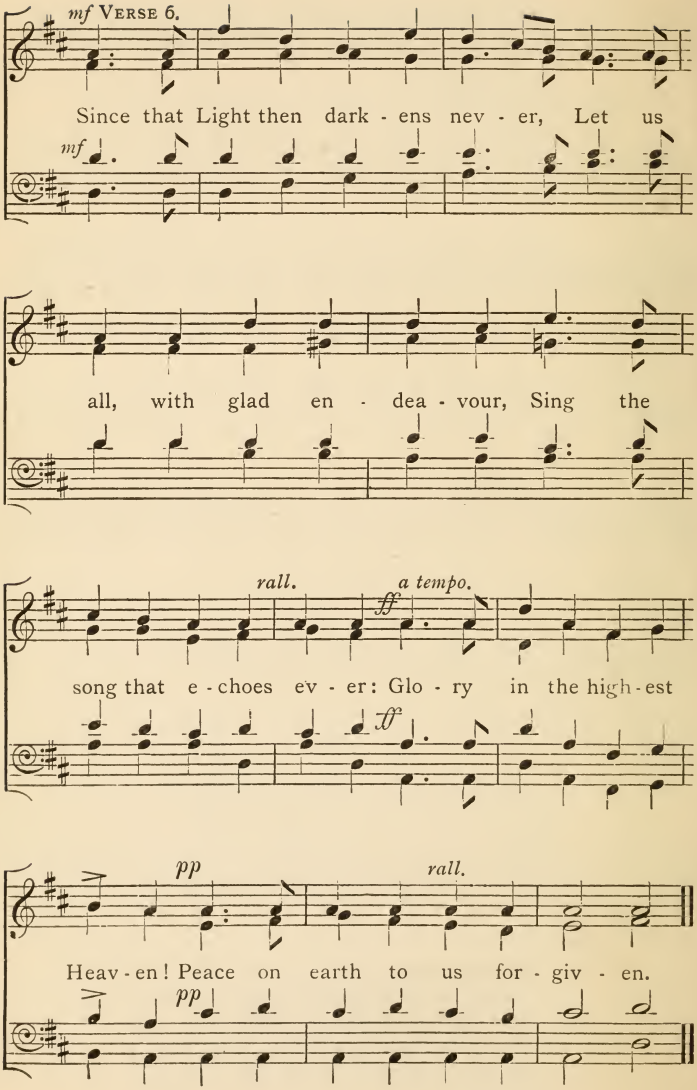
But the stars' sweet golden gleam
Faded quickly as a dream,
'Mid the wondrous glory-stream,
That illumined all the earth,
When Christ's angels sang His birth.

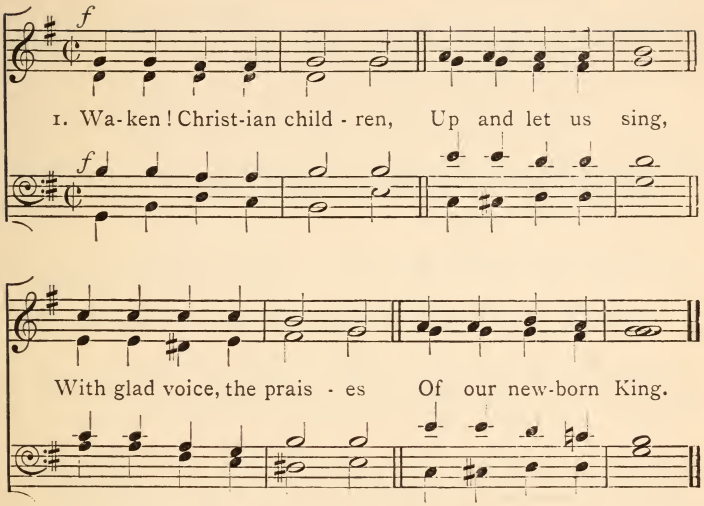


4.

But that light no more availed,
All its splendour straightway paled
In His light whom angels hailed:
Even as the stars of old,
'Mid the brightness lost their gold.

5.

Now no more on Christmas night,
Is the sky with angels bright,
But for ever shines the Light;
Even He whose birth they told
To the shepherds by the fold.

mf VERSE 6.
Since that Light then dark - ens nev - er, Let us
mf
all, with glad en - dea - vour, Sing the
rall.
a tempo.
ff
song that e - choes ev - er: Glo - ry in the high - est
ff
pp
rall.
Heav - en! Peace on earth to us for - giv - en.
pp

Waken! Christian children.

2 Up! 'tis meet to welcome,
With a joyous lay,
Christ, the King of Glory,
Born for us to-day.

3 Come, nor fear to seek Him,
Children though we be;
Once He said of children,
"Let them come to Me."

4 In a manger lowly,
Sleeps the Heavenly Child;
O'er Him fondly bendeth
Mary, Mother mild.

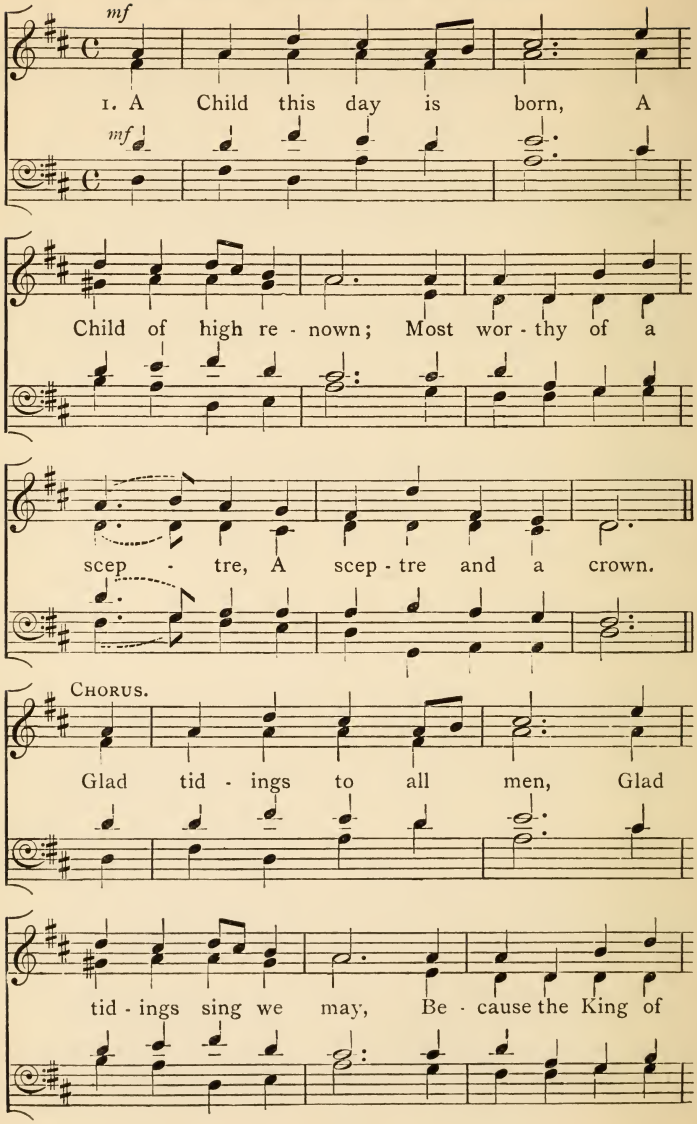
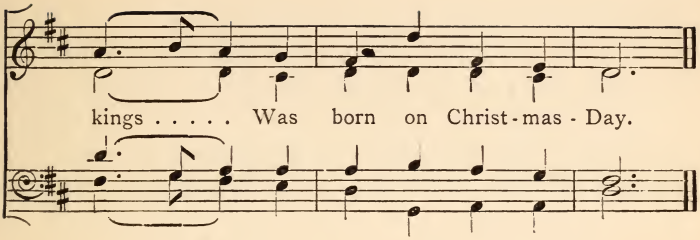
5 Far above that stable,
Up in Heaven so high,
One bright star out-shineth,
Watching silently.

6 Fear not then to enter,
Though we cannot bring
Gold, or myrrh, or incense
Fitting for a King.

7 Gifts He asketh richer,
Offerings costlier still,
Yet may Christian children
Bring them if they will.

8 Brighter than all jewels
Shines the modest eye;
Best of gifts He loveth
Infant purity.

9 Haste we then to welcome,
With a joyous lay,
Christ, the King of Glory,
Born for us to-day.

A Child this day is born.



2.

These tidings shepherds heard
Whilst watching o'er their fold;
'Twas by an Angel unto them
That night revealed and told.
Glad tidings, &c.

3.

Then was there with the Angel
An host incontinent*
Of heavenly bright soldiers,
All from the highest sent.
Glad tidings, &c.

4.

They praised the Lord our God
And our celestial King:
All glory be in Paradise,
This heavenly host do sing.
Glad tidings, &c.

5.

All glory be to God,
That sitteth still on high,
With praises and with triumph great,
And joyful melody.
Glad tidings, &c.

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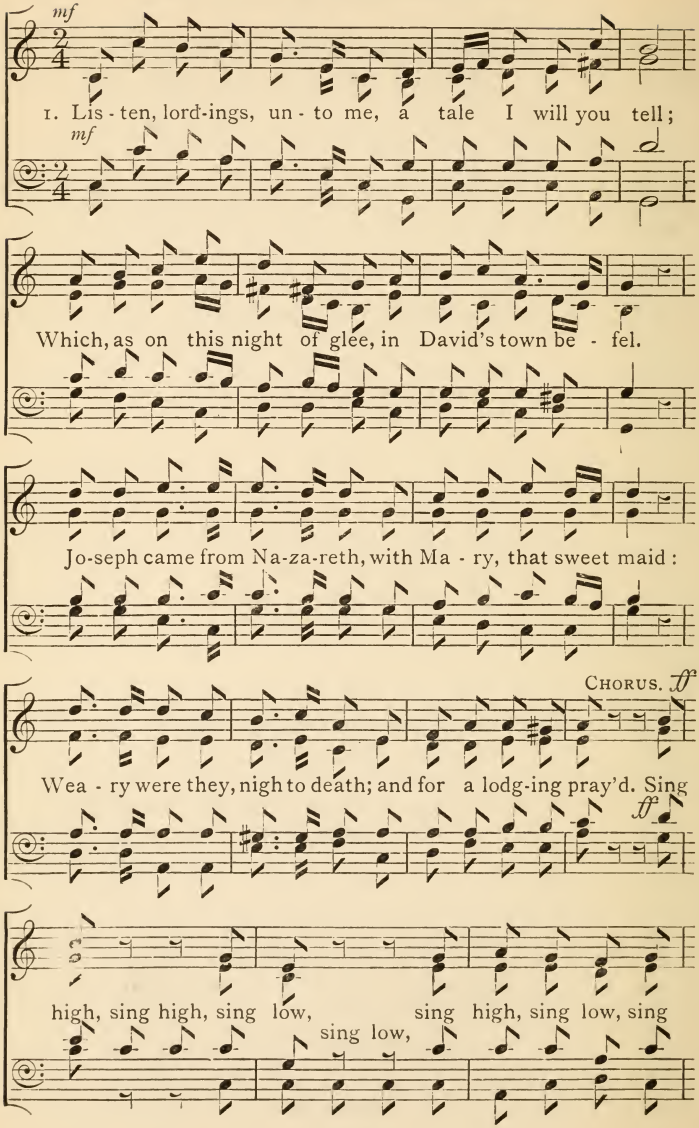
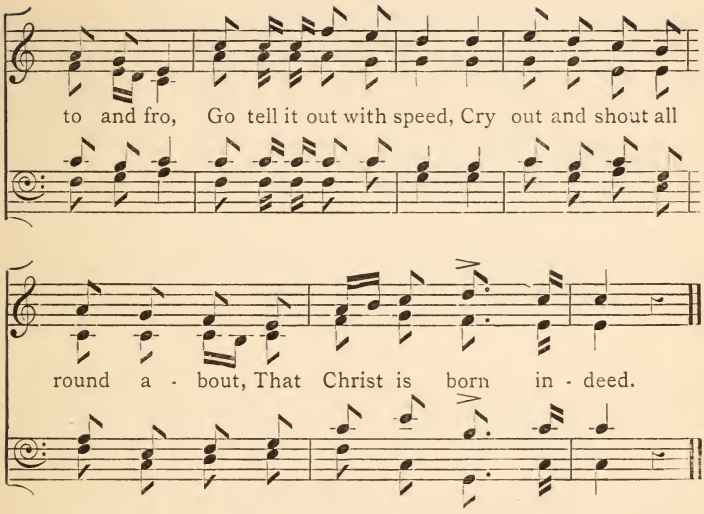
* Immediately.

mf
1. Lis - ten, lord-ings, un - to me, a tale I will you tell;
mf
Which, as on this night of glee, in David's town be - fel.
Jo-seph came from Na-za-reth, with Ma - ry, that sweet maid:
Chorus. ff
Wea - ry were they, nigh to death; and for a lodg-ing pray'd. Sing
ff
high, sing high, sing low, sing high, sing low, sing
sing low,



2.

In the inn they found no room; a scanty bed they made:
Soon a Babe from Mary's womb was in the manger laid.
Forth He came as light through glass; He came to save us all.
In the stable ox and ass before their Maker fall.
Sing high, sing low, &c.

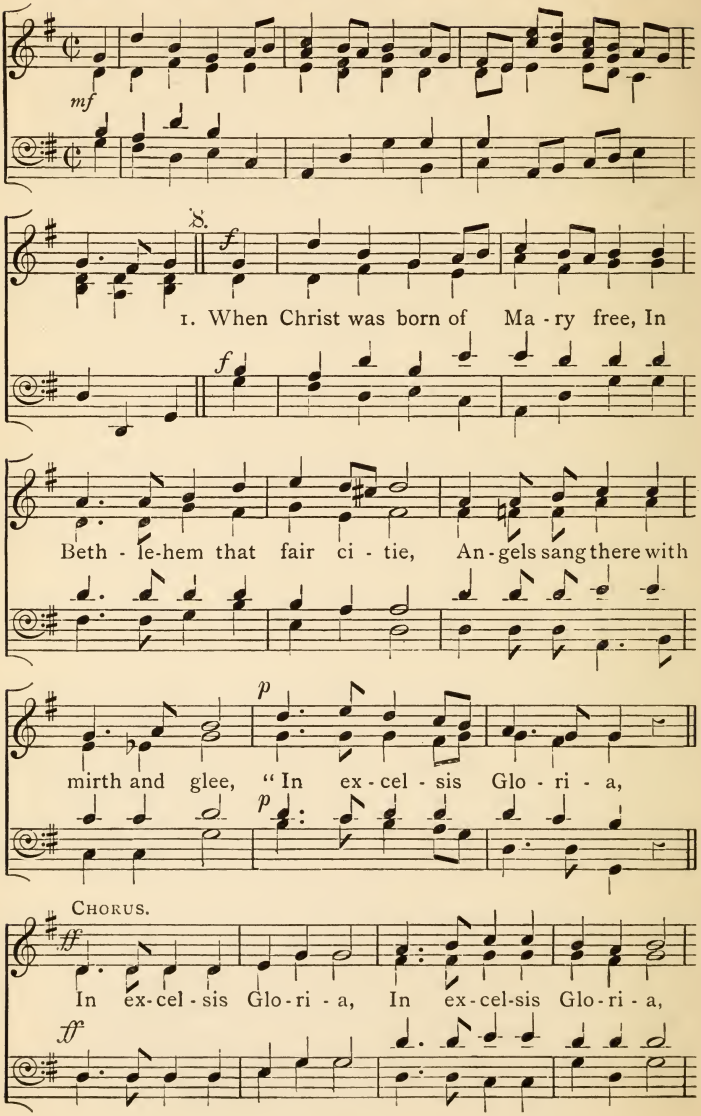
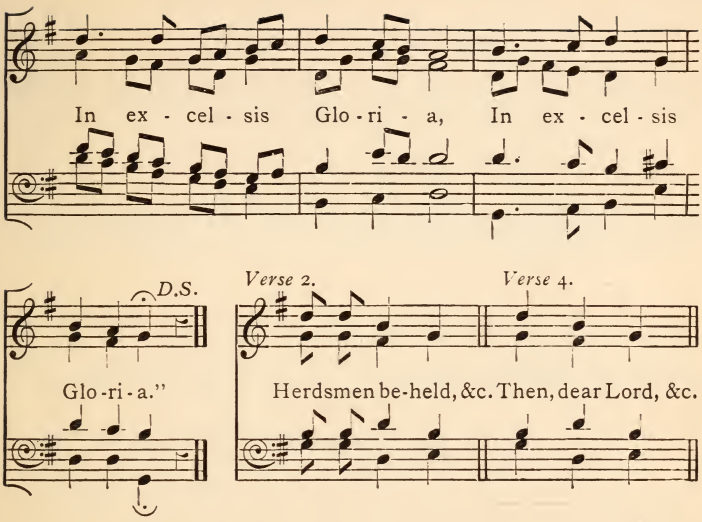
3.

Shepherds lay afield that night, to keep the silly sheep,
Hosts of Angels in their sight came down from heaven's high steep.
Tidings! tidings! unto you: to you a Child is born,
Purer than the drops of dew, and brighter than the morn.
Sing high, sing low, &c.

4.

Onward then the Angels sped, the shepherds onward went,
God was in His manger bed, in worship low they bent.
In the morning, see ye mind, my masters one and all,
At the Altar Him to find who lay within the stall.
Sing high, sing low, &c.

19 When Christ was born of Mary free.



2.

Herdsmen beheld these Angels bright,
To them appearing with great light,
Who said God's Son is born to-night.
"In excelsis Gloria."

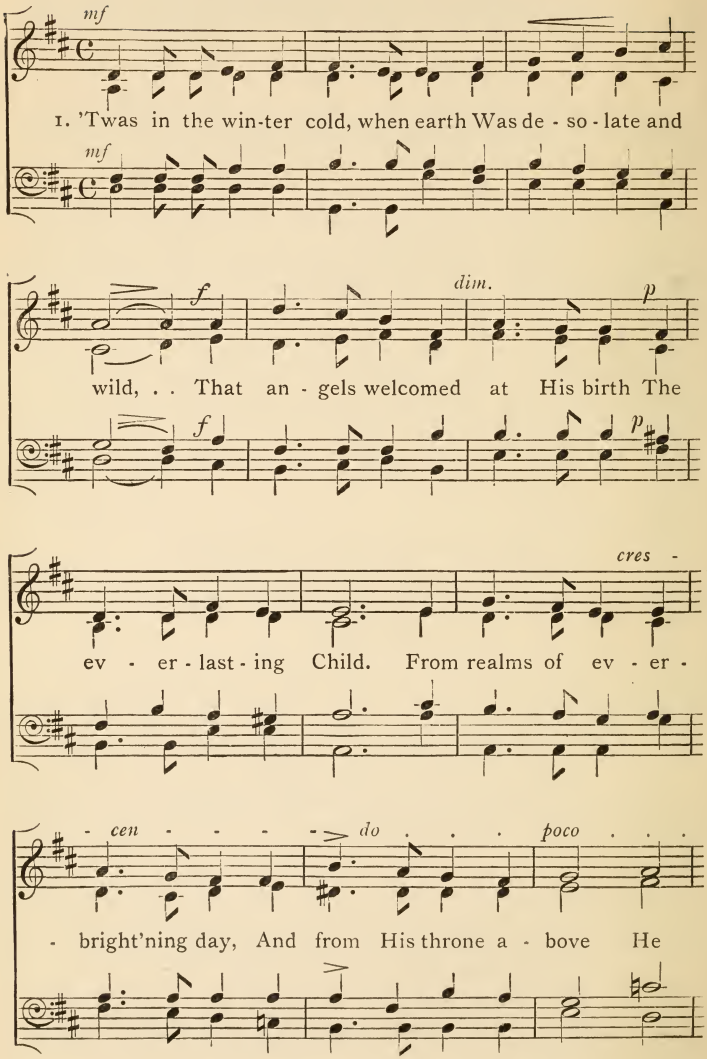
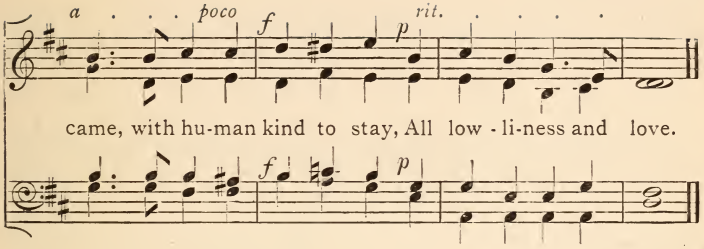
3.

The King is come to save mankind,
As in Scripture truths we find,
Therefore this song we have in mind,
"In excelsis Gloria."

4.

Then, dear Lord, for Thy great grace,
Grant us in bliss to see Thy face,
That we may sing to Thy solace,
"In excelsis Gloria."

'Twas in the Winter cold.

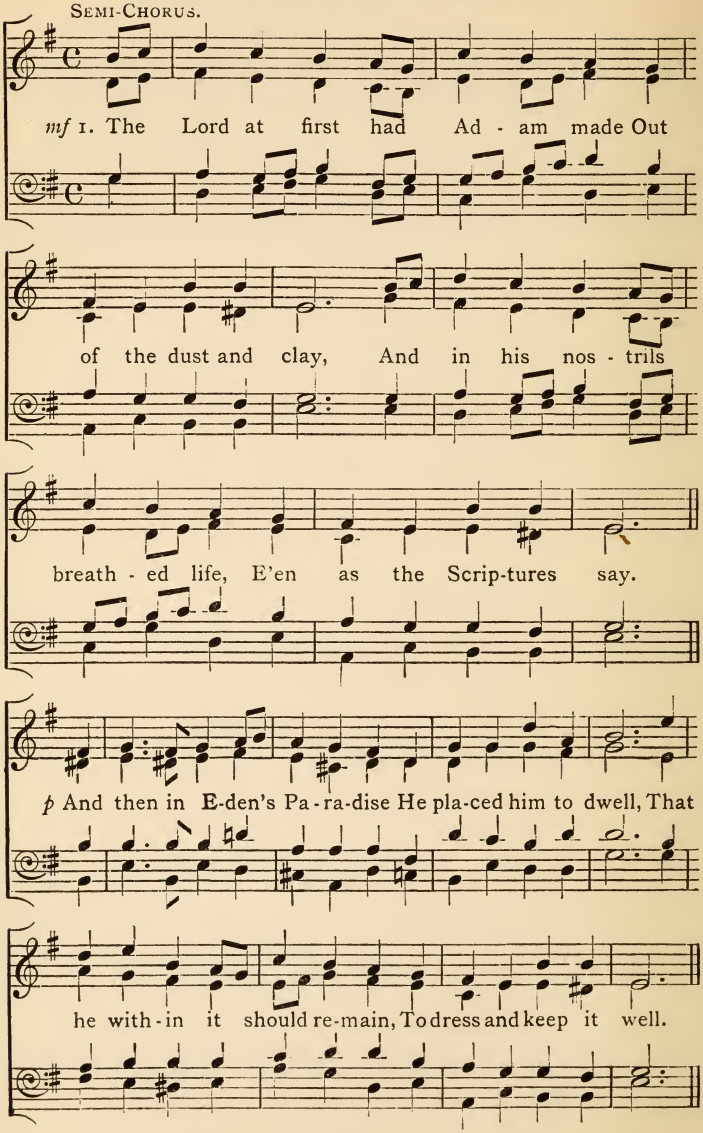
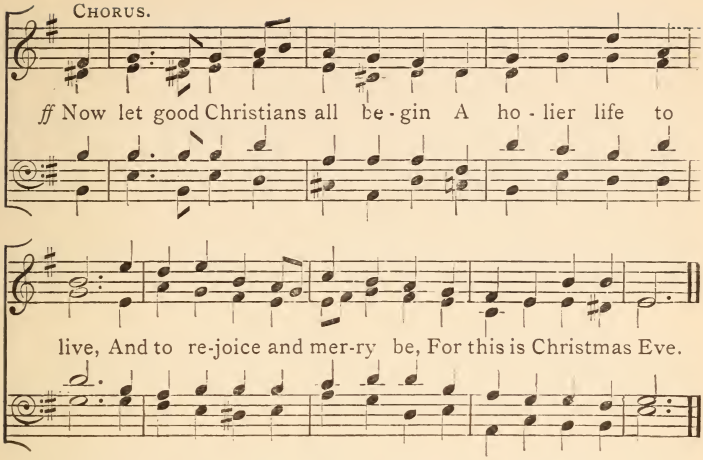
A CHRISTMAS MORNING HYMN.



2 Then in the manger the poor beast
Was present with his Lord;
Then swains and pilgrims from the East
Saw, wondered, and adored.
And I this morn would come with them
This blessed sight to see,
And to the Babe of Bethlehem
Bend low the reverent knee.

3 But I have not, it makes me sigh,
One offering in my power;
'Tis winter all with me, and I
Have neither fruit nor flower.
O God, O Brother, let me give
My worthless self to Thee;
And that the years which I may live
May pure and spotless be:

4 Grant me Thyself, O Saviour kind,
The Spirit undefiled,
That I may be in heart and mind
As gentle as a child;
That I may tread life's arduous ways
As Thou Thyself hast trod,
And in the might of prayer and praise
Keep ever close to God.

5 Light of the everlasting morn,
Deep through my spirit shine;
There let Thy presence newly born
Make all my being Thine:
There try me as the silver, try,
And cleanse my soul with care,
Till Thou art able to descry
Thy faultless image there.

21 A Carol for Christmas Eve.



2.

And thus within the garden he
Was set, therein to stay;
And in commandment unto him
These words the Lord did say:
"The fruit which in the garden grows
To thee shall be for meat,
Except the tree in midst thereof,
Of which thou shalt not eat."
Now let good Christians, &c.

3.

"For in the day thou shalt it touch
Or dost to it come nigh,
If so thou do but eat thereof,
Then thou shalt surely die."
But Adam he did take no heed
Unto that only thing,
But did transgress God's holy Law,
And so was wrapt in sin.
Now let good Christians, &c.

4.

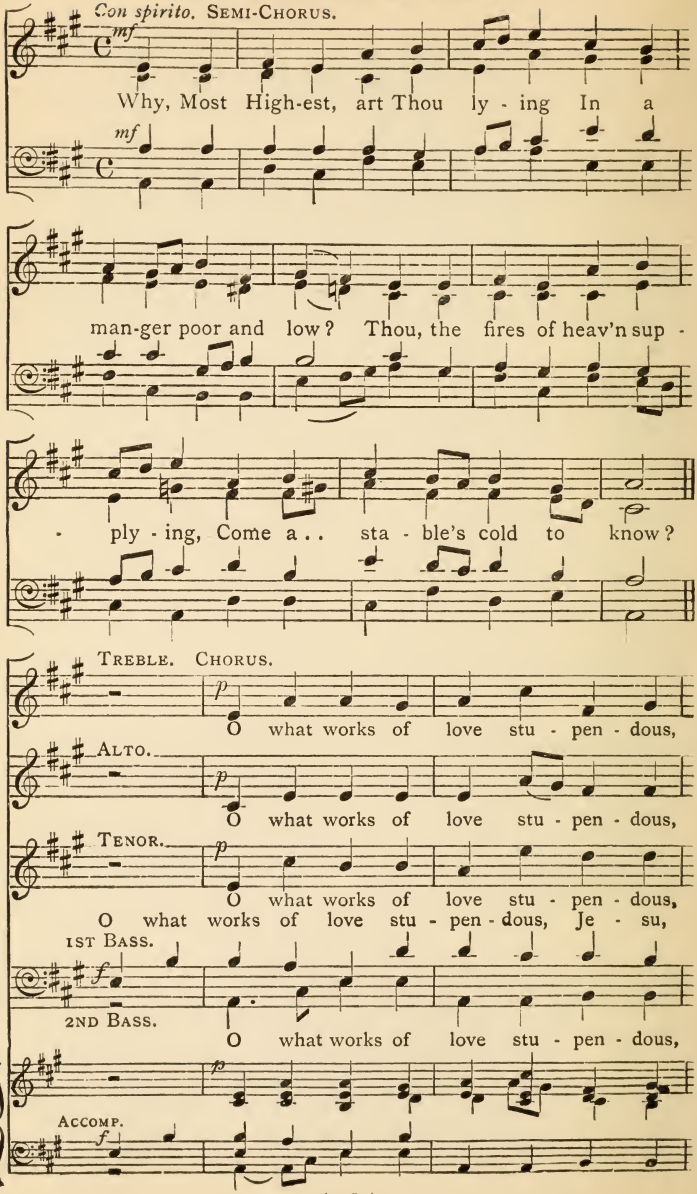
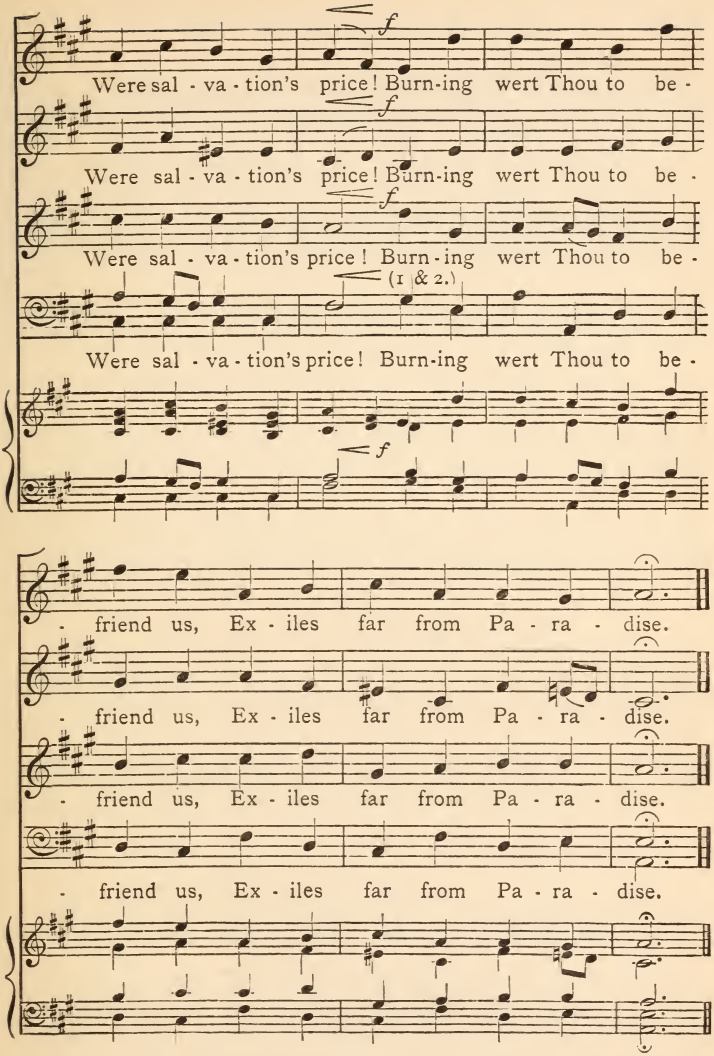
Now mark the goodness of the Lord,
Which He to mankind bore;
His mercy soon He did extend,
Lost man for to restore:
And therefore to redeem our souls
From death and hell and thrall,
He said His own dear Son should be
The Saviour of us all.
Now let good Christians, &c.

5.

Which promise now is brought to pass:
Christians, believe it well:
And by the death of God's dear Son,
We are redeemed from Hell.
So if we truly do believe,
And do the thing that's right,
Then by His merits we at last
Shall live in Heaven bright.
Then let good Christians, &c

6.

And now the tide is nigh at hand,
In which our Saviour came;
Let us rejoice and merry be
In keeping of the same;
Let's feed the poor and hungry souls,
And such as do it crave;
And when we die, in heaven we
Our sure reward shall have.
Then let good Christians, &c.

Jesus in the Manger.

2.

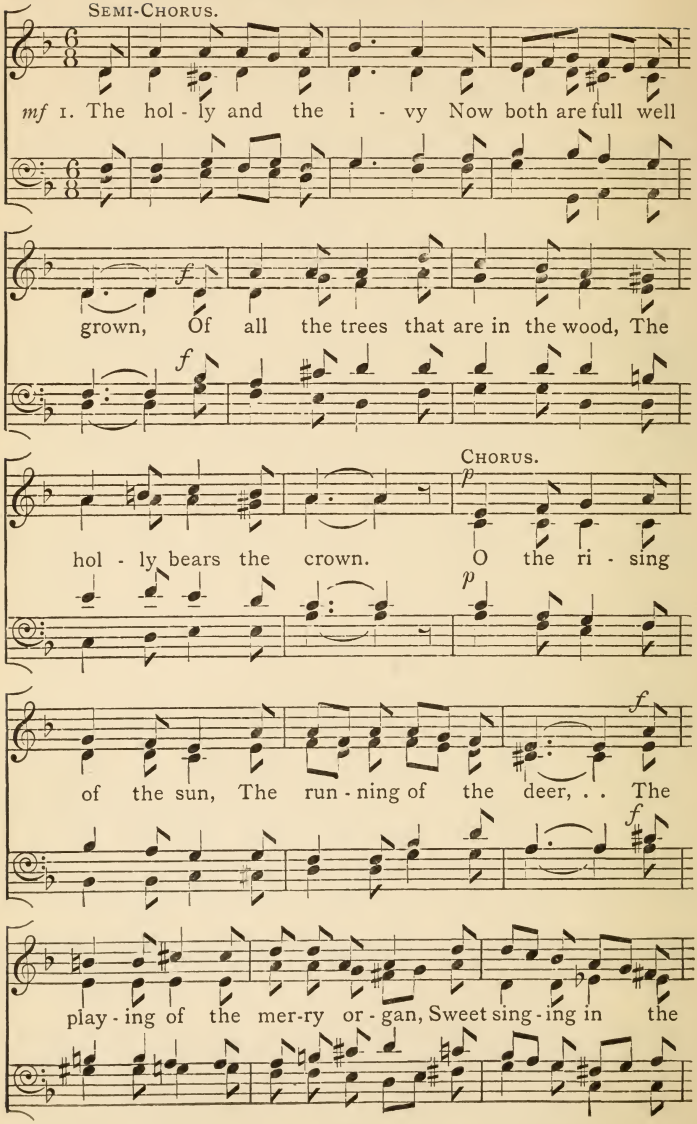
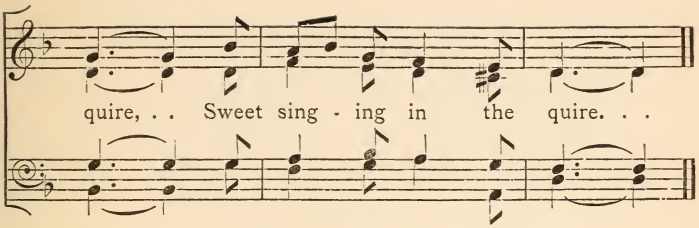
On a Mother's breast Thou sleepest, Mother, yet a Virgin still: [est,
Sad, with eyes bedimmed Thou weep- Eyes, which Heaven with gladness fill.

O what works, &c.

3.

Weak the Strong, of strength the Giver:
Small, Whose arms creation span;
Bound, Who only can deliver;
Born is He Who ne'er began.

O what works, &c.

The Holly and the Ivy.



2.

The holly bears a blossom,
As white as lily-flower;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To be our sweet Saviour.
O the rising of the sun, &c.

3.

The holly bears a berry,
As red as any blood;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To do poor sinners good.
O the rising of the sun, &c.

4.

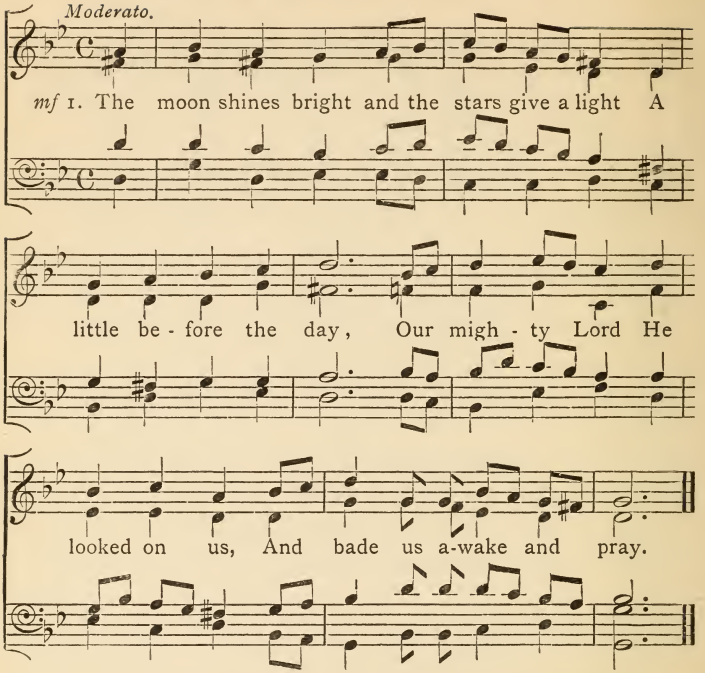
The holly bears a prickle,
As sharp as any thorn;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
On Christmas Day in the morn.
O the rising of the sun, &c.

5.

The holly bears a bark,
As bitter as any gall;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
For to redeem us all.
O the rising of the sun, &c.

6.

The holly and the ivy
Now both are full well grown,
Of all the trees that are in the wood,
The holly bears the crown.
O the rising of the sun, &c.

The Moon shines bright.

2 Awake, awake, good people all,
Awake, and you shall hear,
The Lord our God died on the Cross,
For us He loved so dear.

3 O fair, O fair Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end,
The joy that I may see?

4 The fields were green as green could be,
When from His glorious seat
Our blessed Father watered us
With His heavenly dew so sweet.

5 And for the saving of our souls
Christ died upon the cross,
We ne'er shall do for Jesus Christ,
As He hath done for us.

6 The life of man is but a span,
And cut down in its flower,
We're here to-day, to-morrow gone,
The creatures of an hour.

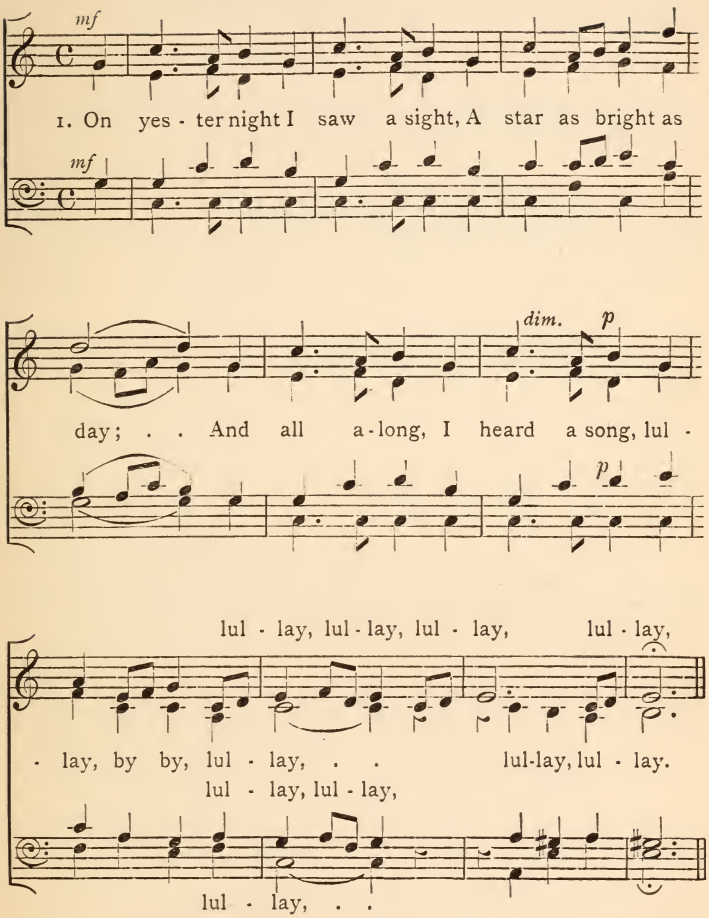
7 Instruct and teach your children well,
The while that you are here;
It will be better for your soul,
When your corpse lies on the bier.

8 To-day you may be alive and well,
Worth many a thousand pound;
To-morrow dead and cold as clay,
Your corpse laid underground.

9 With one turf at thine head, O man,
And another at Thy feet;
Thy good deeds and thy bad, O man,
Will all together meet.

10 My song is done, I must be gone,
I can stay no longer here;
God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you a joyful new year!

The Virgin and Child.*



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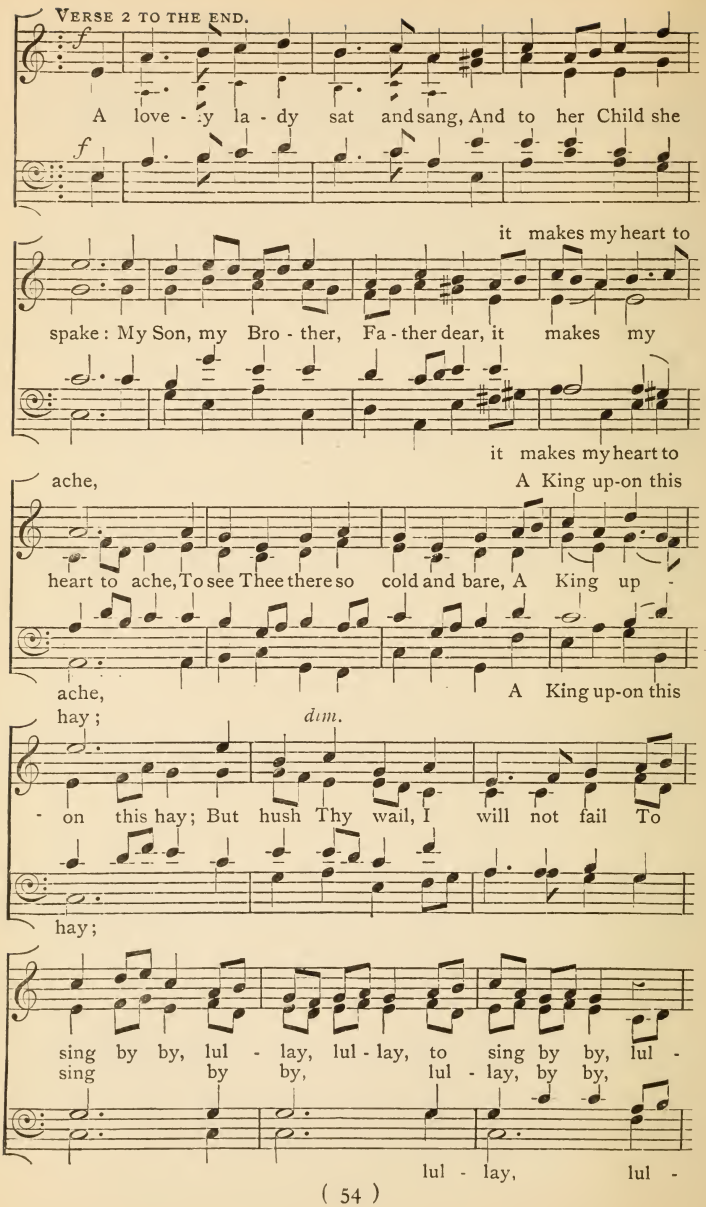
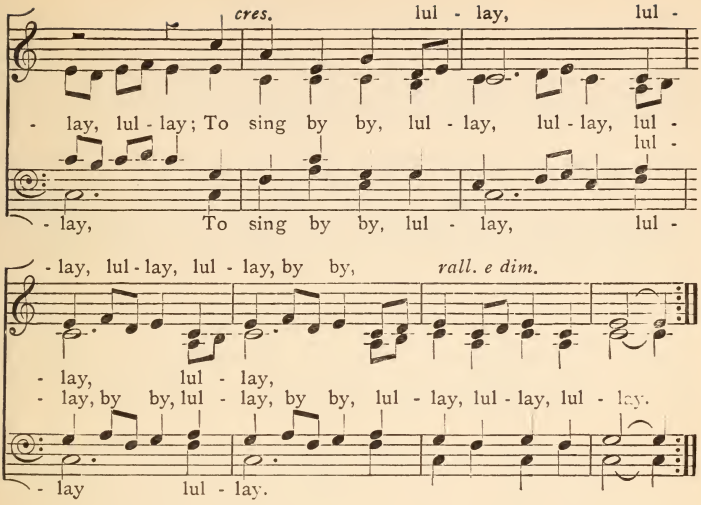
* *Note.*—The words of the Alto part are those immediately below it. The words of the Tenor are those immediately above it. Words occasionally written above the Treble stave are to be sung by the Trebles. Words occasionally written below the Bass stave are to be sung by the Basses.


VERSE 2 TO THE END.
A love - ly la - dy sat and sang, And to her Child she
it makes my heart to
spake: My Son, my Bro - ther, Fa - ther dear, it makes my
it makes my heart to
ache, A King up-on this
heart to ache, To see Thee there so cold and bare, A King up -
ache, A King up-on this
hay;
dim.
- on this hay; But hush Thy wail, I will not fail To
hay;
sing by by, lul - lay, lul - lay, to sing by by, lul -
sing by by, lul - lay, by by,
lul - lay, lul -

3.

The Child then spake, whilst she did sing,
And to the maiden said,
"Right sure I am a mighty King,
Though in a crib my bed:
For angels bright,
Down to Me light;
Thou canst not say me nay:
Then why so sad?
Thou mayest be glad
To sing by by, lullay."

4.

"Now, sweetest Lord, since Thou art [King,
Why liest Thou in a stall?
Why didst Thou not Thy cradle bring
To some great royal hall?
Methinks 'tis right,
That king or knight
Should lie in good array;
And them among,
It were no wrong
To sing by by, lullay."

5.

"My Mother Mary, Thine I be,
Though I be laid in stall,
Both lords and dukes shall worship Me,
And so shall monarchs all;
Ye shall well see
That princes three
Shall come on the twelfth day:
Then let Me rest
Upon thy breast,
And sing by by, lullay."

6.

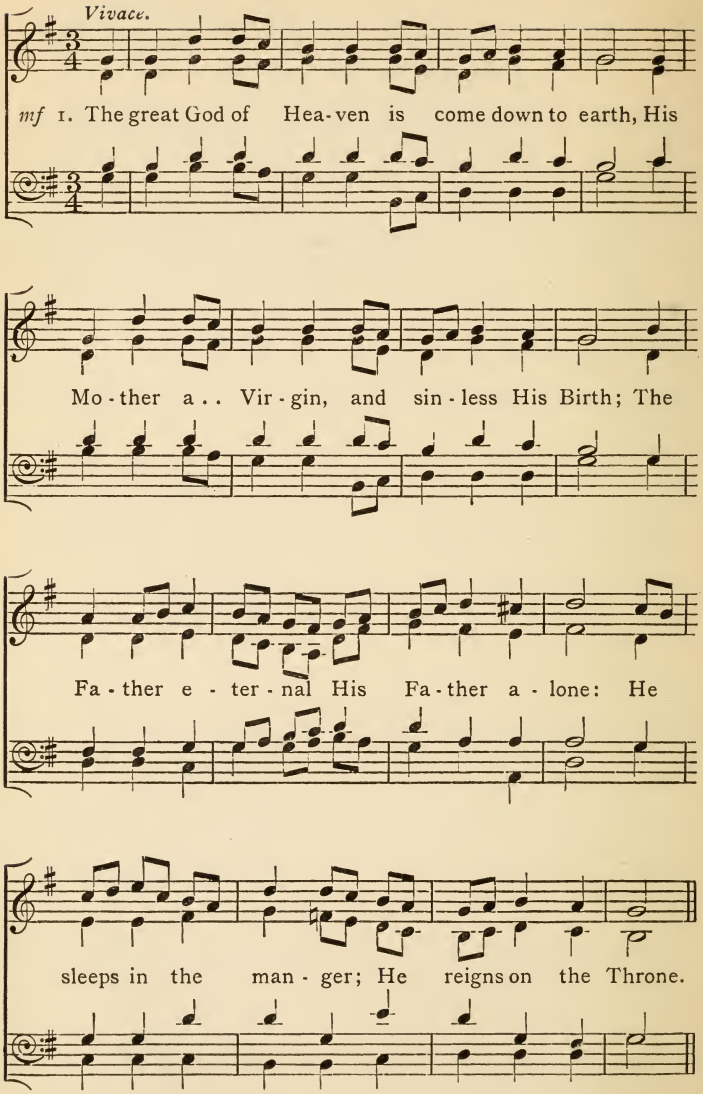
"Now tell me, sweetest Lord, I pray,
Thou art my love and dear,
How shall I nurse Thee to Thy mind,
And make Thee glad of cheer?
For all Thy will
I would fulfil,
I need no more to say;
And for all this
I will Thee kiss,
And sing by by, lullay."

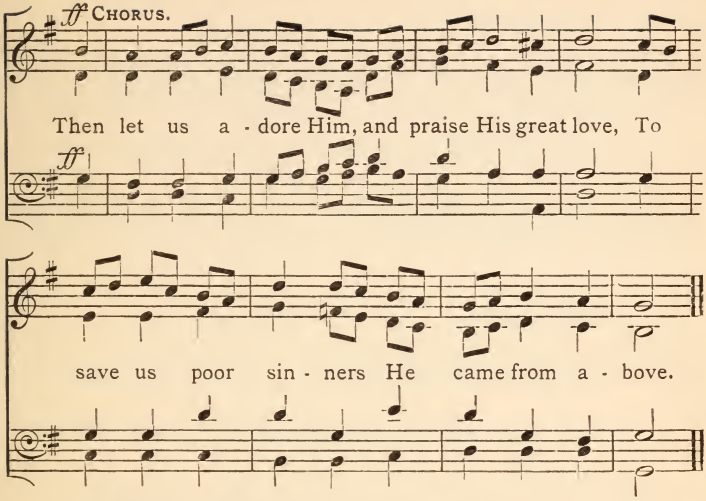
7.

"My Mother dear, when time it be
Then take Me up aloft,
And set Me up upon thy knee,
And handle me full soft;
And in Thy arm,
Thou wilt Me warm,
And keep Me night and day:
And if I weep,
And may not sleep,
Then sing by by, lullay."

8.

"Now, sweetest Lord, since it is so,
That Thou art most of might,
I pray Thee grant a boon to me,
If it be meet and right;
That child or man
That will or can,
Be merry on this day;
To bliss them bring,
And I shall sing,
Lullay, by by, lullay."


Vivace.
mf 1. The great God of Hea-ven is come down to earth, His
Mo-ther a.. Vir-gin, and sin-less His Birth; The
Fa-ther e-ter-nal His Fa-ther a-lone: He
sleeps in the man-ger; He reigns on the Throne.



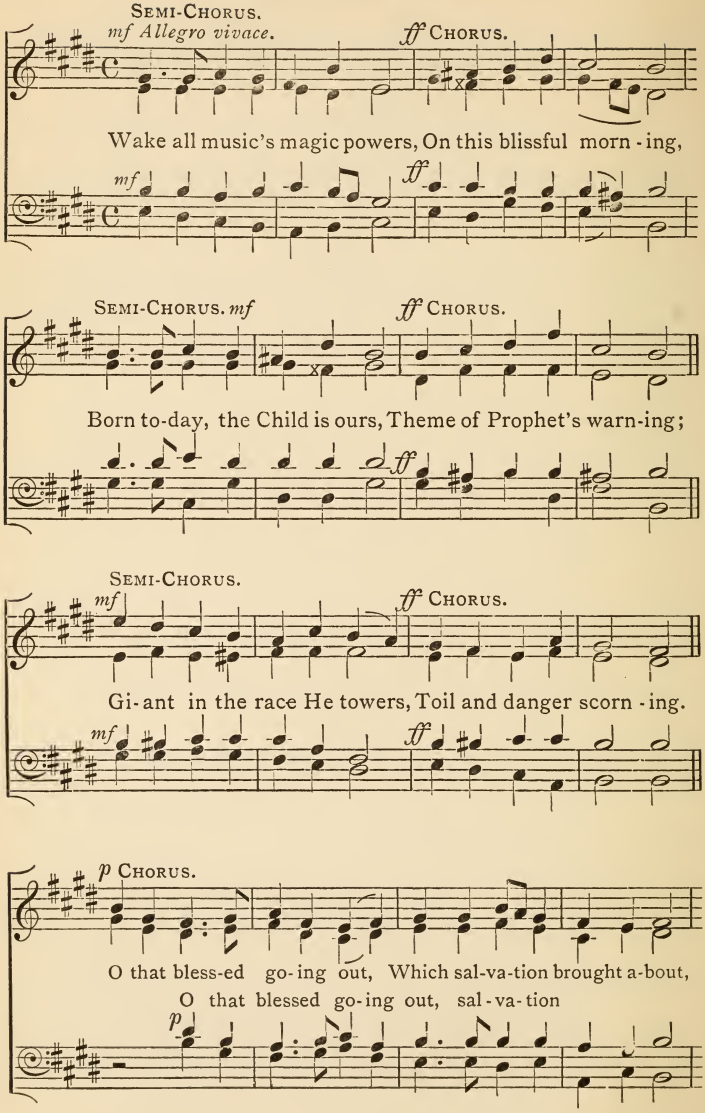
2 A Babe on the breast of a maiden he lies,
Yet sits with the Father on high in the skies;
Before Him their faces the Seraphim hide,
While Joseph stands waiting, unscared, by His side.
Then let us adore Him, &c.

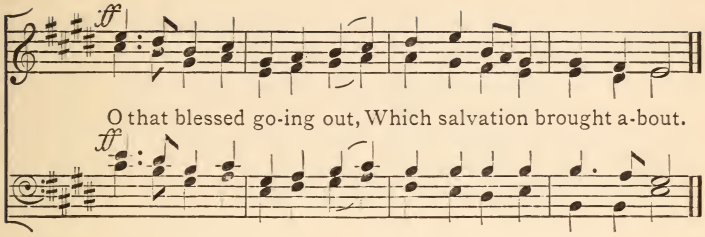
3 Lo! here is Immanuel, here is the Child,
The Son that was promised to Mary so mild;
Whose power and dominion shall ever increase,
The Prince that shall rule o'er a kingdom of peace.
Then let us adore Him, &c.

4 The Wonderful Counsellor, boundless in might,
The Father's own Image, the Beam of His Light;
Behold Him now wearing the likeness of man,
Weak, helpless, and speechless, in measure a span.
Then let us adore Him, &c.

5 O wonder of wonders, which none can unfold;
The Ancient of days is an hour or two old;
The Maker of all things is made of the earth,
Man is worshipped by angels, and God comes to birth.
Then let us adore Him, &c.

6 The Word in the bliss of the Godhead remains,
Yet in Flesh comes to suffer the keenest of pains;
He is that He was, and for ever shall be,
But becomes that He was not, for you and for me.
Then let us adore Him, &c.


Semi-Chorus.
mf Allegro vivace.
ff Chorus.
Wake all music's magic powers, On this blissful morn - ing,
mf
ff
Semi-Chorus. mf
ff Chorus.
Born to-day, the Child is ours, Theme of Prophet's warn-ing;
ff
Semi-Chorus.
mf
ff Chorus.
Gi-ant in the race He towers, Toil and danger scorn - ing.
mf
ff
p Chorus.
O that bless-ed go-ing out, Which sal-va-tion brought a-bout,
O that blessed go-ing out, sal-va-tion
p



2.

Let this glorious holiday
Find such holy spending
That the simple-hearted may
Joy without offending,
And sweet charity may stay,
With our concourse blending.
O that blessed going out,
Which salvation brought about.

3.

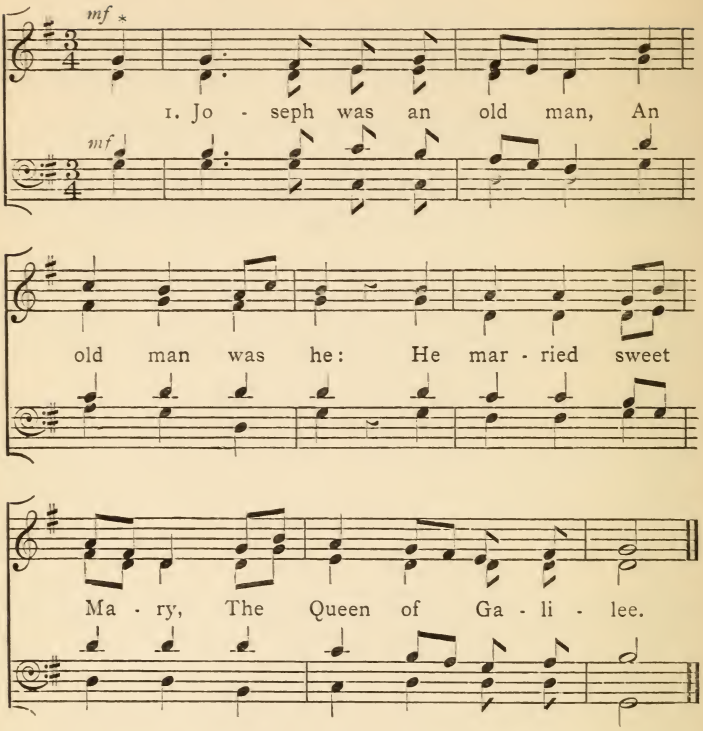
Give we glory to this Feast,
For man's restoration:
Now the guilty is released,
Freed from condemnation:
By the widow's son deceased,
See Elisha's station!
O that blessed, &c.

4.

O how bright is this day made,
Day with radiance glowing,
Which the Light of Light displayed,
Light in darkness shewing;
Chasing thus death's gloomy shade,
Brightness o'er us throwing!
O that blessed, &c.

5.

Risen to-day in splendour bright,
Shining to all ages,
Beams the Sun, whose distant light
Touched the Prophet's pages;
Now, to end the reign of night,
Christ His power engages.
O that blessed, &c.

The Cherry Tree Carol.

2.

As they went a walking
In the garden so gay,
Maid Mary spied cherries
Hanging over yon tree.

3.

Mary said to Joseph,
With her sweet lips so mild,
"Pluck those cherries, Joseph,
For to give to my Child."

4.

"O then," replied Joseph,
With words so unkind,
"I will pluck no cherries
For to give to thy Child."

5.

Mary said to cherry tree,
"Bow down to my knee,
That I may pluck cherries
By one, two, and three."

* This chord will be required for verses 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 12.

6.

The uppermost sprig then
Bowed down to her knee:
"Thus you may see, Joseph,
These cherries are for me."

7.

"O eat your cherries, Mary,
O eat your cherries now,
O eat your cherries, Mary,
That grow upon the bough."

8.

As Joseph was a-walking
He heard Angels sing,
"This night there shall be born
Our heavenly King.

9.

"He neither shall be born
In house nor in hall,
Nor in the place of Paradise,
But in an ox-stall.

10.

"He shall not be clothèd
In purple nor pall;
But all in fair linen,
As wear babies all.

11.

"He shall not be rockèd,
In silver nor gold,
But in a wooden cradle
That rocks on the mould.

12.

"He neither shall be christened
In milk nor in wine,
But in pure spring-well water
Fresh sprung from Bethine."

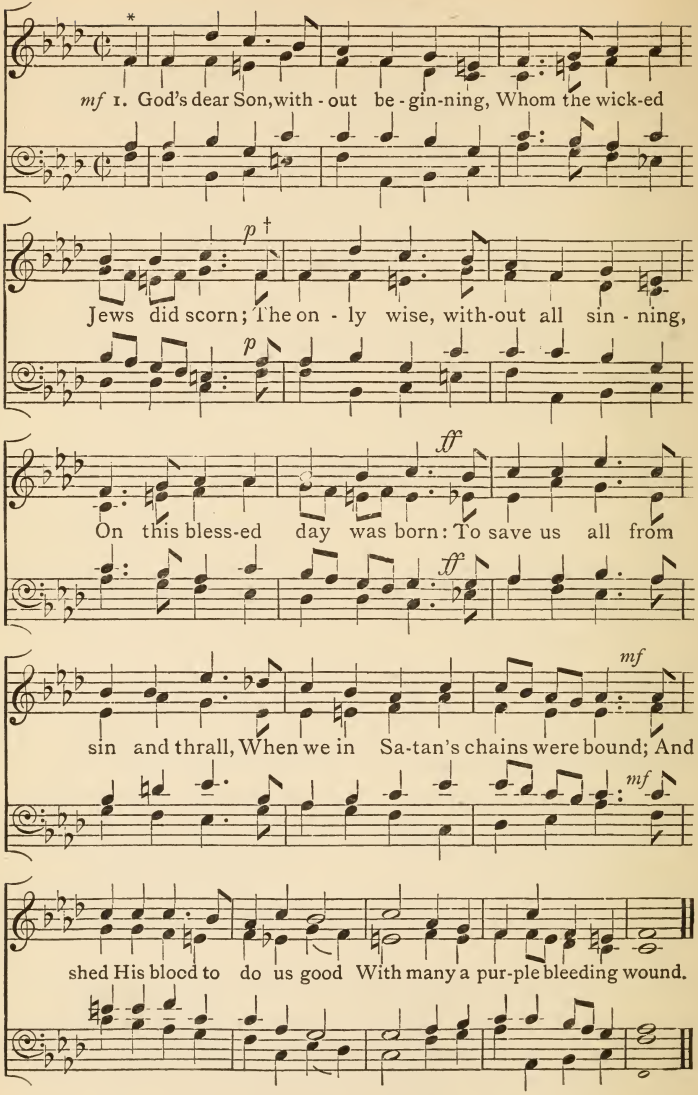
13.

Mary took her Baby,
She dressed Him so sweet,
She laid Him in a manger
All there for to sleep.

14.

As she stood over Him
She heard Angels sing,
"Oh! bless our dear Saviour,
Our heavenly King."

God's dear Son.



* This chord will be required for verses 3 and 4.

† This chord must be omitted in verses 2, 3, 5 and 6.

2.

Bethlehem, King David's city,
Birth-place of that Babe we find,
God and Man, endued with pity,
And the Saviour of mankind:
Yet Jewry land, with cruel hand,
Both first and last His power denied;
When He was born they did Him scorn,
And shewed Him malice when He died.

3.

No princely palace for our Saviour
In Judea could be found,
But sweet Mary's meek behaviour
Patiently upon the ground
Her Babe did place, in vile disgrace,
Where oxen in their stalls did feed;
No midwife mild had this sweet Child,
Nor woman's help at mother's need.

4.

No kingly robes nor golden treasure
Decked the birth-day of God's Son;
No pompous train at all took pleasure
To the King of kings to run;
No mantle brave could Jesus have
Upon His cradle cold to lie;
No music's charms in nurse's arms
To sing that Babe a lullaby.

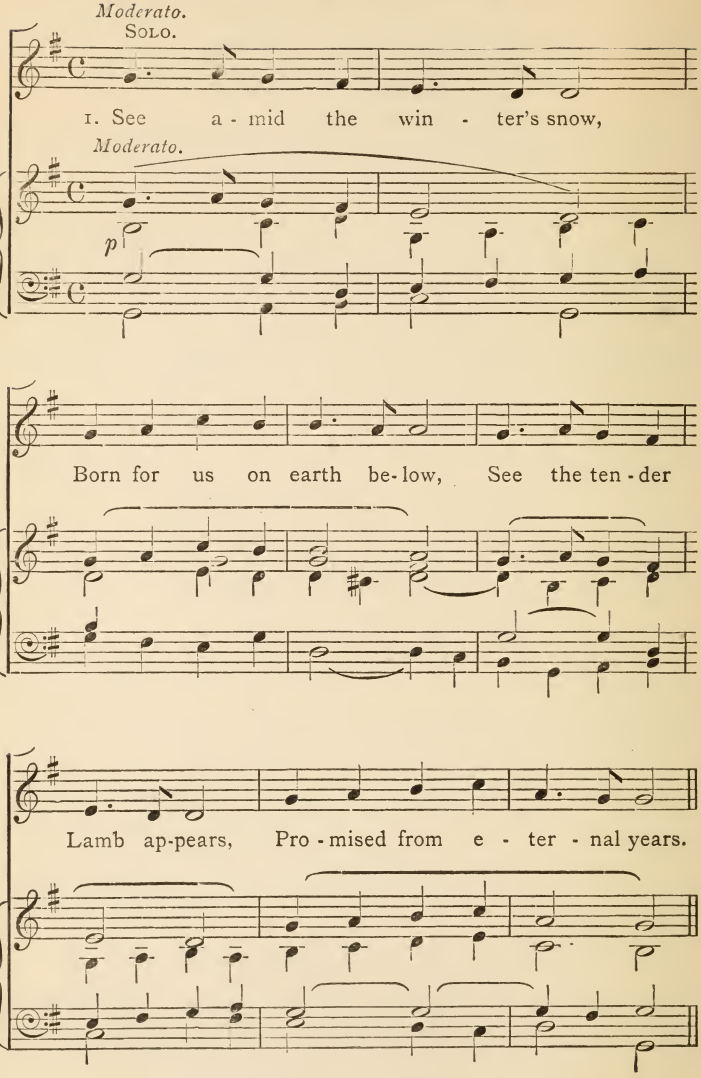
5.

Yet, as Mary sat in solace
By our Saviour's cradle side,
Hosts of Angels from God's Palace,
Singing sweet through Heaven so wide;
Yea, Heaven and earth, at Jesu's Birth,
With sweet melodious tunes abound;
And every thing to Jewry's King,
Through all the world gives cheerful sound

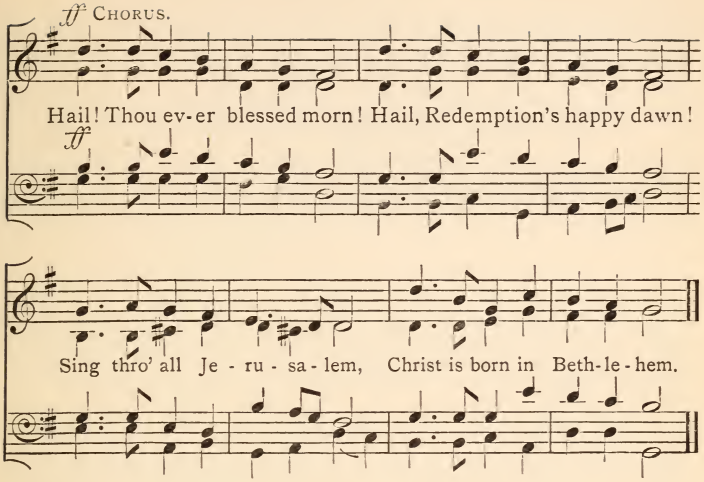
6.

Now to Him that hath redeemed us
By His Death on holy Rood,
And as sinners so esteemed us,
As to buy us with His Blood,
Yield lasting fame, that still the Name
Of Jesus may be honoured here;
And let us say that Christmas Day
Is still the best day in the year.

Hymn for Christmas Day.



* Treble or Tenor, or alternately.



2 Lo, within a manger lies
He who built the starry skies;
He, who throned in height sublime,
Sits amid the Cherubim!
Hail, thou ever-blessed, &c.

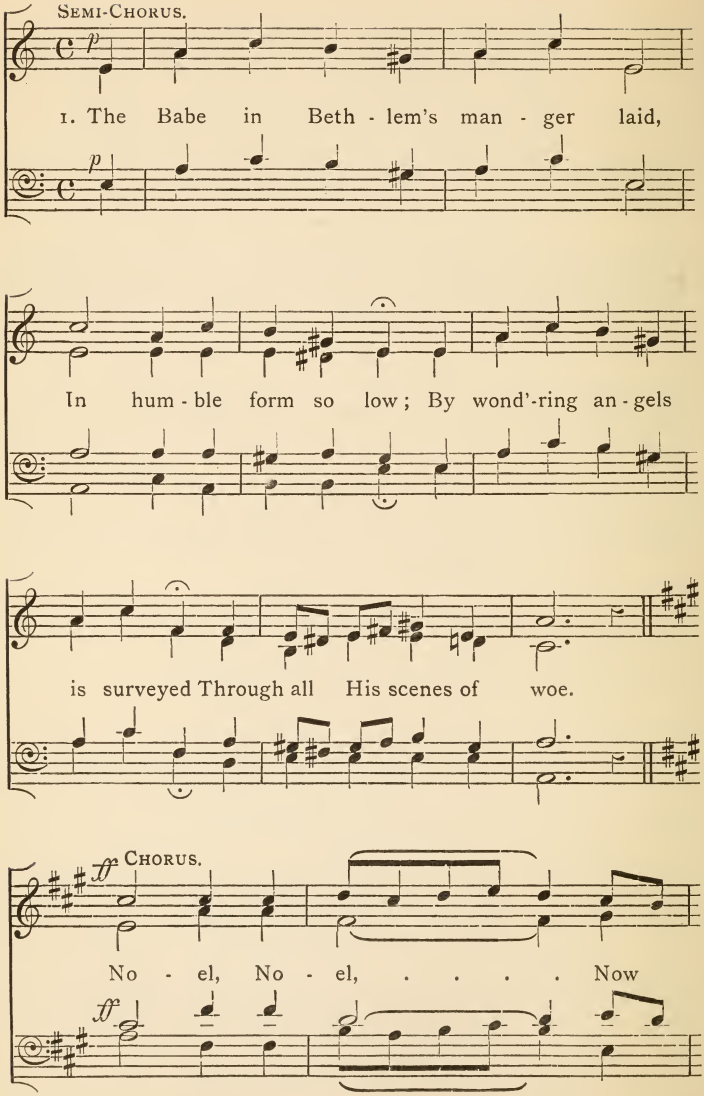
3 Say, ye holy Shepherds, say,
What your joyful news to-day;
Wherefore have ye left your sheep
On the lonely mountain steep?
Hail, thou ever-blessed, &c.

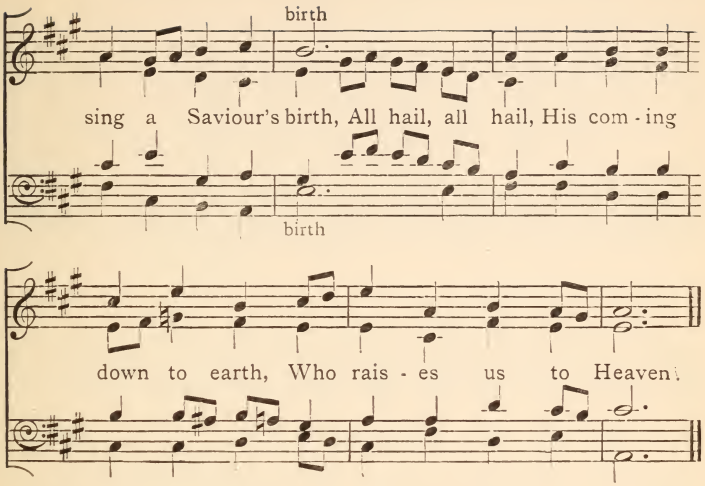
4 "As we watched at dead of night,
Lo, we saw a wondrous light;
Angels singing peace on earth,
Told us of a Saviour's Birth."
Hail, thou ever-blessed, &c.

5 Sacred Infant, all Divine,
What a tender love was Thine;
Thus to come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this!
Hail, thou ever-blessed, &c.

6 Teach, O teach us, Holy Child,
By Thy face so meek and mild,
Teach us to resemble Thee,
In Thy sweet humility!
Hail, thou ever-blessed, &c.

The Babe of Bethlehem.





2 A Saviour! sinners all around
Sing, shout the wondrous word;
Let every bosom hail the sound,
A Saviour! Christ the Lord
Noel, Noel, &c.

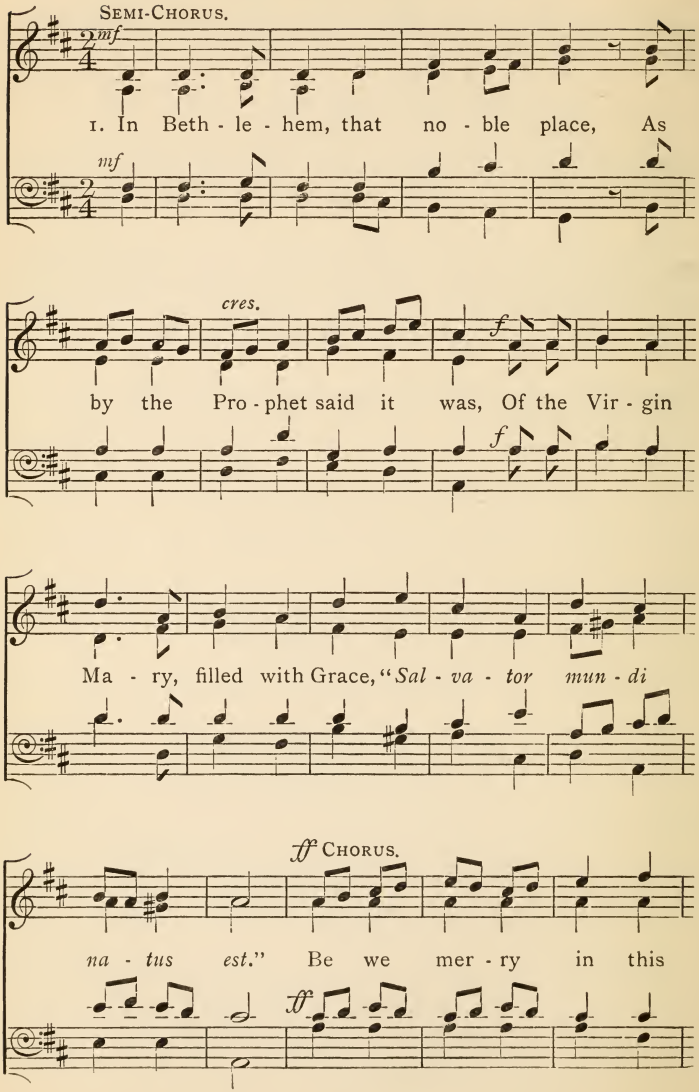
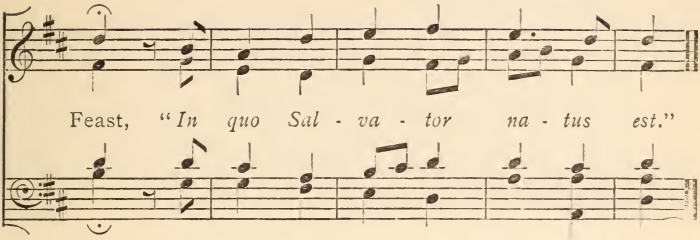
3 For not to sit on David's throne
With worldly pomp and joy,
He came for sinners to atone,
And Satan to destroy.
Noel, Noel, &c.

4 To preach the Word of Life Divine,
And feed with living Bread,
To heal the sick with hand benign,
And raise to life the dead.
Noel, Noel, &c.

5 He preached, He suffered, bled and died,
Uplift 'twixt earth and skies;
In sinners' stead was crucified,
For sin a sacrifice.
Noel, Noel, &c.

6 Well may we sing a Saviour's birth,
Who need the grace so given,
And hail His coming down to earth,
Who raises us to Heaven.
Noel, Noel, &c.

32 In Bethlehem, that noble place.



2.

On Christmas night an Angel told
The shepherds watching by their fold,
In Bethlehem, full nigh the wold,
"*Salvator mundi natus est.*"
Be we merry, &c.

3.

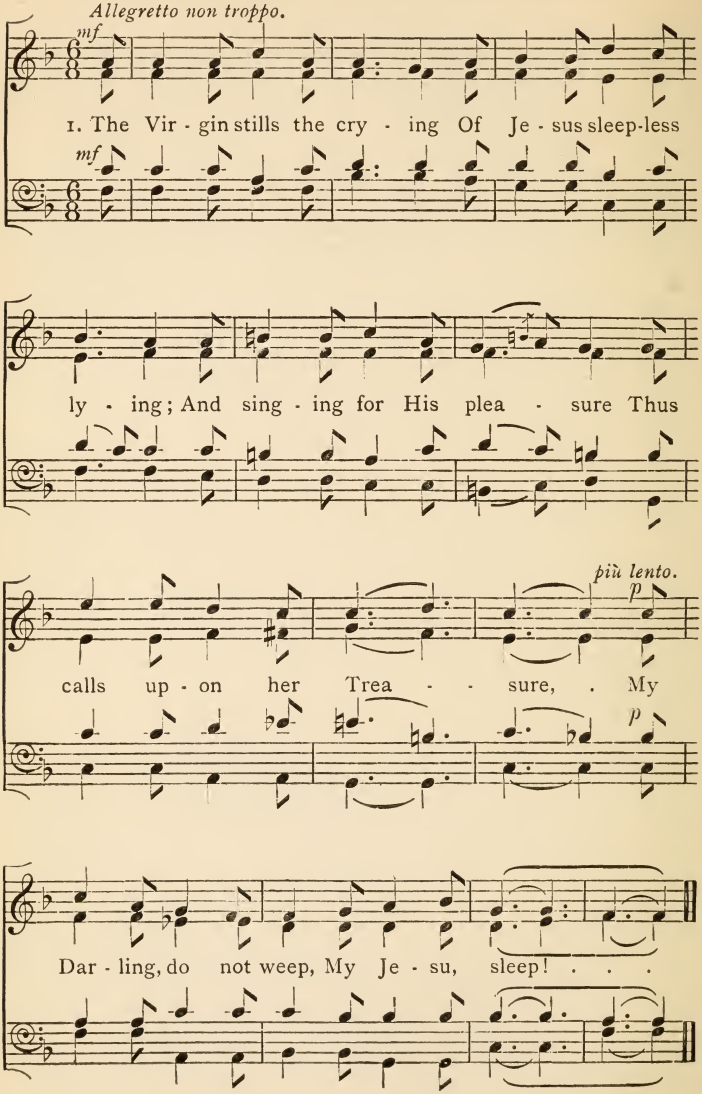
The shepherds were encompassed right,
About them shone a glorious light,
"Dread ye naught," said the Angel bright,
"*Salvator mundi natus est.*"
Be we merry, &c.

4.

"No cause have ye to be afraid,
For why? this day is Jesus laid
On Mary's lap, that gentle maid:"
"*Salvator mundi natus est.*"
Be we merry, &c.

5.

"And thus in faith find Him ye shall
Laid poorly in an ox's stall."
The shepherds then lauded God all
Quia Salvator natus est.
Be we merry, &c.

33 A Cradle-song of the Blessed Virgin.

2.

O Lamb, my love inviting,
O Star, my soul delighting,
O Flower of mine own bearing,
O Jewel past comparing!
My Darling, &c.

3.

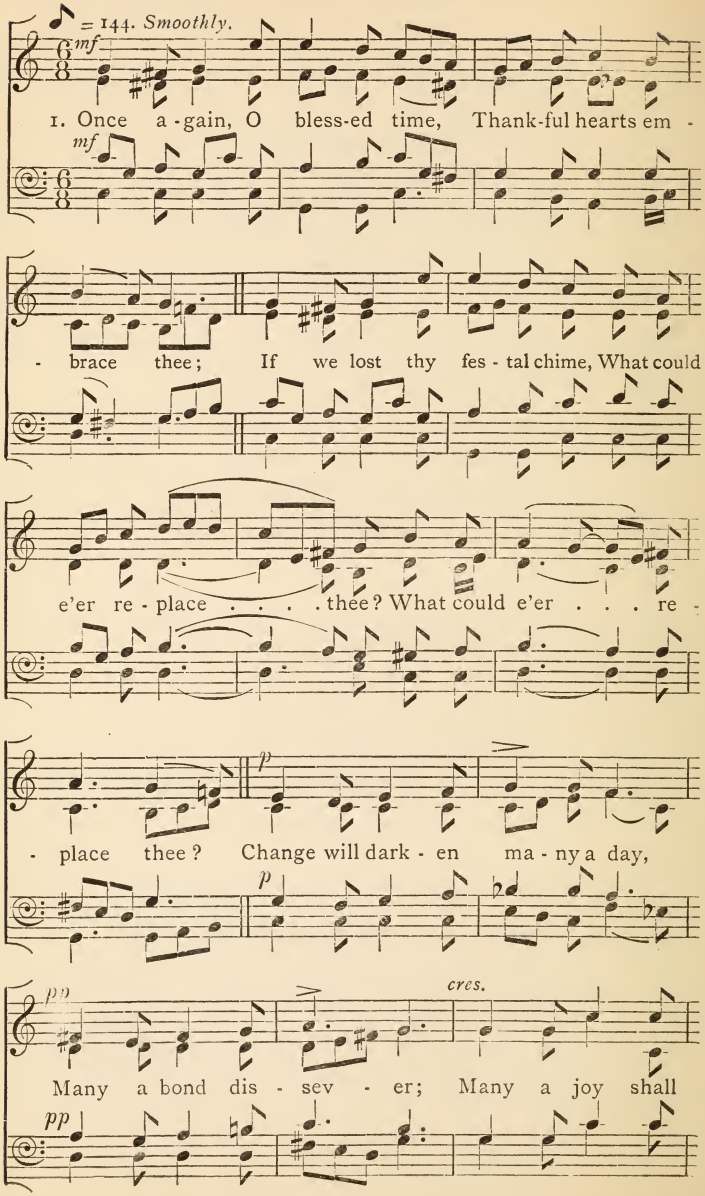
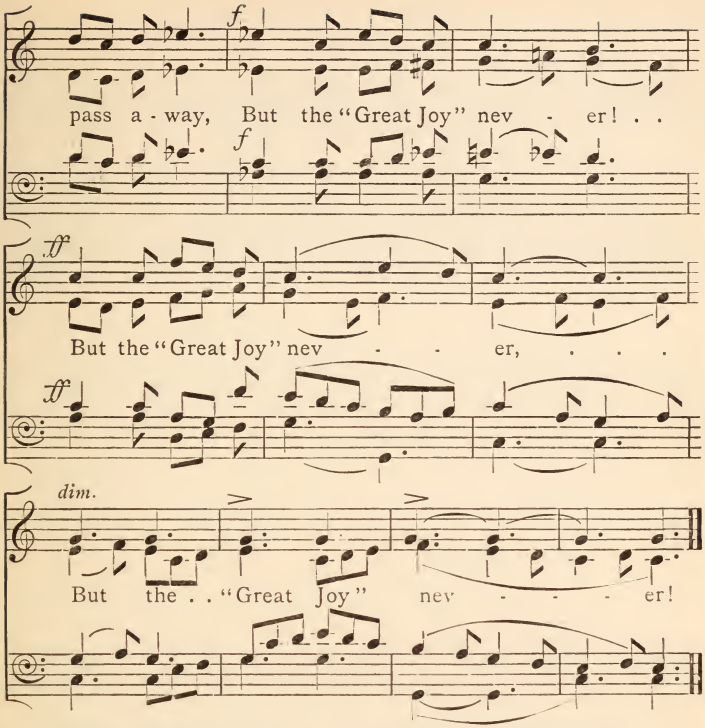
My Child, of Might indwelling,
My Sweet, all sweets excelling,
Of Bliss the Fountain flowing,
The Dayspring ever glowing.
My Darling, &c.

4.

My Joy, my Exultation,
My spirit's Consolation;
My Son, my Spouse, my Brother
O listen to Thy Mother.
My Darling, &c.

5.

Say, wouldst Thou heavenly sweetness
Or love of answering meetness?
Or is fit music wanting?
Ho! Angels raise your chanting!
My Darling, &c.

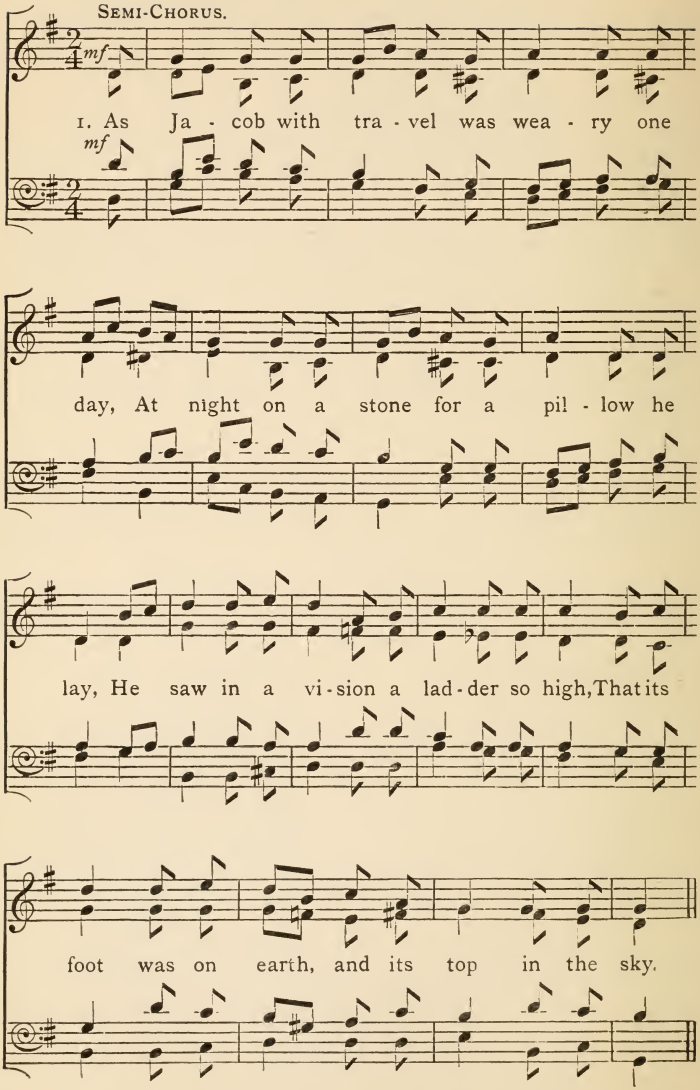
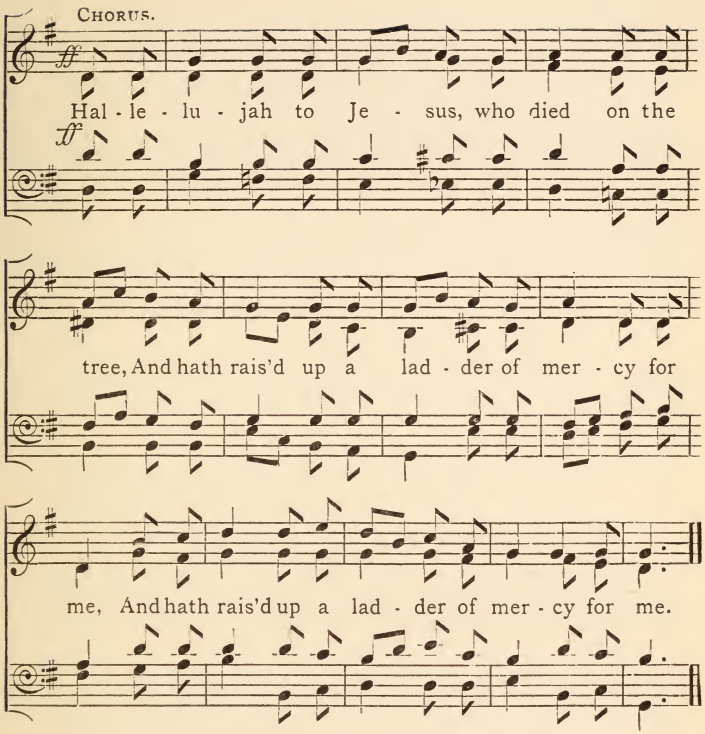
Christmas Song.

2 Once again the Holy Night
Breathes its blessing tender;
Once again the Manger Light
Sheds its gentle splendour;
O could tongues by Angels taught
Speak our exultation
In the Virgin's Child that brought
All mankind Salvation?

3 Welcome Thou to souls athirst,
Fount of endless pleasure;
Gates of Hell may do their worst,
While we clasp our Treasure:
Welcome, though an age like this
Puts Thy Name on trial,
And the Truth that makes our bliss
Pleads against denial!

4 Yea, if others stand apart,
We will press the nearer:
Yea, O best fraternal Heart,
We will hold Thee dearer;
Faithful lips shall answer thus
To all faithless scorning,
"JESUS CHRIST is GOD with us,
Born on Christmas morning."

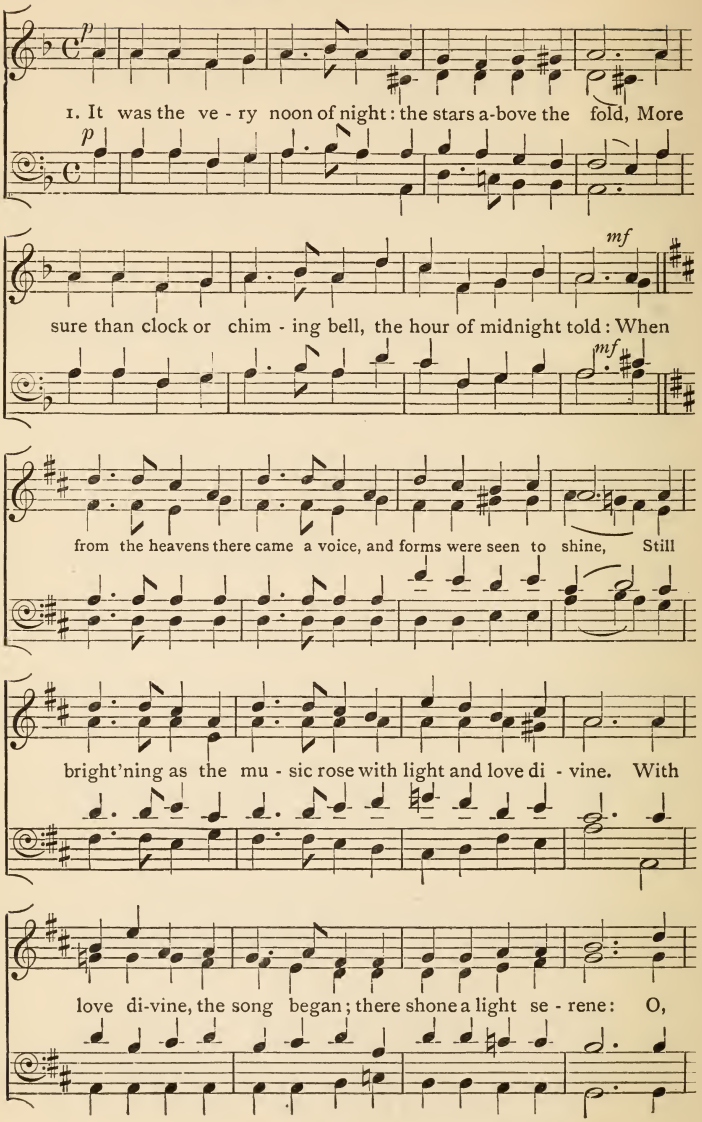
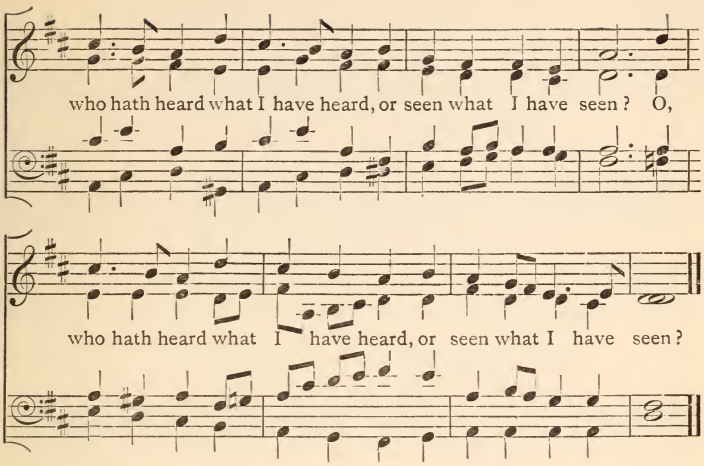
5 So we yield Thee all we can,
Worship, thanks, and blessing;
Thee true GOD, and Thee true Man,
On our knees confessing;
While Thy Birthday morn we greet
With our best devotion,
Bathe us, O most true and sweet!
In Thy mercy's ocean.

6 Thou that once, 'mid stable cold,
Wast in babe-clothes lying,
Thou whose Altar-veils enfold,
Power and Life undying,
Thou whose Love bestows a worth
On each poor endeavour,
Have Thou joy of this Thy Birth
In our praise for ever.

Jacob's Ladder.

2 This ladder is long, it is strong and well-made,
Has stood hundreds of years and is not yet decayed;
Many millions have climbed it and reached Sion's hill,
And thousands by faith are climbing it still.
Hallelujah to Jesus, &c.

3 Come let us ascend: all may climb it who will;
For the Angels of Jacob are guarding it still:
And remember each step, that by faith we pass o'er,
Some Prophet or Martyr hath trod it before.
Hallelujah to Jesus, &c.

4 And when we arrive at the haven of rest
We shall hear the glad words, "Come up hither, ye blest,
Here are regions of light, here are mansions of bliss:"
O, who would not climb such a ladder as this?
Hallelujah to Jesus, &c.

The Story of the Shepherd.



2.

O ne'er could nightingale at dawn salute the rising day
With sweetness like that bird of song in his immortal lay:
O ne'er were wood-notes heard at eve by banks with poplar shade
So thrilling as the concert sweet by heavenly harpings made;
For love divine was in each chord, and filled each pause between:
O, who hath heard what I have heard, or seen what I have seen?

3.

I roused me at the piercing strain, but shrunk as from the ray
Of summer lightning: all around so bright the splendour lay.
For oh, it mastered sight and sense, to see that glory shine,
To hear that minstrel in the clouds, who sang of Love Divine,
To see that form with birdlike wings, of more than mortal mien:
O, who hath heard what I have heard, or seen what I have seen!

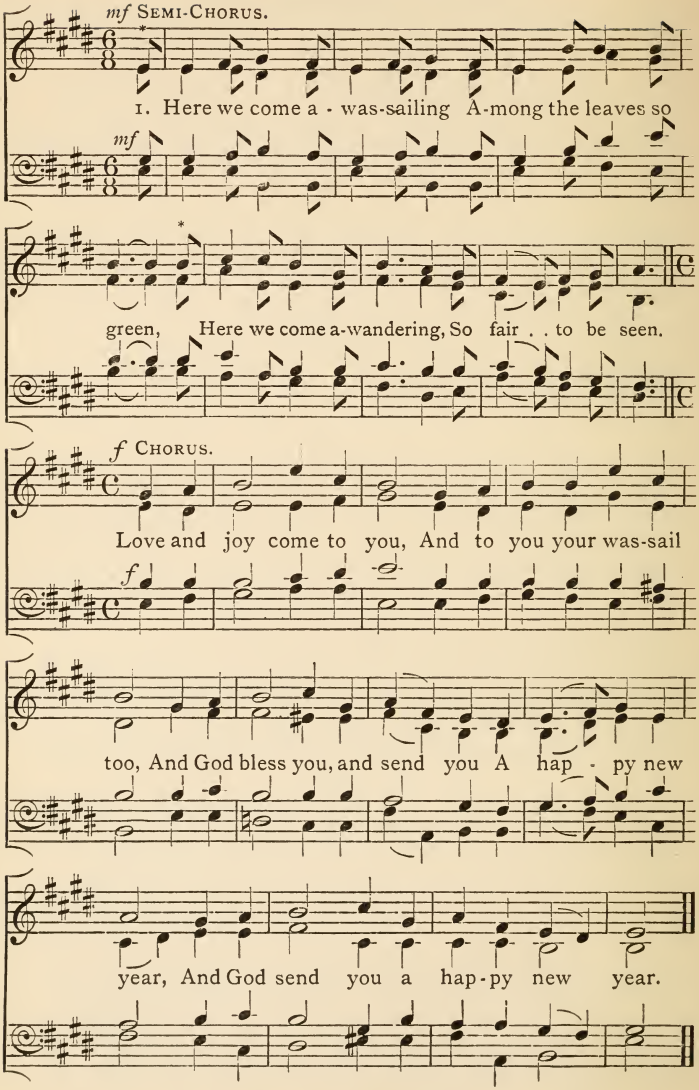
4.

When once the rapturous trance was past, that so my sense could bind,
I left my sheep to Him whose care breathed in the western wind;
I left them, for instead of snow, I trod on blade and flower,
And ice dissolved in starry rays at morning's gracious hour,
Revealing where on earth the steps of Love Divine had been;
O, who hath heard what I have heard, or seen what I have seen?

5.

I hasted to a low-roofed shed, for so the Angel bade;
And bowed before the lowly rack where Love Divine was laid:
A new-born Babe, like tender Lamb, with Lion's strength there smiled,
For Lion's strength, immortal might, was in that new-born Child;
That Love Divine in childlike form had God for ever been:
O, who hath heard what I have heard, or seen what I have seen?

The Wassail Song.



* This note is required for verses 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 8.

2.

Our wassail-cup is made
Of the rosemary tree,
And so is your beer
Of the best barley.
Love and joy, &c

3.

We are not daily beggars
That beg from door to door,
But we are neighbours' children
Whom you have seen before.
Love and joy, &c.

4.

Good Master and good Mistress,
As you sit by the fire,
Pray think of us poor children
Who are wandering in the mire.
Love and joy, &c.

5.

We have a little purse
Made of ratching* leather skin;
We want some of your small change
To line it well within.
Love and joy, &c.

6.

Call up the butler of this house,
Put on his golden ring;
Let him bring us a glass of beer,
And the better we shall sing.
Love and joy, &c.

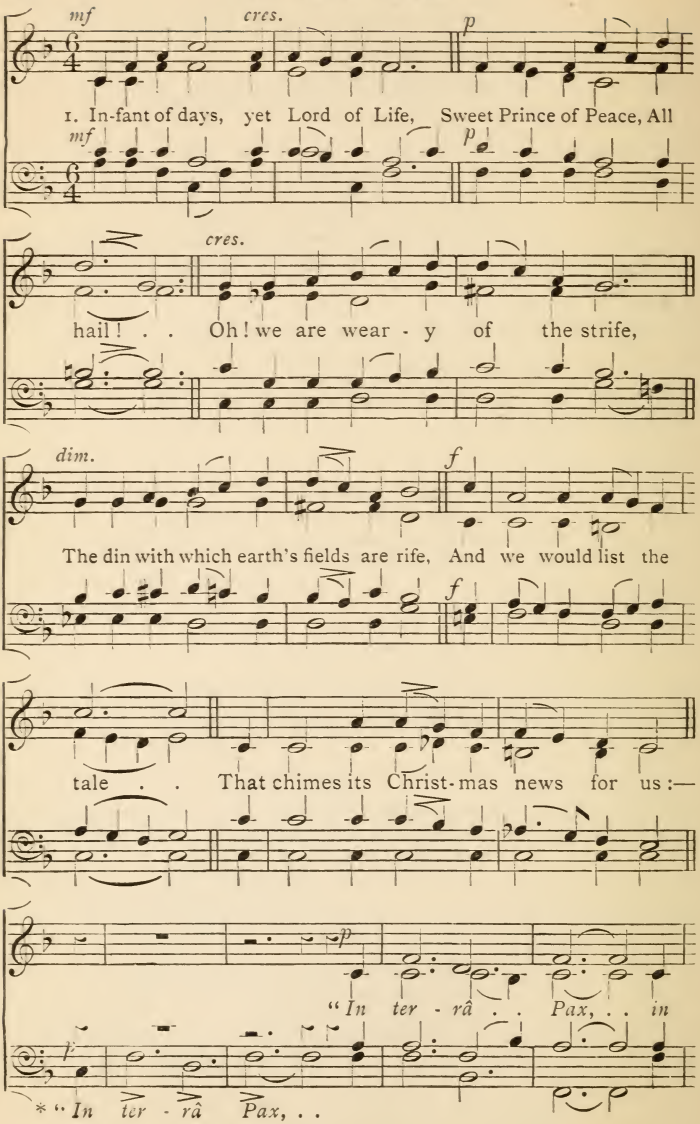
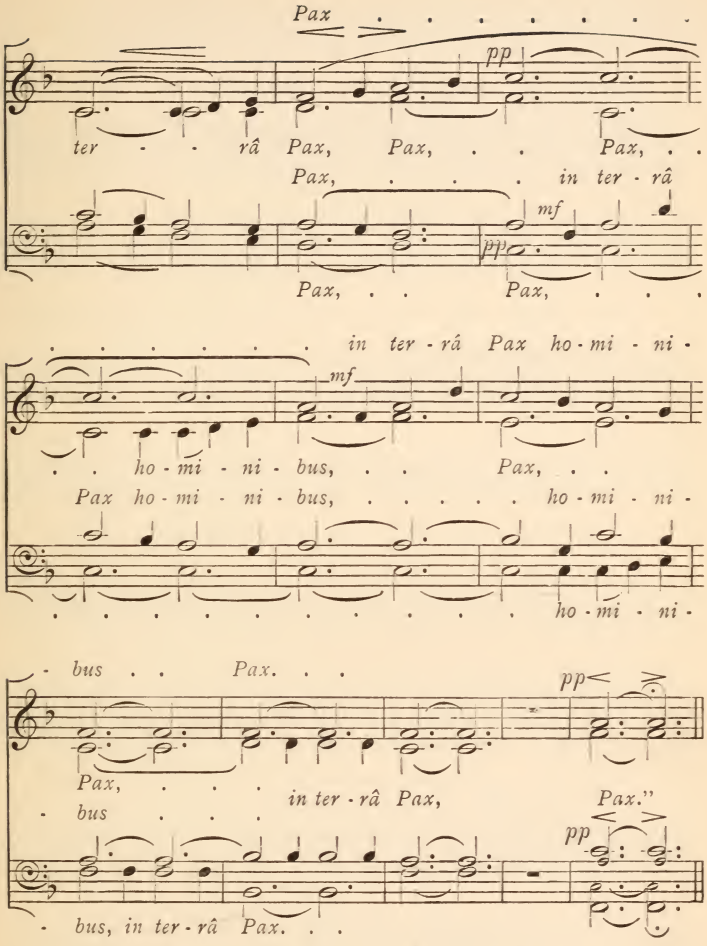
7.

Bring us out a table,
And spread it with a cloth;
Bring us out a mouldy cheese,
And some of your Christmas loaf.
Love and joy, &c.

8.

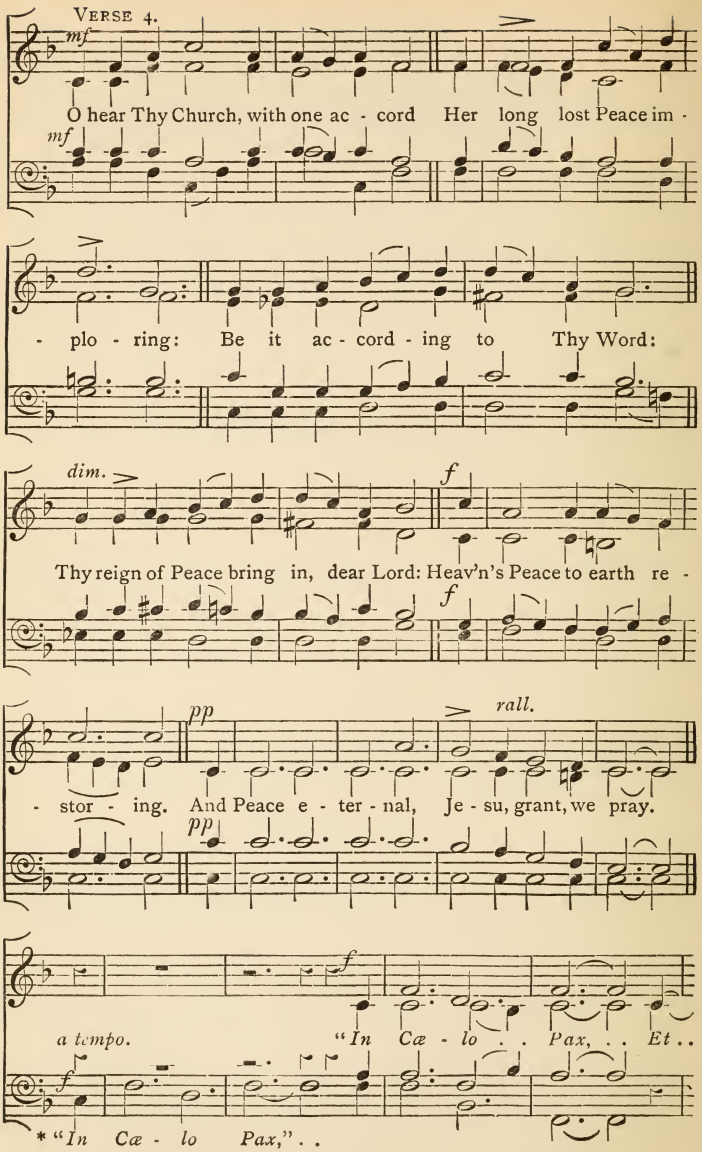
God bless the master of this house,
Likewise the mistress too;
And all the little children
That round the table go.
Love and joy, &c

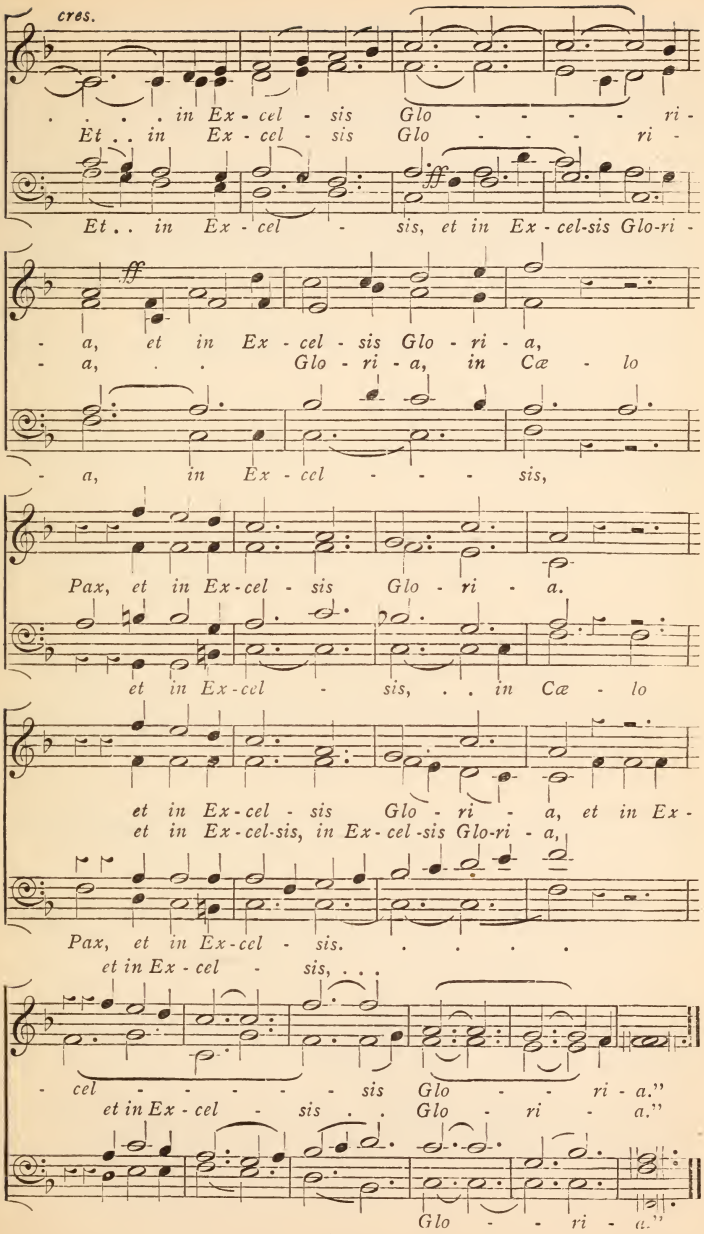
* Leather that will stretch.

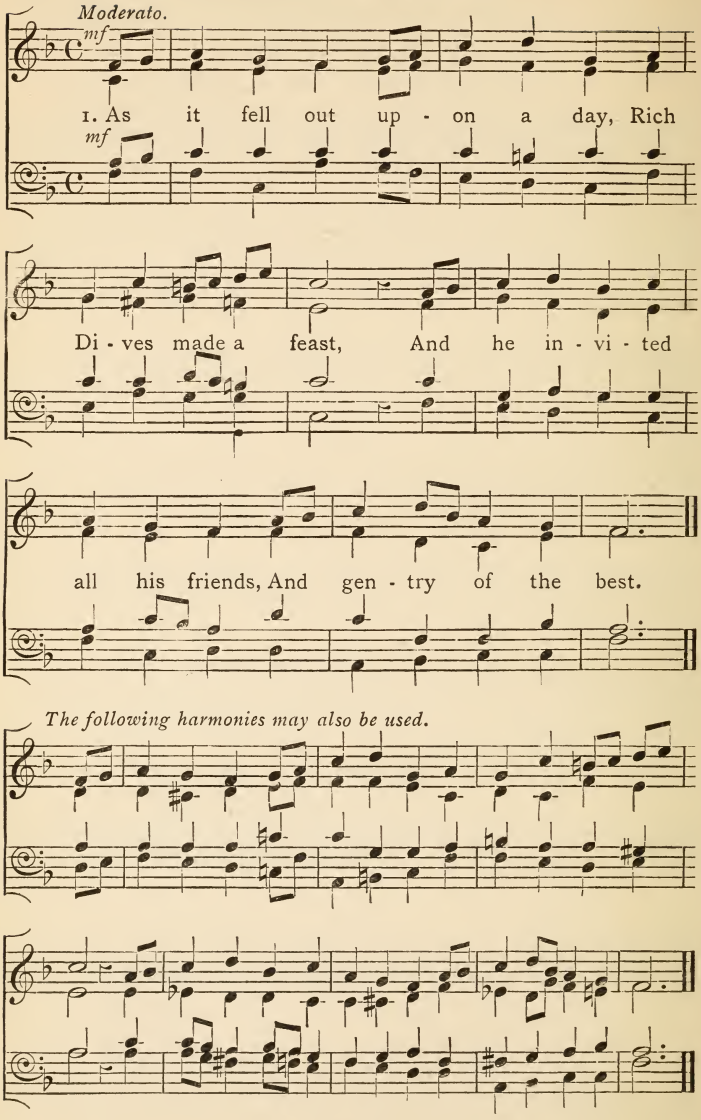
In terrâ Pax.

* S. Luke ii. 14.

2.

"Peace I leave with you," was again
Thy dying Gift to earth;
Sweet echo of the lingering strain
Of Christmas morn, the glad refrain
Of Anthems at Thy Birth;
When Angel choirs hymned forth to us,
"In terrâ Pax hominibus!"

3.

O Olive Branch! O Dove of Peace!
Brooding o'er stormy waters!
When shall the flood of woe decrease?
When shall the dreary conflict cease,
And earth's sad sons and daughters
With glad hearts hail Thy word to us,
"In terrâ Pax hominibus!"

VERSE 4.
mf
O hear Thy Church, with one ac - cord Her long lost Peace im -
mf
- plo - ring: Be it ac - cord - ing to Thy Word:
dim.
f
Thy reign of Peace bring in, dear Lord: Heav'n's Peace to earth re -
f
pp
rall.
- stor - ing. And Peace e - ter - nal, Je - su, grant, we pray.
pp
f
a tempo.
"In Cæ - lo . . Pax, . . Et . .
f
* "In Cæ - lo Pax," . .

S. Luke xix. 38

cres.
. . . . in Ex - cel - sis Glo - - - - - ri -
Et . . in Ex - cel - sis Glo - - - - - ri -
Et . . in Ex - cel - - sis, et in Ex - cel-sis Glo-ri -
- a, et in Ex - cel - sis Glo - ri - a,
- a, . . Glo - ri - a, in Cæ - lo
- a, in Ex - cel - - - - sis,
Pax, et in Ex-cel - sis Glo - ri - a.
et in Ex-cel - - sis, . . in Cæ - lo
et in Ex-cel - sis Glo - ri - a, et in Ex -
et in Ex-cel-sis, in Ex-cel-sis Glo-ri - a,
Pax, et in Ex-cel - sis. . . . .
et in Ex - cel - - sis, . . .
- cel - - - - - - sis Glo - - - ri - a."
et in Ex - cel - - sis . . Glo - ri - - a."
Glo - - - ri - a."

Dives and Lazarus.

2.

Then Lazarus laid him down and
And down at Dives' door; [down
Some meat, some drink, brother Dives,
Bestow upon the poor.

3.

Thou'rt none of my brother, Lazarus,
That lies begging at my door,
Nor meat nor drink will I give to thee,
Nor bestow upon the poor.

4.

[Then Lazarus laid him down and down
And down at Dives' wall;
Some meat, some drink, brother Dives,
Or with hunger starve I shall.]

5.

[Thou'rt none of my brother, Lazarus,
That lies begging at my wall;
Nor meat nor drink will I give to thee,
But with hunger starve you shall.]

6.

[Then Lazarus laid him down and down,
And down at Dives' gate;
Some meat, some drink, brother Dives,
For Jesus Christ His sake.]

7.

[Thou'rt none of my brother, Lazarus,
That lies begging at my gate;
Nor meat nor drink will I give to thee,
For Jesus Christ His sake.]

8.

[Then Dives sent out his merry men,
To whip poor Lazarus away;
They had no power to strike a stroke,
But flung their whips away.]

9.

Then Dives sent out his hungry dogs,
To bite him as he lay;
They had no power to bite at all,
But licked his sores away.

10.

As it fell out upon a day,
Poor Lazarus sickened and died;
Then came two Angels out of Heaven,
His soul therein to guide.

11.

[Rise up, rise up, brother Lazarus,
And come along with me;
There's a place in Heaven prepared for thee,
To sit upon an Angel's knee.]

12.

As it fell out upon a day,
Rich Dives sickened and died;
There came two serpents out of Hell,
His soul therein to guide.

13.

[Rise up, rise up, brother Dives,
And come along with me;
There's a place in Hell prepared for thee,
To sit upon a serpent's knee.]

14.

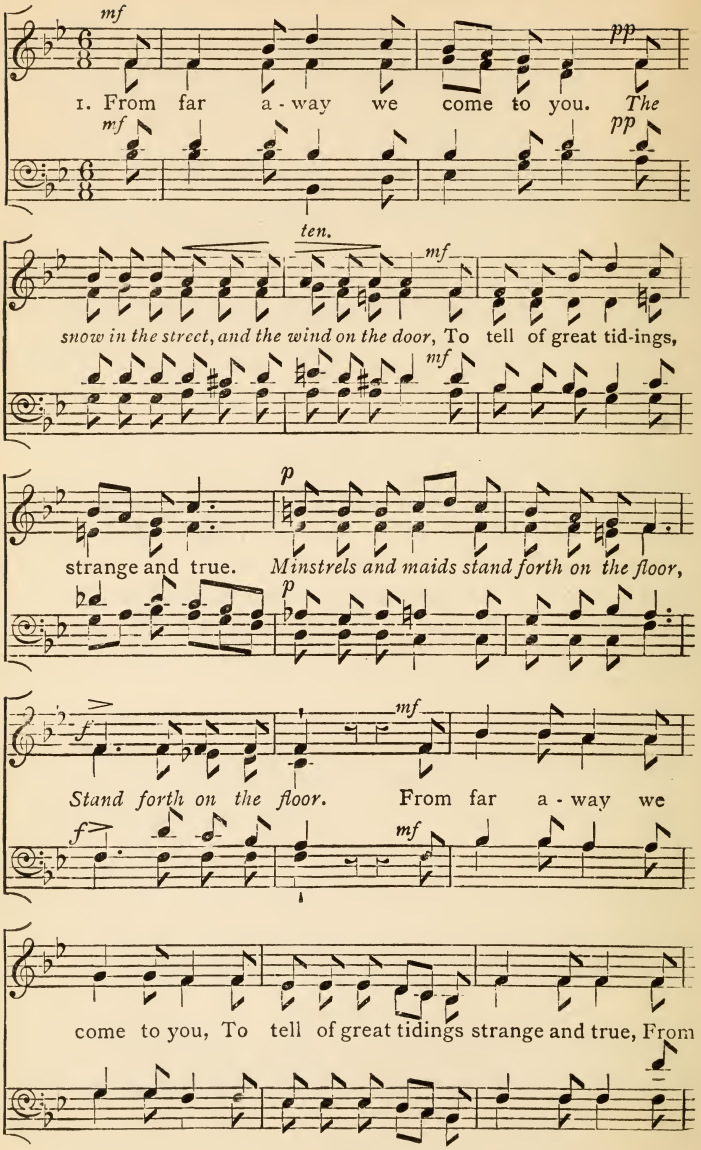
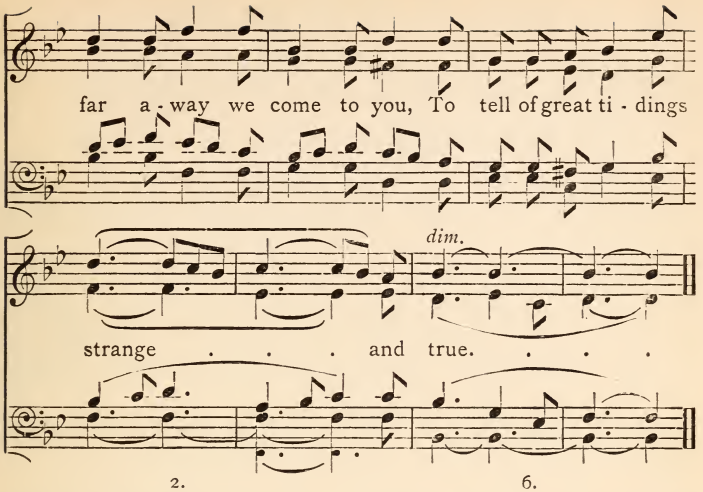
Then Dives looked with burning eyes,
And saw poor Lazarus blest:
One drop of water, Lazarus,
To quench my flaming thirst!

15.

Oh! had I as many years to abide
As there are blades of grass,
Then there would be an end: but now
Hell's pains will never pass.

16.

[Oh! were I but alive again,
For the space of one half hour,
I would make my peace and so secure
That the Devil should have no power!]

From far away.

2.

For as we wandered far and wide,
The snow in the street and the wind on the door, [us betide?
What hap do you deem there should
Minstrels and maids, stand forth on the floor.

3.

Under a bent when the night was deep,
The snow in the street, &c.
There lay three shepherds tending their sheep.
Minstrels and maids, &c.

4.

"O ye shepherds what have ye seen,
The snow in the street, &c.
To stay your sorrow and heal your teen?"
Minstrels and maids, &c.

5.

"In an ox stall this night we saw,
The snow in the street, &c.
A Babe and a Maid without a flaw.
Minstrels and maids, &c.

6.

"There was an old man there beside;
The snow in the street, &c.
His hair was white, and his hood was wide.
Minstrels and maids, &c.

7.

"And as we gazed this thing upon,
The snow in the street, &c.
Those twain knelt down to the little One.
Minstrels and maids, &c.

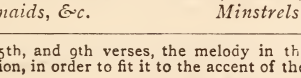
8.

"And a marvellous song we straight did hear,
The snow in the street, &c.
That slew our sorrow and healed our care."
Minstrels and maids, &c.

9.

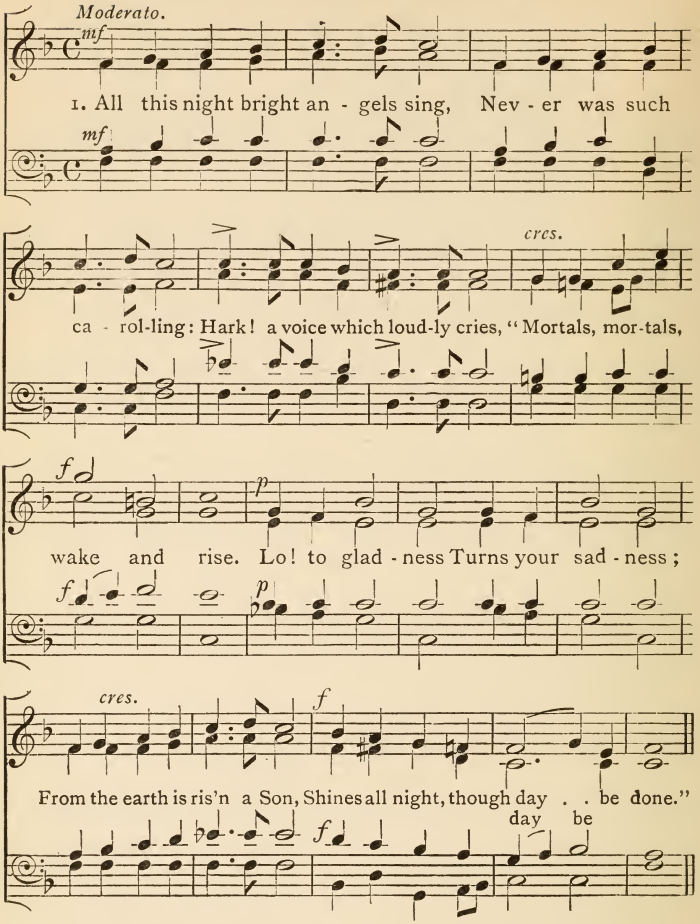
News of a fair and a marvellous thing,
The snow in the street, &c.
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, we sing.
Minstrels and maids, &c.

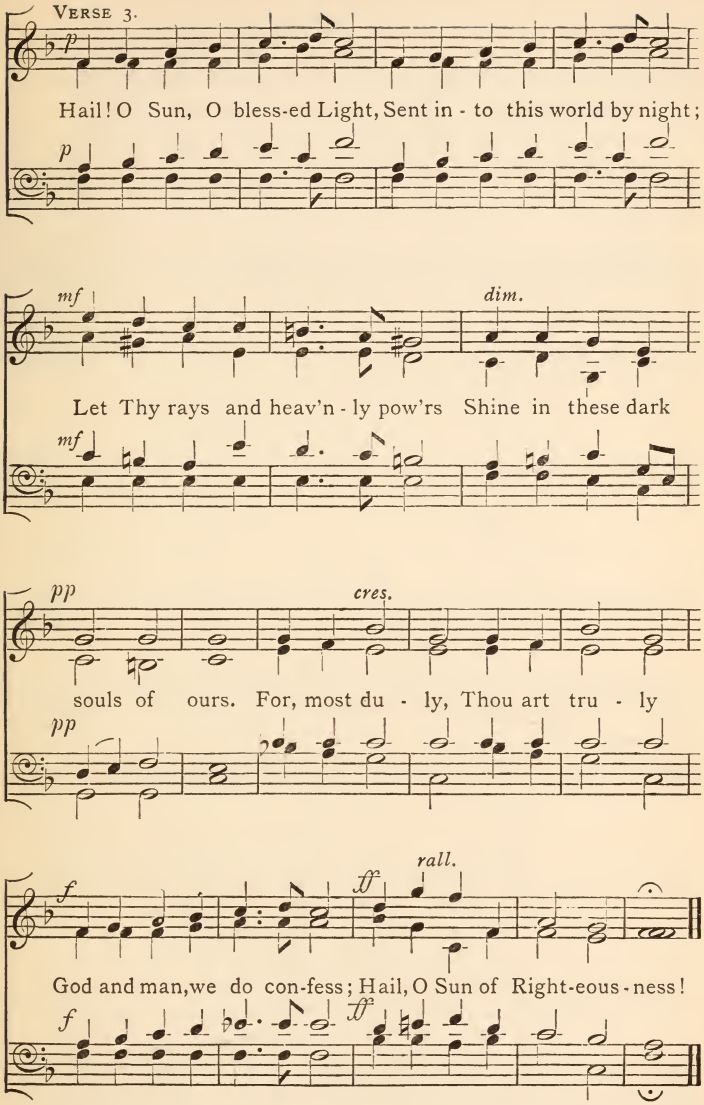
N.B.—In the 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 9th verses, the melody in the first bar will need the following slight modification, in order to fit it to the accent of the words;



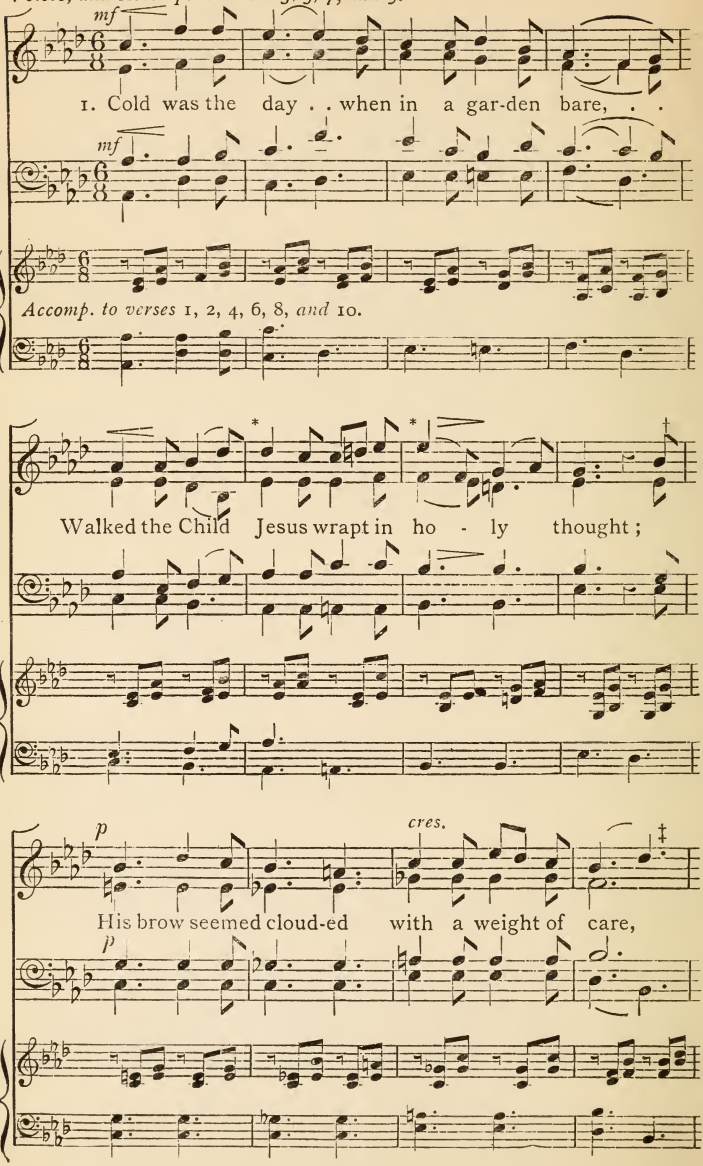
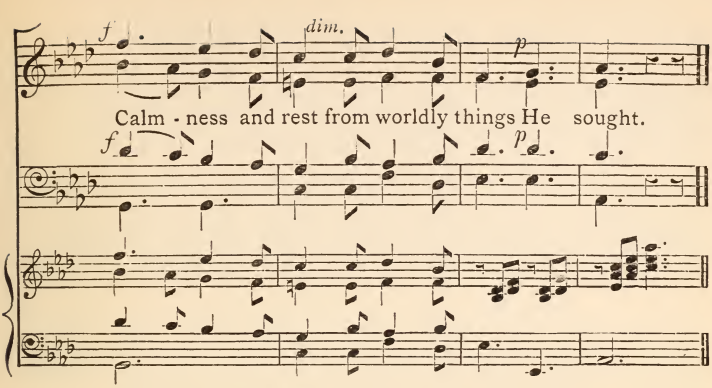
And a corresponding change must be made in the subsequent parts of the melody where the same words recur.

41 Carol for Christmas Day.



2 Wake, O earth, wake everything,
Wake and hear the joy I bring:
Wake and joy; for all this night,
Heaven and every twinkling light,
All amazing,
Still stand gazing;
Angels, Powers, and all that be,
Wake, and joy this Sun to see!

Verse 3.
p
Hail! O Sun, O bless-ed Light, Sent in - to this world by night;
p
mf
dim.
Let Thy rays and heav'n - ly pow'rs Shine in these dark
mf
pp
cres.
souls of ours. For, most du - ly, Thou art tru - ly
pp
f
rall.
ff
God and man, we do con-fess; Hail, O Sun of Right-eous - ness!
f
ff

The Child Jesus in the Garden.

Voices, and Accomp. to verses 3, 5, 7, *and* 9.



2 Soon was His presence missed within His home,
His Mother gentle marked His every way:
Forth then she came to seek where He did roam,
Full of sweet words His trouble to allay.

p 3 Through chilling snow she toiled to reach His side,
Forcing her way 'mid branches black and sere;
Hastening, that she His sorrows might divide,
Share all His woe, or calm His gloomy fear.

Solo. 4 "Speak, gentle Lord;" she cried with reverent love,
"Tell me, I pray, what griefs around Thee press,
Though I of earth, and Thou from Heaven above,
I am Thy Mother: what doth Thee distress?"

Chorus. pp 5 Sweet was her face as o'er His head she bent;
Longing to melt His look of saddest grief,
With lifted eyes His ear to her He lent;
Her kindly solace brought His soul relief.

f 6 Then did He smile, a smile of love so deep,
Winter hims lf grew warm beneath its glow,
From drooping branches scented blossoms peep,
Up springs the grass, the sealèd fountains flow.

7 Summer and spring did each with other vie,
Offering to Him the fragrance of their store;
Chanting sweet notes the birds around Him fly,
Wondering why earth had chequered so her floor.

Solo. 8 Then round His Mother lilies white entwined,
Fresh as her love, and chaste as she was pure;
About His head the Passion-flowers did bind,
Type of the sufferings He must soon endure.

Chorus. pp 9 Hid in the wreath was many a cruel thorn;
Yet on His brow He placed it, full of joy;
Full well He knew why He on earth was born,
How by His blood He should our woes destroy.

f 10 Know then, dear brother, in these Christmas hours
Sorrow, like snow, will melt, if He but smile;
And if He clothe thy wintry path with flowers,
Amidst thy mirth, think on His thorns awhile.

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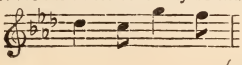
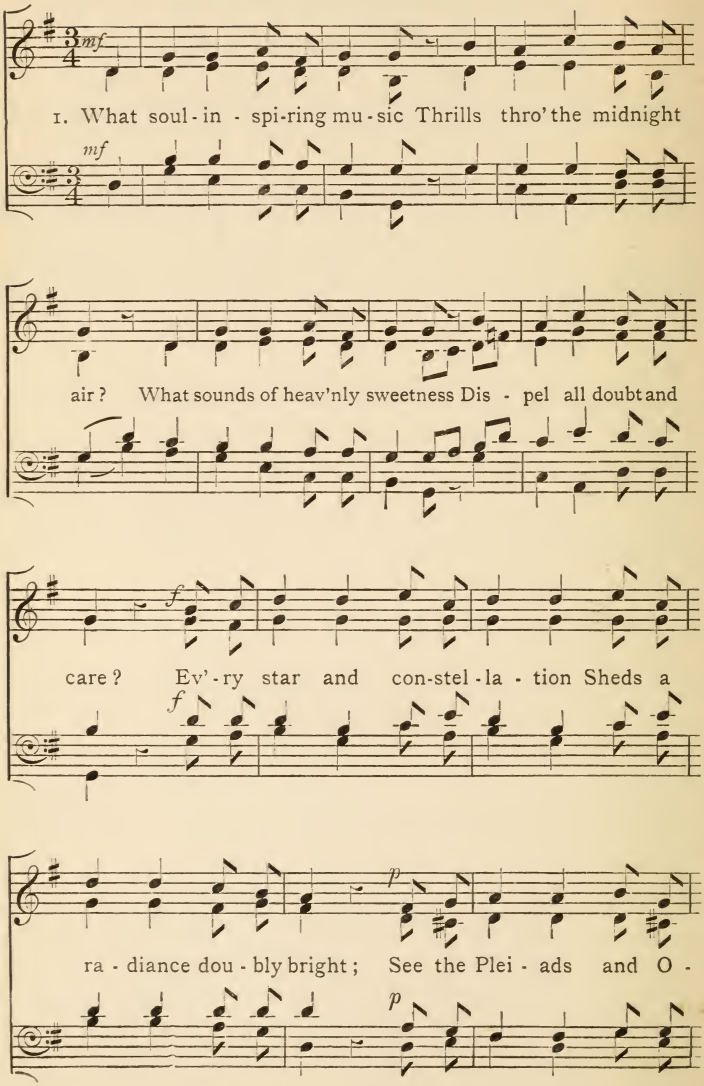
* When the melody is sung as a Tenor Solo the bar between the asterisks may be thus sung:

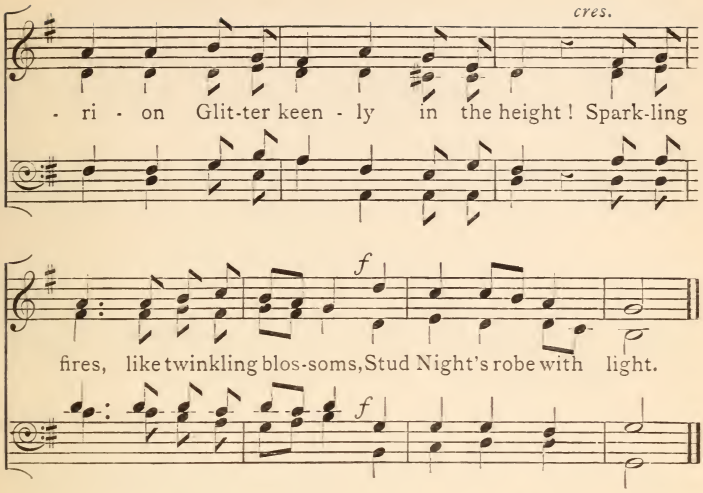


† v. 8. A | bout His | head,

‡ v. 10. A | midst Thy | mirth.

What soul-inspiring music.





2.

Strange forms float hovering o'er us,
New sounds fall on our ear;
God's Angel bids us welcome,
His voice says, "Never fear!
Born to you in David's city
Lies the Saviour, all Divine,
David's Root and David's Offspring,
Promised Seed of David's line;
He is swathed and in a manger:
Take this for a sign."

3.

Straight, crowds of heavenly warriors,
Outshining every star,
Stand forth round that one Herald
Proclaiming peace afar;
Choirs of Angels and Archangels,
Seraphim and Cherubim,
Thrones and Princedoms, Dominations, [dim;
Powers and Might which wax not
Spirit-hosts in ranks celestial,
Raise one joyous hymn.

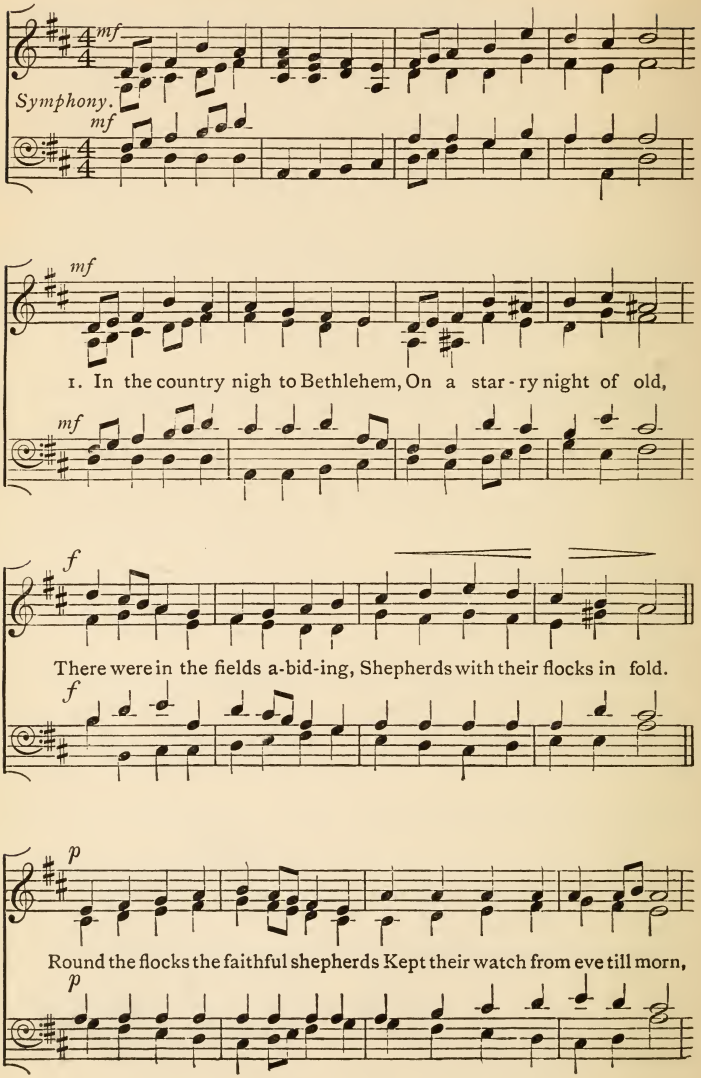
4.

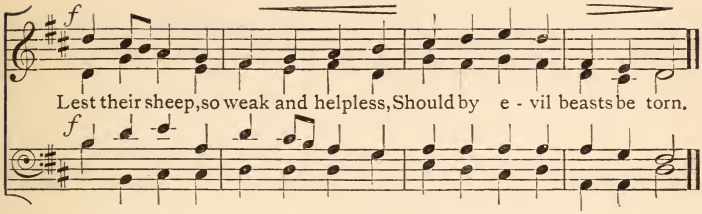
"Lord God, to Thee be glory,
In heights all height above;
Peace dwell on earth beneath us,
Towards men goodwill and love!
Heaven and earth are now united,
Man may see his Father's face:
Mary's Son, God's Word incarnate,
Is an endless Fount of Grace:
Therefore Righteousness may Mercy
And Truth Peace embrace."

5.

Speed, Shepherds, leave your sheepfolds,
To Bethle'm haste away:
Fall on your knees before Him,
Salute Him while ye may:
Bring your offerings, bring your treasure,
Open wide each simple store:
Pipe and dance in rustic measure,
In His Manger Him adore:
Every deed to give Him pleasure
Be yours evermore.

44 In the Country nigh to Bethlehem.



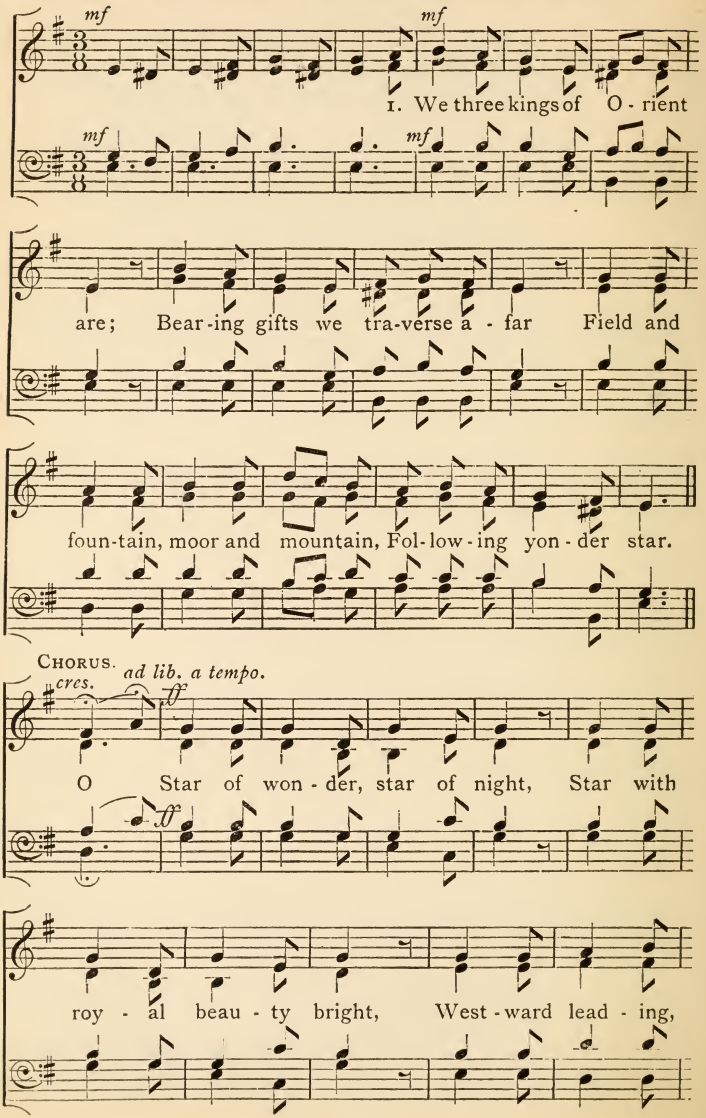
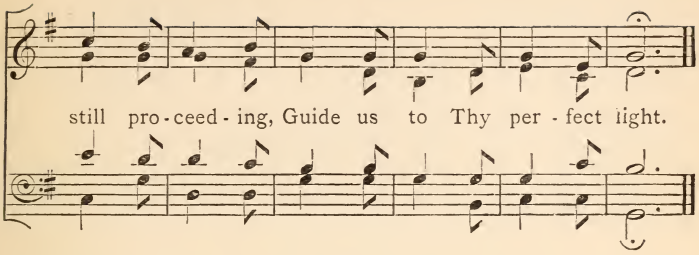


2 Haply, through their long night-watches,
They made hill and valley ring
With the songs of holy gladness
Which King David used to sing.
Songs of praise to God their Shepherd,
Who defended them from ill,
And their weary, wandering footsteps
Guided to the waters still.

3 As they watched, a burst of glory
Shone around them from above,
And a mighty glorious Angel
Calmed their fears with words of love:
"Fear not, for behold I bring you
Tidings full of greatest joy,
Joy eternal, full of gladness,
Joy which nothing can destroy.

4 "Unto you in David's city,
As was told by Prophet's word,
Christ is born, your God and Saviour,
Christ is born, your King and Lord."
Suddenly a host of Angels
Raised their voices high and sang,
Till the vaulted arch of Heaven
With the echoing chorus rang:

5 "Glory, glory, in the highest,
Unto God, and peace on earth;
To all nations joyful bring we
Tidings glad of Jesus' birth."
Lift we now our hearts and voices,
Join we all the cheerful cry,
Learned by shepherds from the Angels:
"Glory be to God on high!"

45 We three Kings of Orient are.



2.

Melchior.

Born a King on Bethlehem's plain,
Gold I bring, to crown Him again,
King for ever, ceasing never,
Over us all to reign.
O Star of wonder, &c.

3.

Caspar.

Frankincense to offer have I,
Incense owns a Deity nigh.
Prayer and praising, all men raising,
Worship Him, God most High.
O Star of wonder, &c.

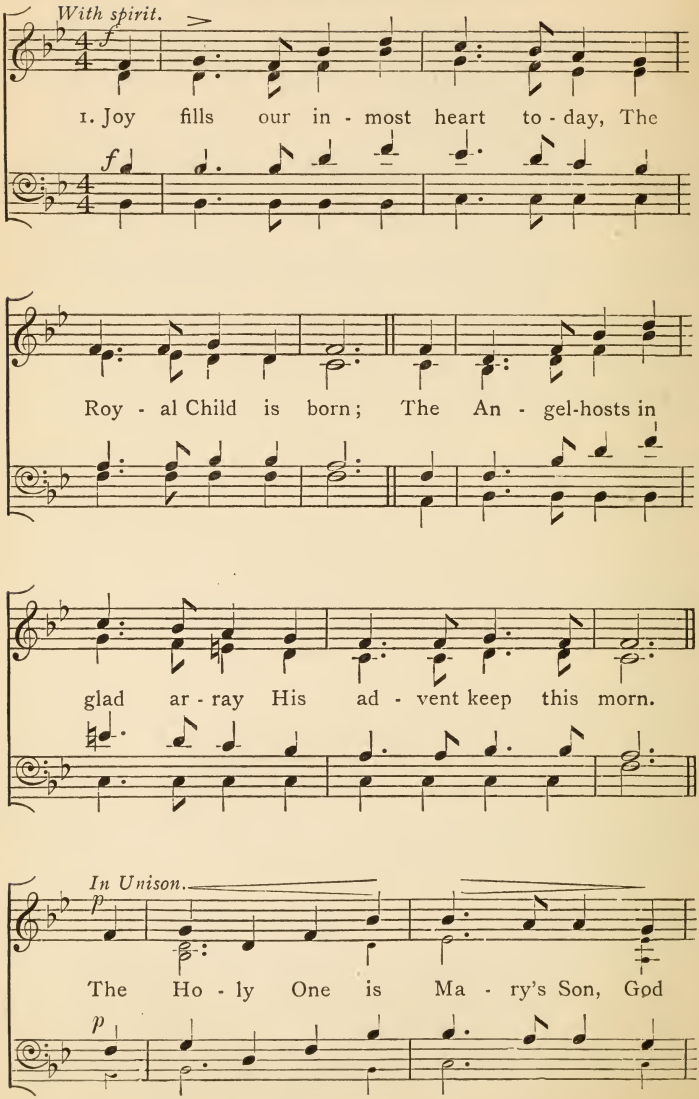
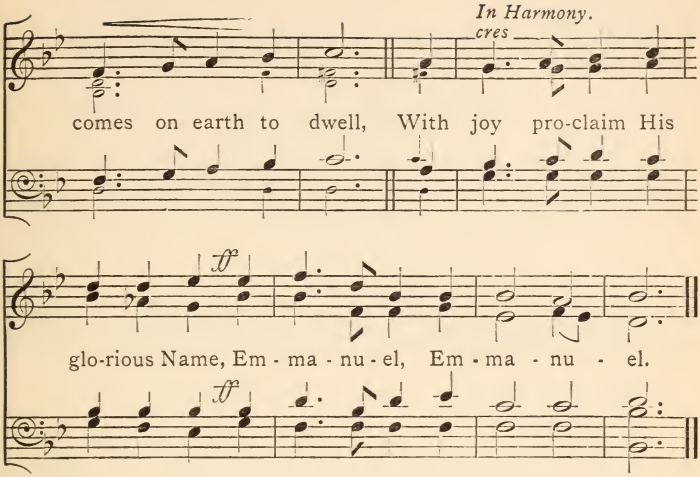
4.

Balthazar.

Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom;
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.
O Star of wonder, &c.

5.

Glorious now behold Him arise,
King and God and sacrifice,
Alleluia, Alleluia;
Earth to the heavens replies.
O Star of wonder, &c.

Emmanuel, God with us.



2.

Low at the cradle-throne we bend,
We wonder and adore;
And think no bliss can ours transcend,
No rapture sweet before.
The Holy One, &c.

3.

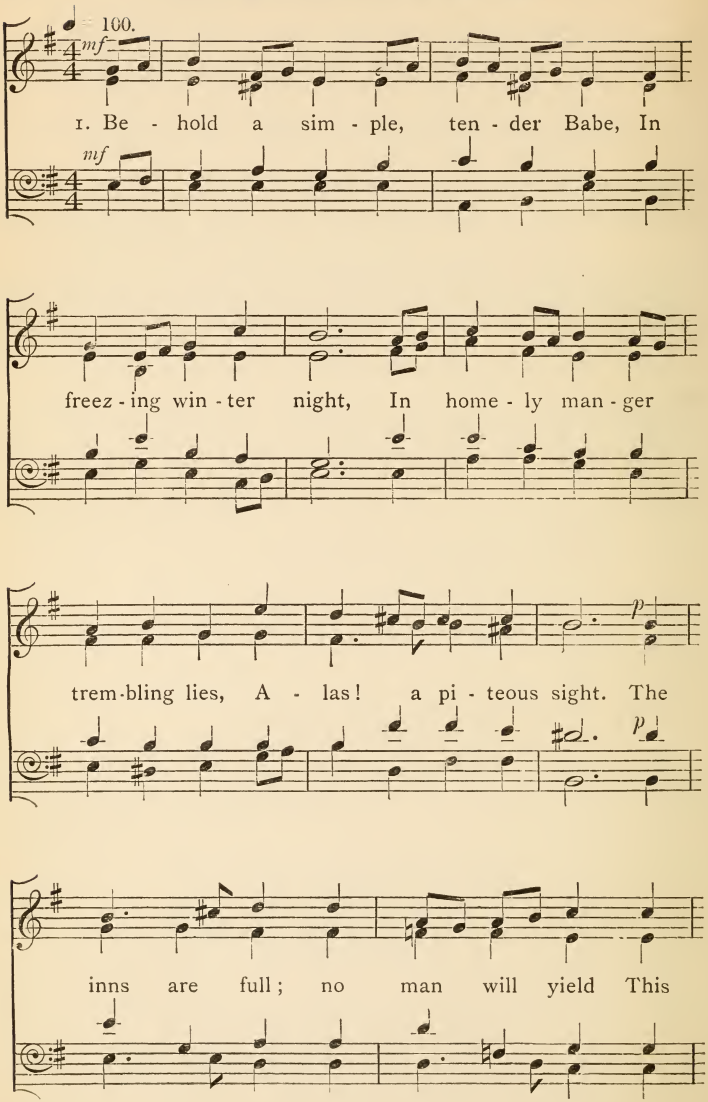
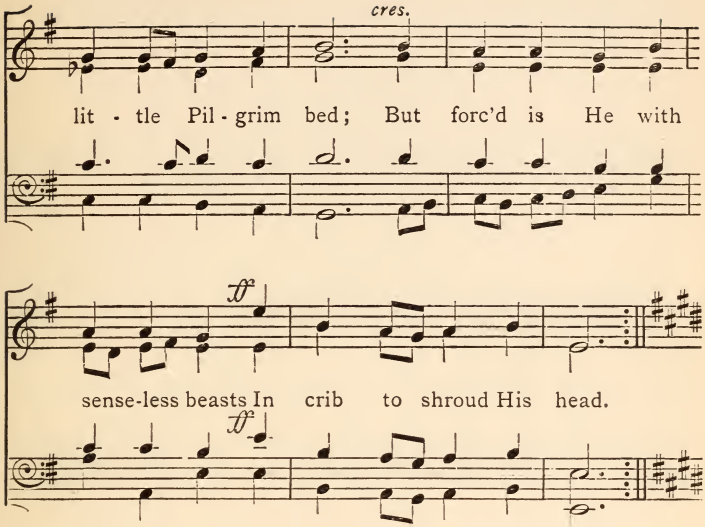
For us the world must lose its charms
Before the manger-shrine,
Where folded in Thy Mother's arms,
Thou sleepest, Babe Divine!
The Holy One, &c.

4.

Angels are thronging round Thy bed,
Thine infant grace to see;
The stars are paling o'er Thy head,
The Day-spring dawns with Thee.
The Holy One, &c.

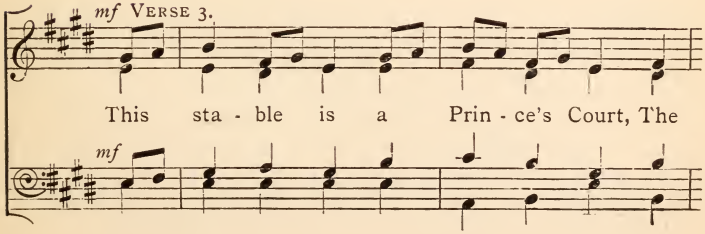
5.

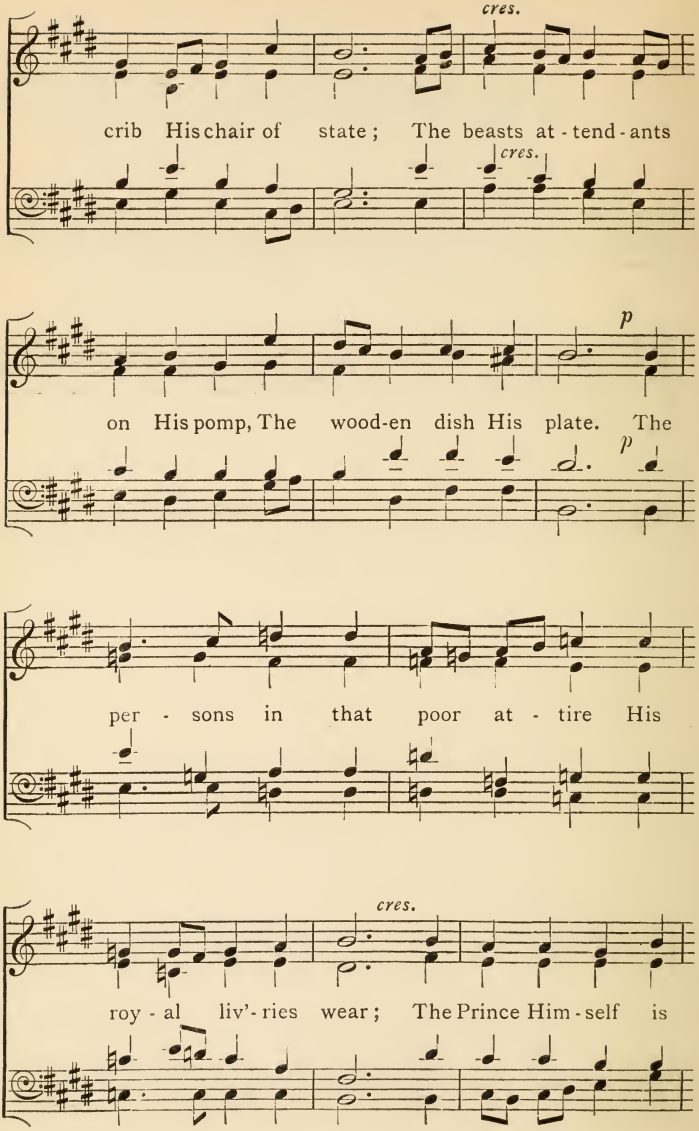
Thou art the very Light of Light,
Enlighten us, sweet Child,
That we may keep Thy Birthday bright,
With service undefiled.
The Holy One, &c.

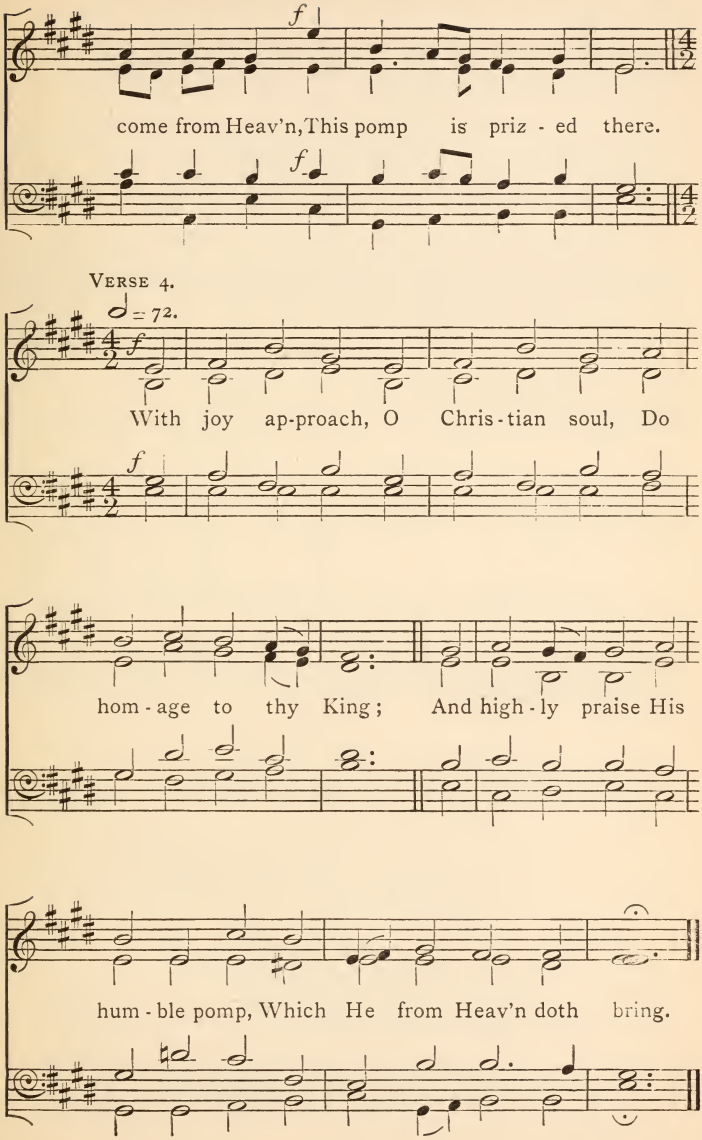
New Prince, new pomp.



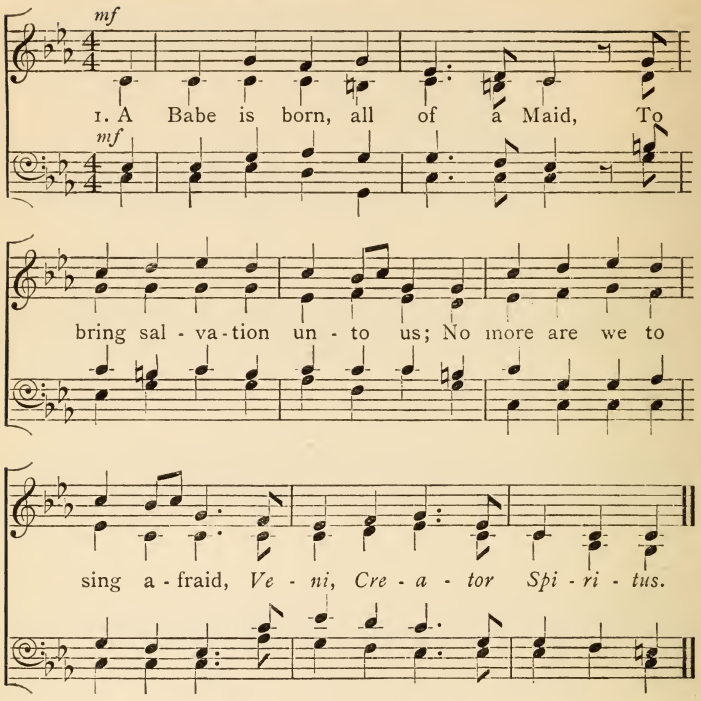
2.

Despise Him not for lying here,
First what He is enquire:
An orient pearl is often found
In depth of dirty mire.
Weigh not His crib, His wooden dish,
Nor beasts that by Him feed;
Weigh not His Mother's poor attire,
Nor Joseph's simple weed.




cres.
crib His chair of state; The beasts at-tend-ants
cres.
p
on His pomp, The wood-en dish His plate. The
p
per - sons in that poor at - tire His
cres.
roy - al liv'-ries wear; The Prince Him-self is

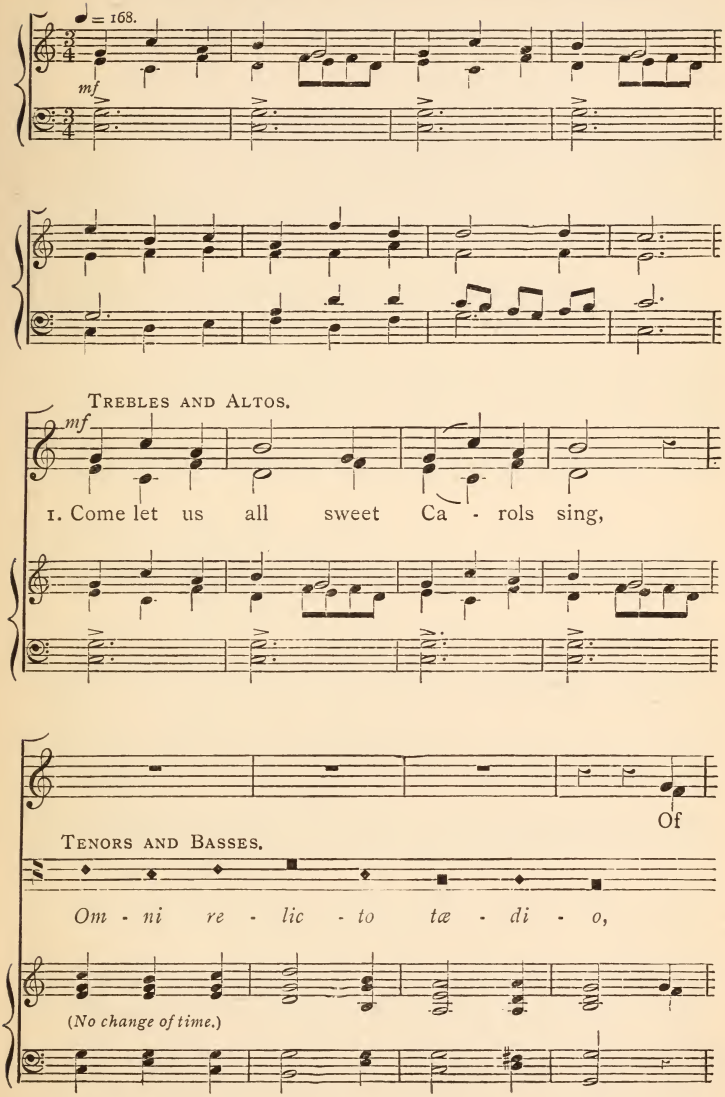
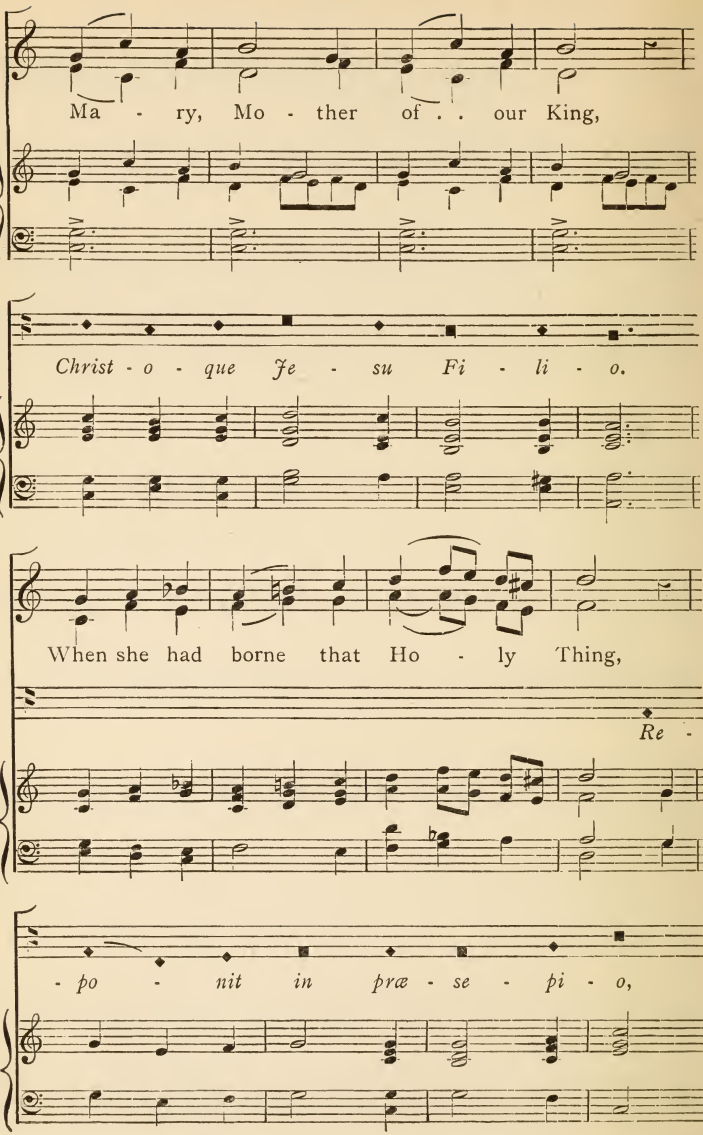
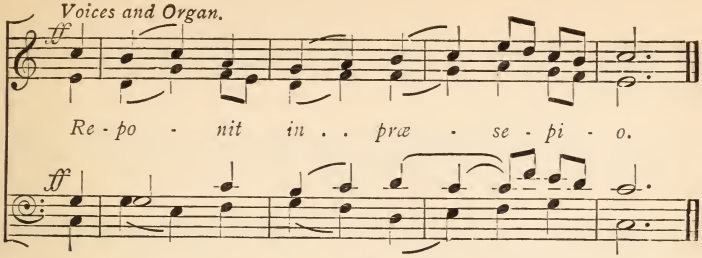

f
come from Heav'n, This pomp is priz - ed there.
f
Verse 4.
♩ = 72.
f
With joy ap-proach, O Chris - tian soul, Do
f
hom - age to thy King; And high - ly praise His
hum - ble pomp, Which He from Heav'n doth bring.

A Babe is born.

2 At Bethlehem, that blessed place,
The Child of bliss then born He was;
Him aye to serve God give us grace,
O Lux beata Trinitas.

3 There came three kings out of the East,
To worship there that King so free;
With gold and myrrh and frankincense,
A solis ortus cardine.

4 The shepherds heard an Angel cry,
A merry song that night sang he,
Why are ye all so sore aghast,
Jam lucis orto sidere?

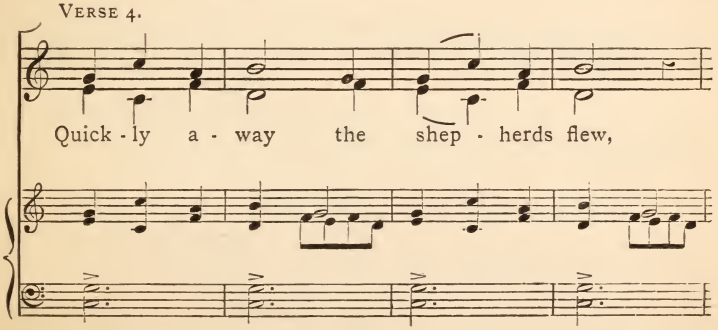
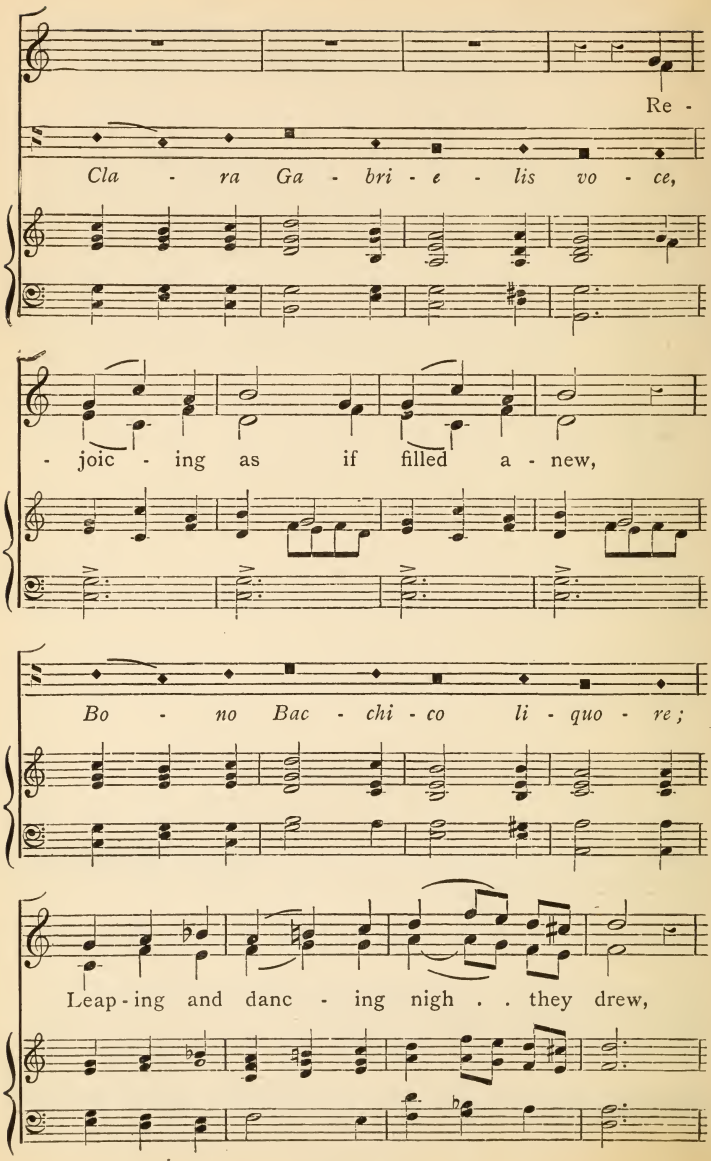
5 The Angel came down with a cry,
A fair and joyful song sang he,
All in the worship of that Child,
Gloria Tibi Domine.

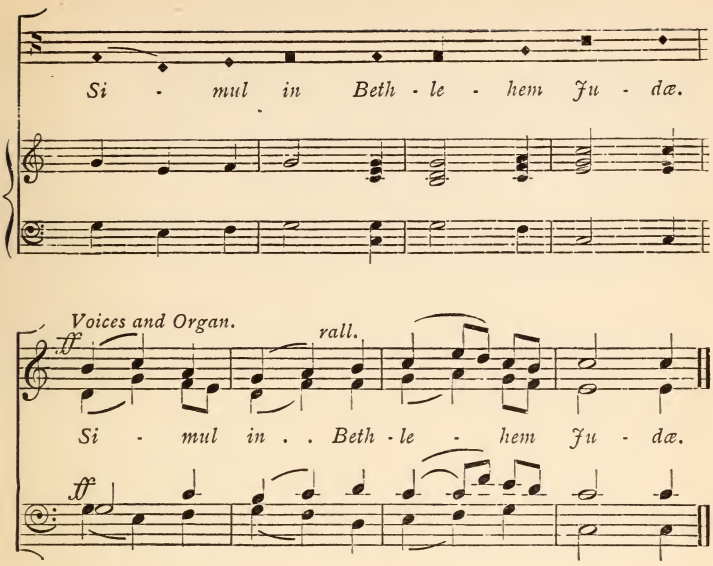
49 Come let us all sweet Carols sing.


Ma - ry, Mo - ther of . . our King,
Christ - o - que Je - su Fi - li - o.
When she had borne that Ho - ly Thing,
Re -
- po - nit in præ - se - pi - o,

2.

Now Gabriel sweeping through the sky,
Missus a Deo nuntius,
These tidings beareth from on high,
Lætissimis pastoribus,
Behold your God on earth doth lie,
Invenietis protinus.

3.

On Mary's bosom He is stayed,
Et albo lacte pascitur,
By her to sleep is gently laid,
Somno corpus reficitur,
Sprung from a pure and spotless Maid,
Hic Puer vobis nascitur.

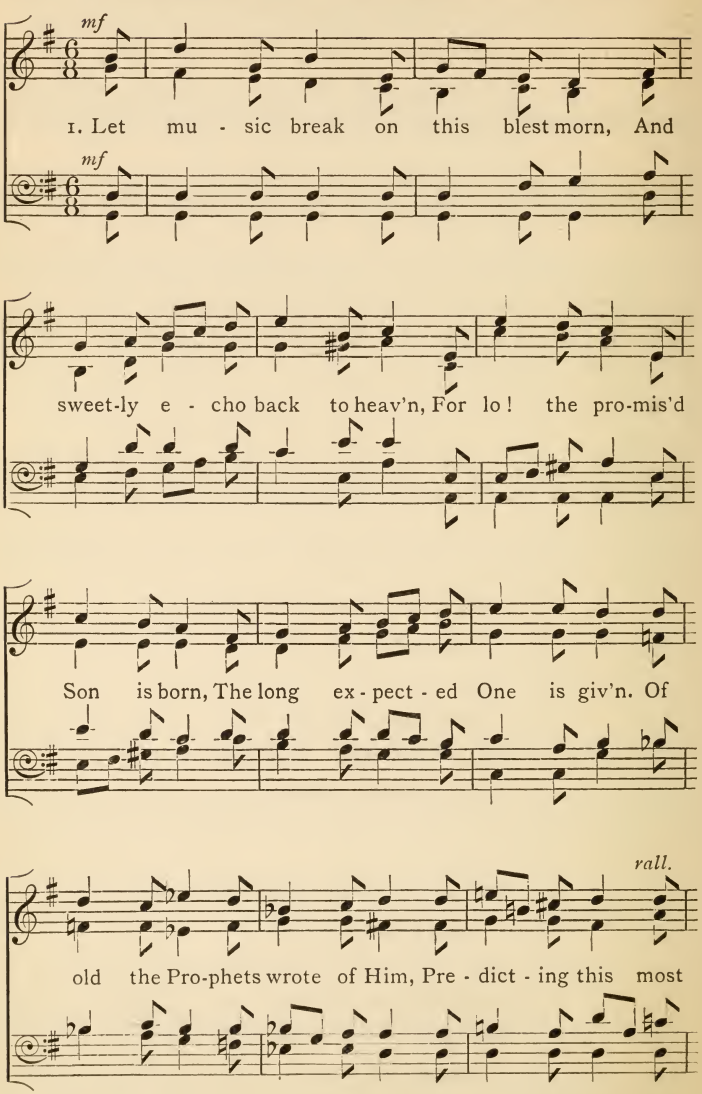
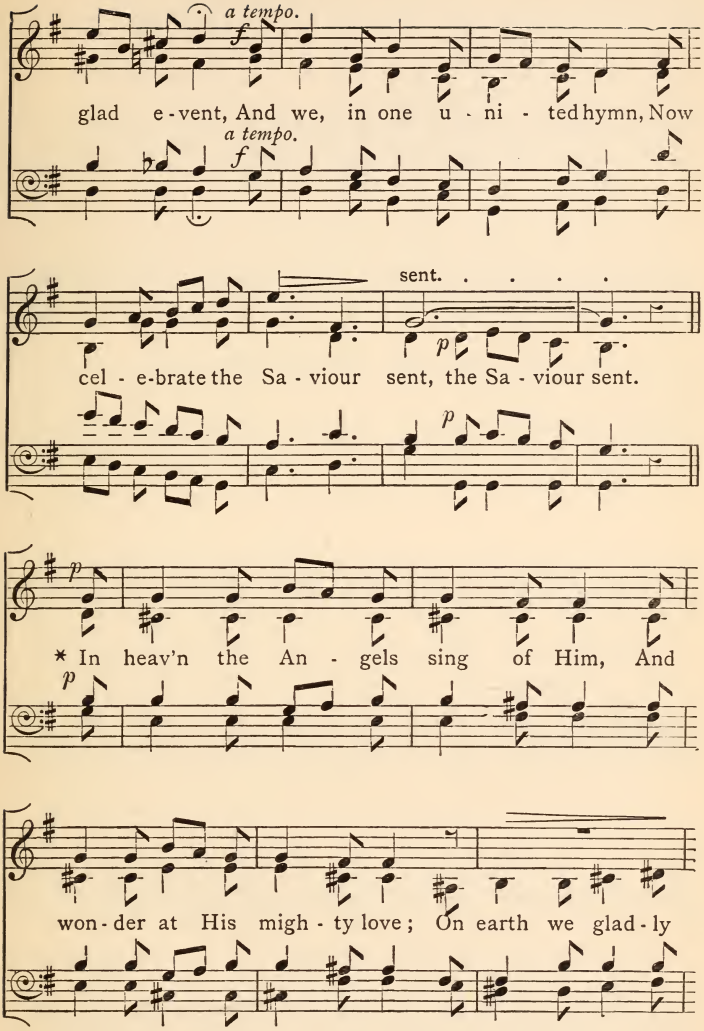


Re -
Cla - ra Ga - bri - e - lis vo - ce,
- joic - ing as if filled a - new,
Bo - no Bac - chi - co li - quo - re;
Leap - ing and danc - ing nigh . . they drew,

5.

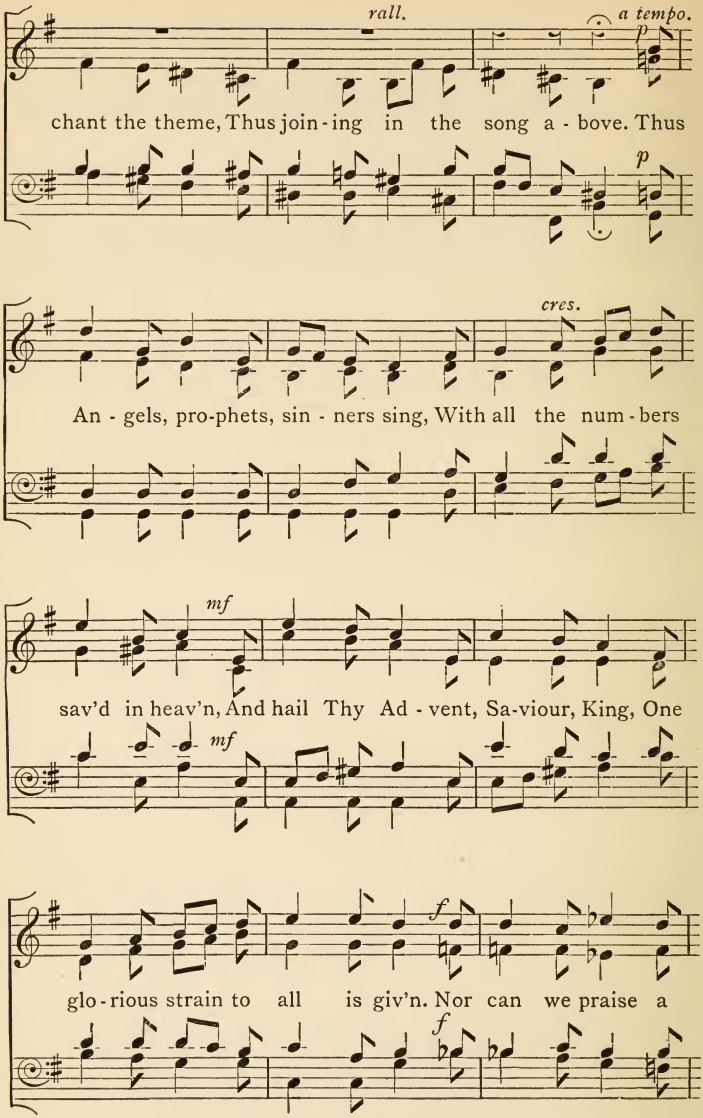
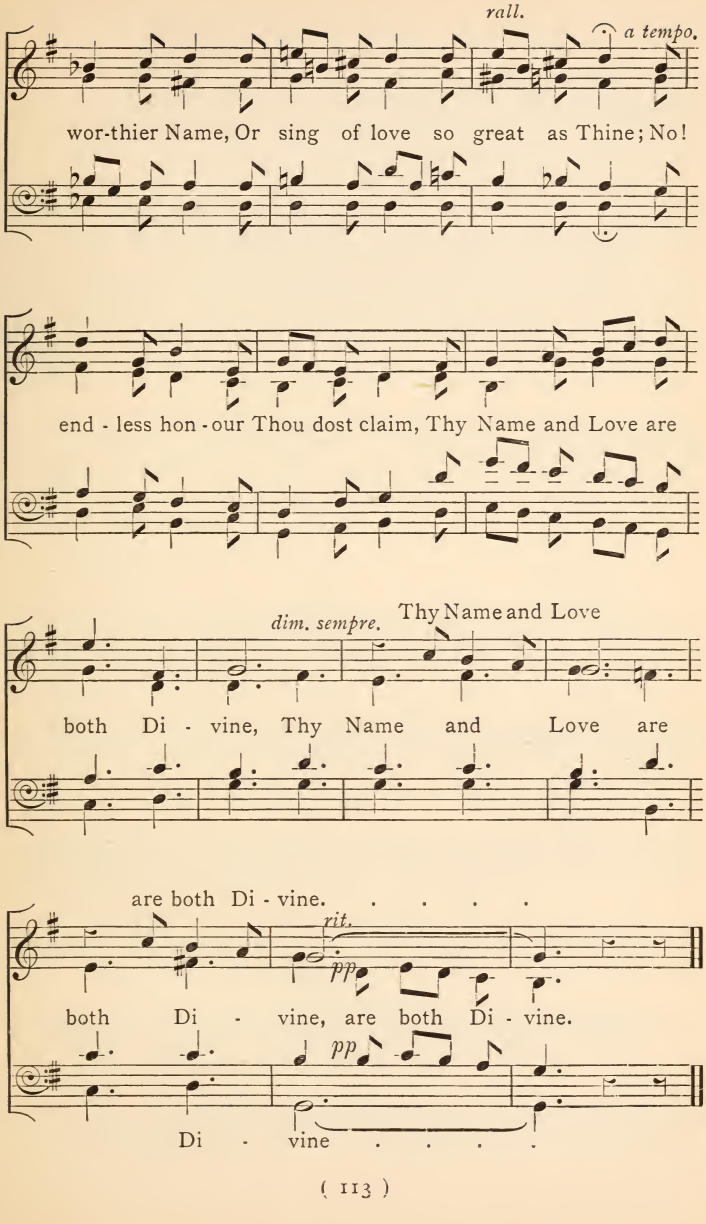
Lantern or torch they needed not,
Stella clara tunc lucebat,
They found an ass within the cot,
Rauca voce qui clamabat,
Oxen were lowing; all the grot
Magno lumine fulgebat.

6.

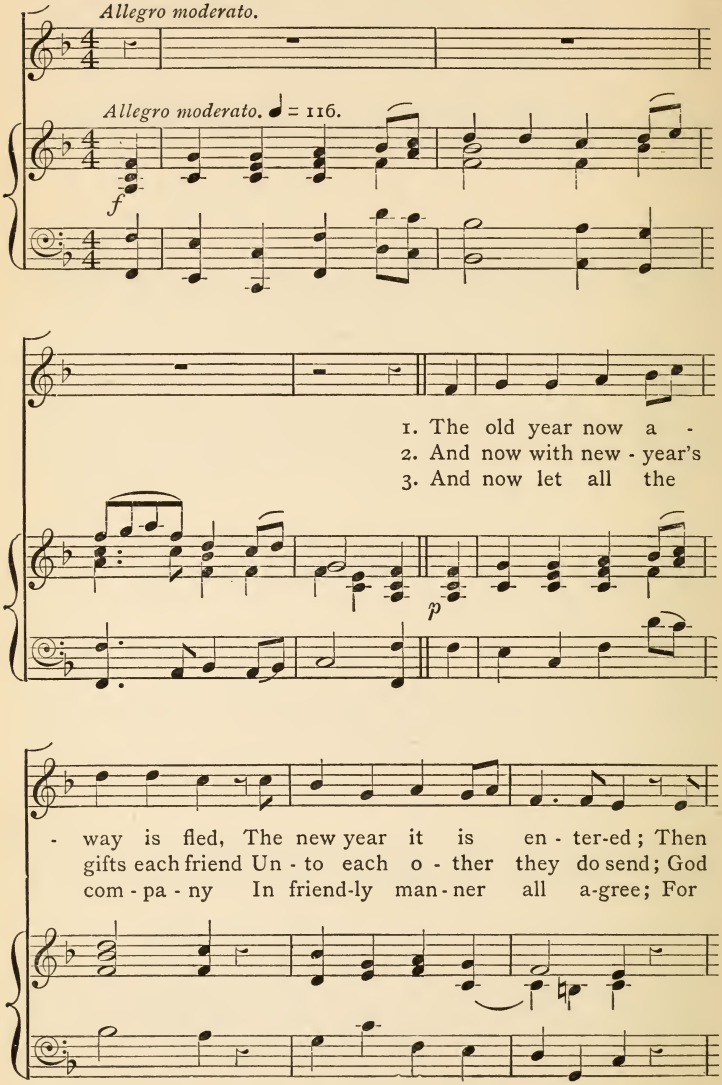
They entered then the hallowed cave,
Jesum hic adoraverunt,
The best of all they had they gave,
Puerumque oraverunt,
Pardon for that was lacking crave
Subitoque abierunt.

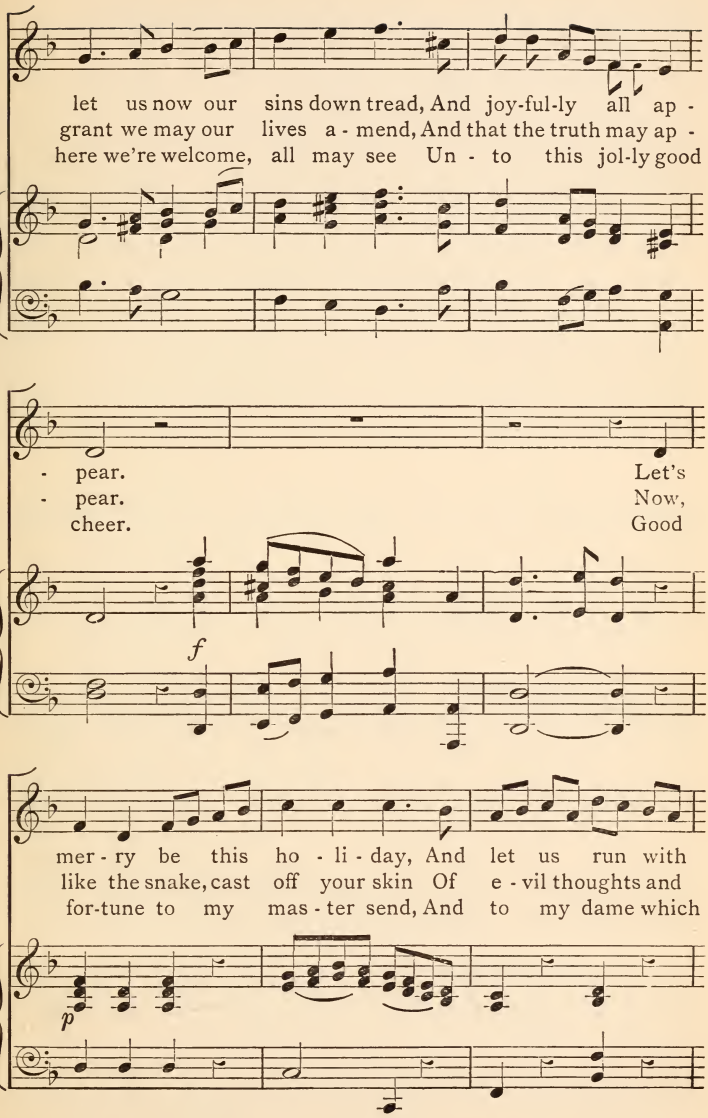
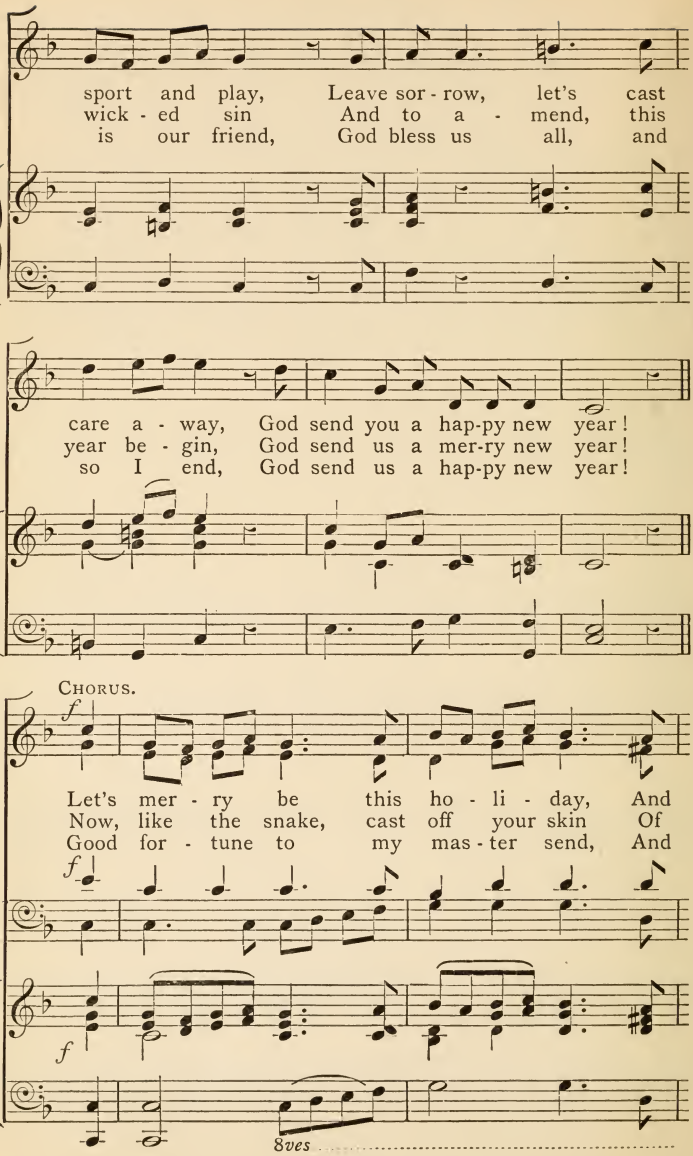
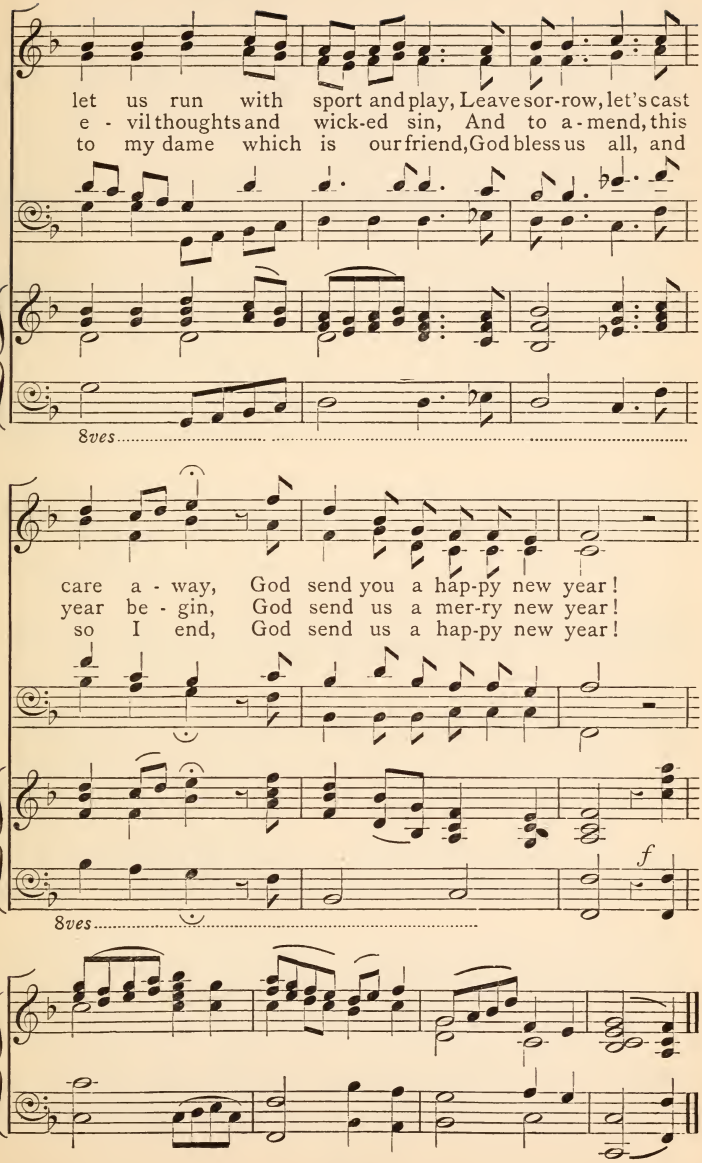
50 Let Music break on this blest morn.



* These two lines are to be sung by the Trebles only, if the Carol be accompanied.

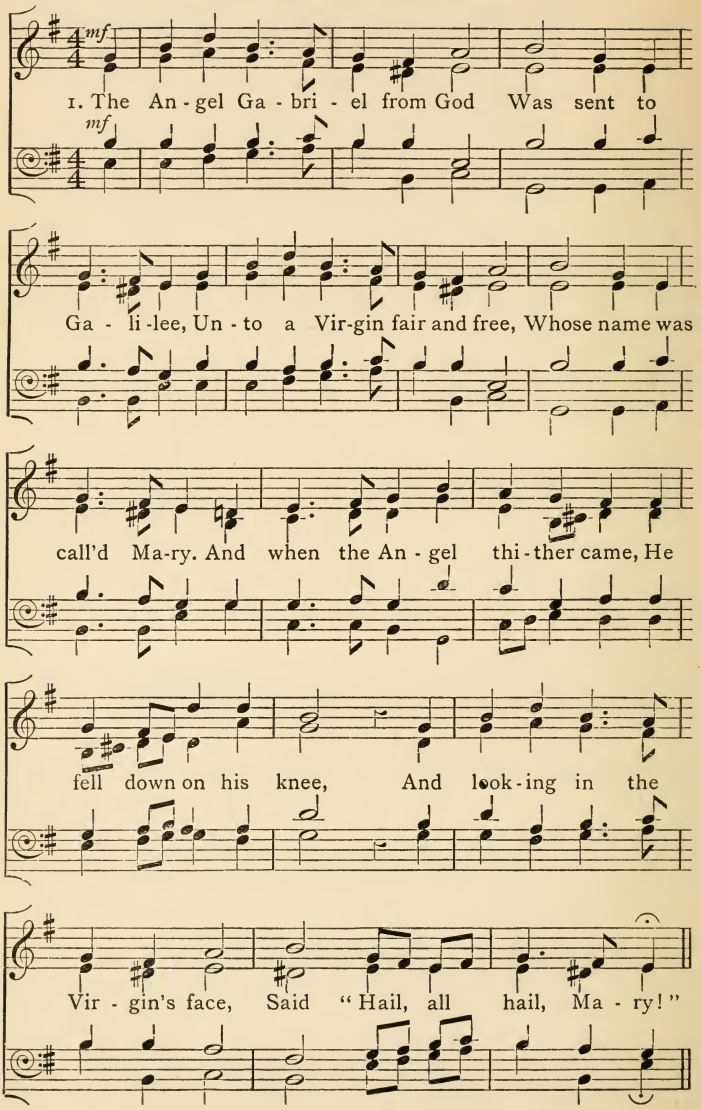
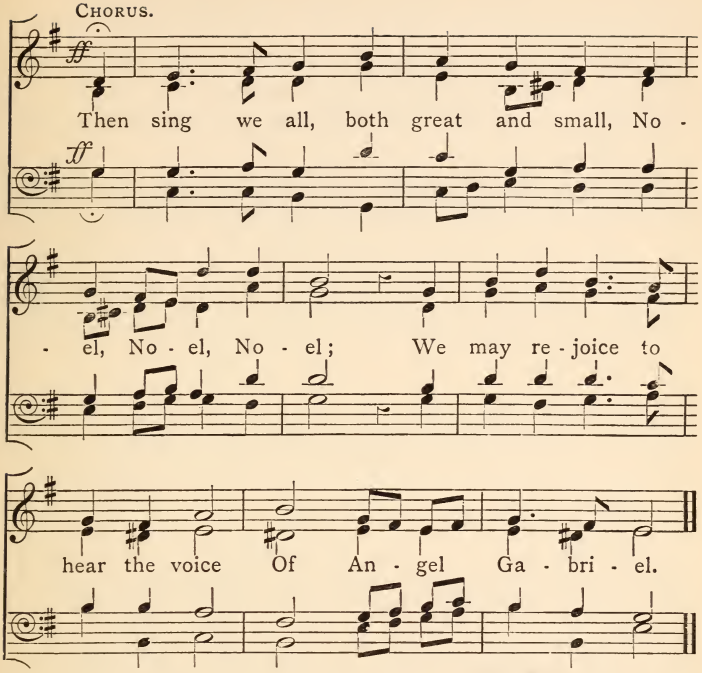

rall.
a tempo.
p
chant the theme, Thus join - ing in the song a - bove. Thus
p
cres.
An - gels, pro-phets, sin - ners sing, With all the num - bers
mf
sav'd in heav'n, And hail Thy Ad - vent, Sa-viour, King, One
mf
f
glo - rious strain to all is giv'n. Nor can we praise a
f

rall.
a tempo.
wor-thier Name, Or sing of love so great as Thine; No!
end - less hon - our Thou dost claim, Thy Name and Love are
dim. sempre.
Thy Name and Love
both Di - vine, Thy Name and Love are
are both Di - vine. . . . .
rit.
pp
both Di - vine, are both Di - vine.
pp
Di - vine . . . .

Carol for New Year's Day.




let us now our sins down tread, And joy-ful-ly all ap -
grant we may our lives a - mend, And that the truth may ap -
here we're welcome, all may see Un - to this jol-ly good
- pear. Let's
- pear. Now,
cheer. Good
f
mer - ry be this ho - li - day, And let us run with
like the snake, cast off your skin Of e - vil thoughts and
for-tune to my mas - ter send, And to my dame which
p

sport and play, Leave sor - row, let's cast
wick - ed sin And to a - mend, this
is our friend, God bless us all, and
care a - way, God send you a hap-py new year!
year be - gin, God send us a mer-ry new year!
so I end, God send us a hap-py new year!
Chorus.
f
Let's mer - ry be this ho - li - day, And
Now, like the snake, cast off your skin Of
Good for - tune to my mas - ter send, And
f
f
8ves

let us run with sport and play, Leave sor-row, let's cast
e - vil thoughts and wick-ed sin, And to a - mend, this
to my dame which is our friend, God bless us all, and
8ves
care a - way, God send you a hap-py new year!
year be - gin, God send us a mer-ry new year!
so I end, God send us a hap-py new year!
8ves
f

The Angel Gabriel.



2.

Mary anon looked him upon,
And said, "Sir, what are ye?
I marvel much at tidings such
As thou hast brought to me:
Married I am to an old man,
So fell the lot to me;
Therefore, I pray, depart away;
I stand in doubt of thee."
Then sing we, &c.

3.

"Mary," he said, "be not afraid,
But now believe in me:
The power of God the Holy Ghost
Shall overshadow thee.
Thou shalt conceive, but not to grieve
As the Lord told unto me;
God's own dear Son from heaven shall come,
And shall be born of thee."
Then sing we, &c.

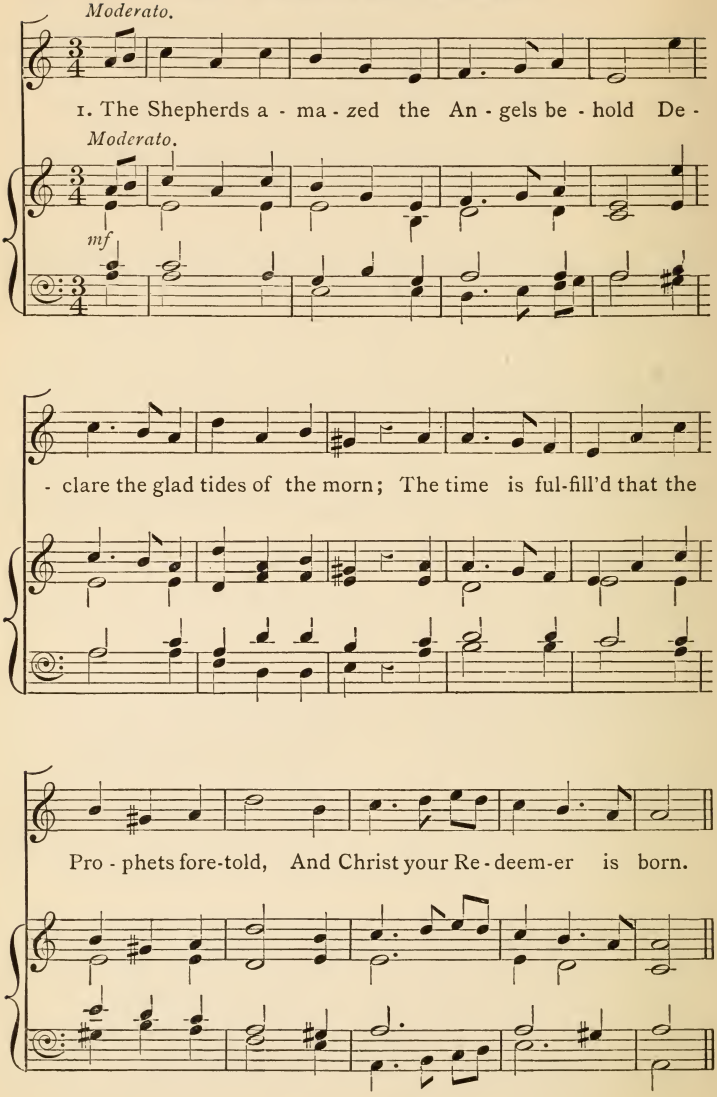
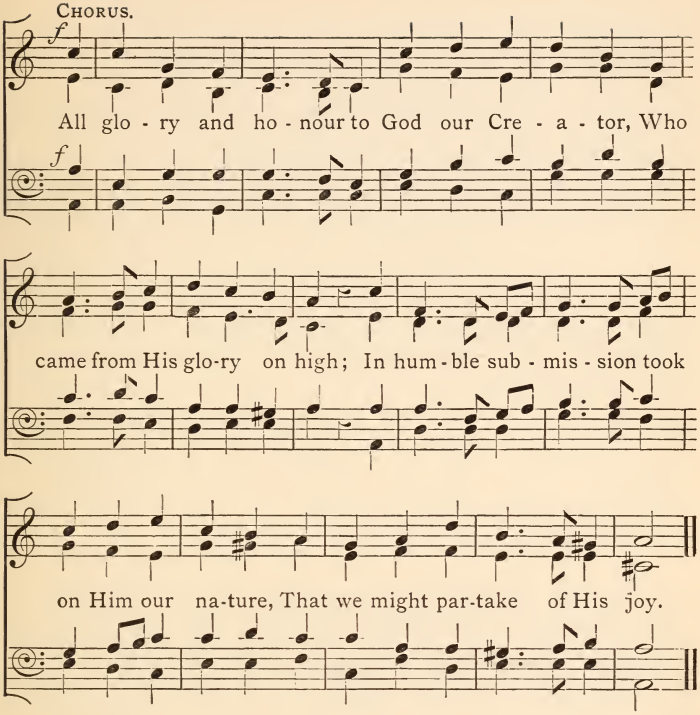
4.

This came to pass as God's will was,
Even as the Angel told.
About midnight an Angel bright
Came to the shepherds' fold,
And told them then both where and when
Born was the Child, our Lord;
And all along this was their song:
"All glory be to God."
Then sing we, &c.

5.

Good people all, both great and small,
The which do hear my voice,
With one accord let's praise the Lord,
And in our hearts rejoice;
In love abound to all around,
While we our life-time spend;
While we have space let's pray for grace:
So let my carol end.
Then sing we, &c.

The Shepherds amazed.



2.

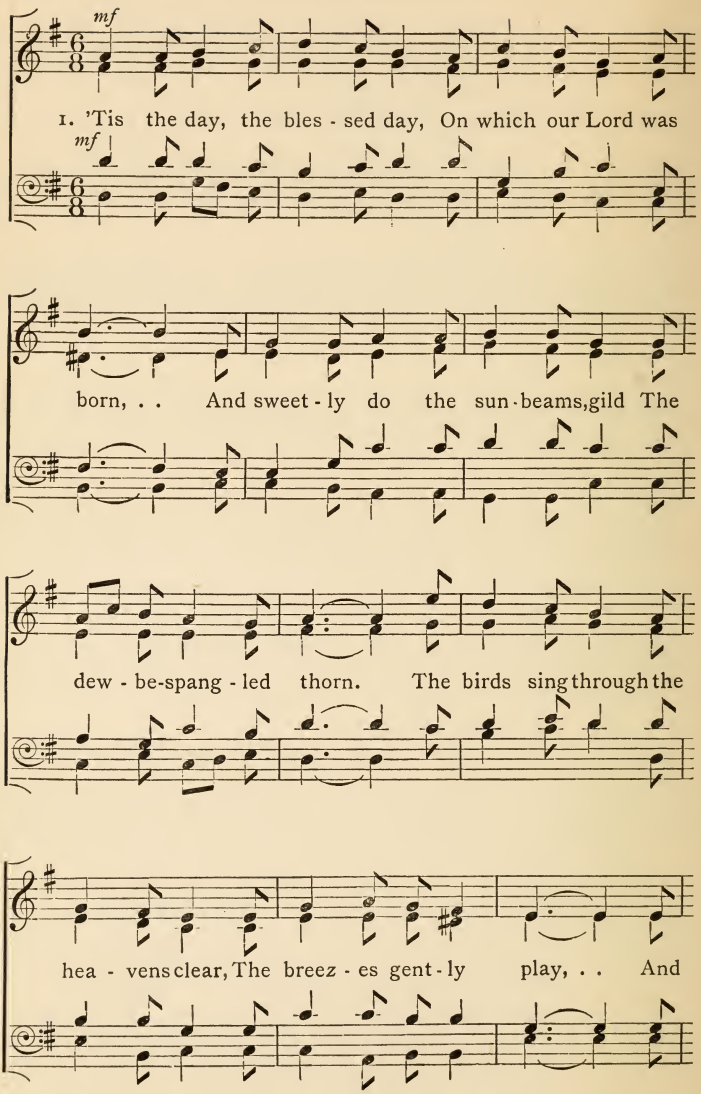
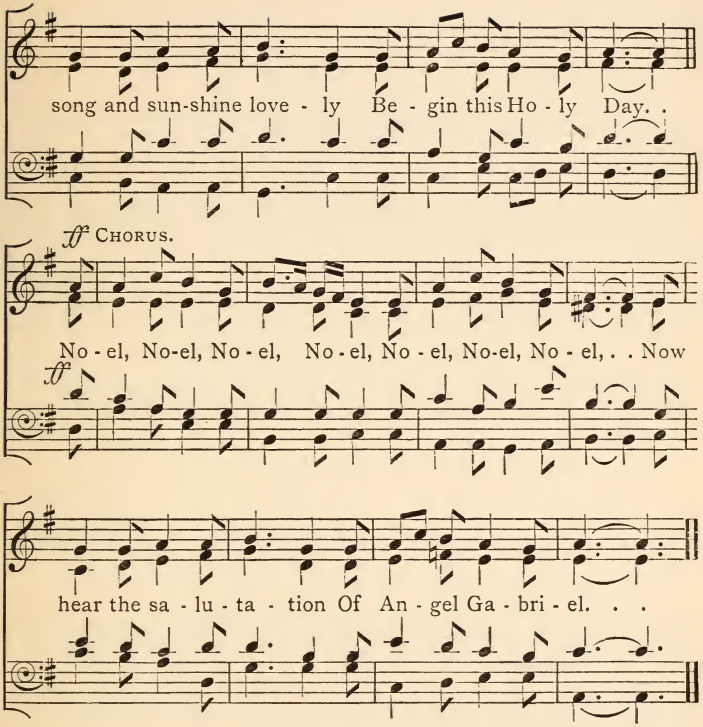
Behold, in a manger the Lord He is laid,
Who came our salvation to bring;
Go seek Him, ye shepherds, and be not afraid,
He is your Redeemer and King.
All glory and honour, &c.

3.

In Bethlehem city the Prophets agree
A Virgin should bring forth a Son;
Go haste to the stable, ye shepherds, and see,
For as it was said it is done.
All glory and honour, &c.

4.

The shepherds obeyed, and the Babe did espy,
The Angels most sweetly did sing;
Let's join in their songs to the great God on high,
For sending our Saviour and King.
All glory and honour, &c.

Noel! Noel!

mf
1. 'Tis the day, the bles - sed day, On which our Lord was
mf
born, . . And sweet - ly do the sun - beams, gild The
dew - be-spang - led thorn. The birds sing through the
hea - vens clear, The breez - es gent - ly play, . . And

2.

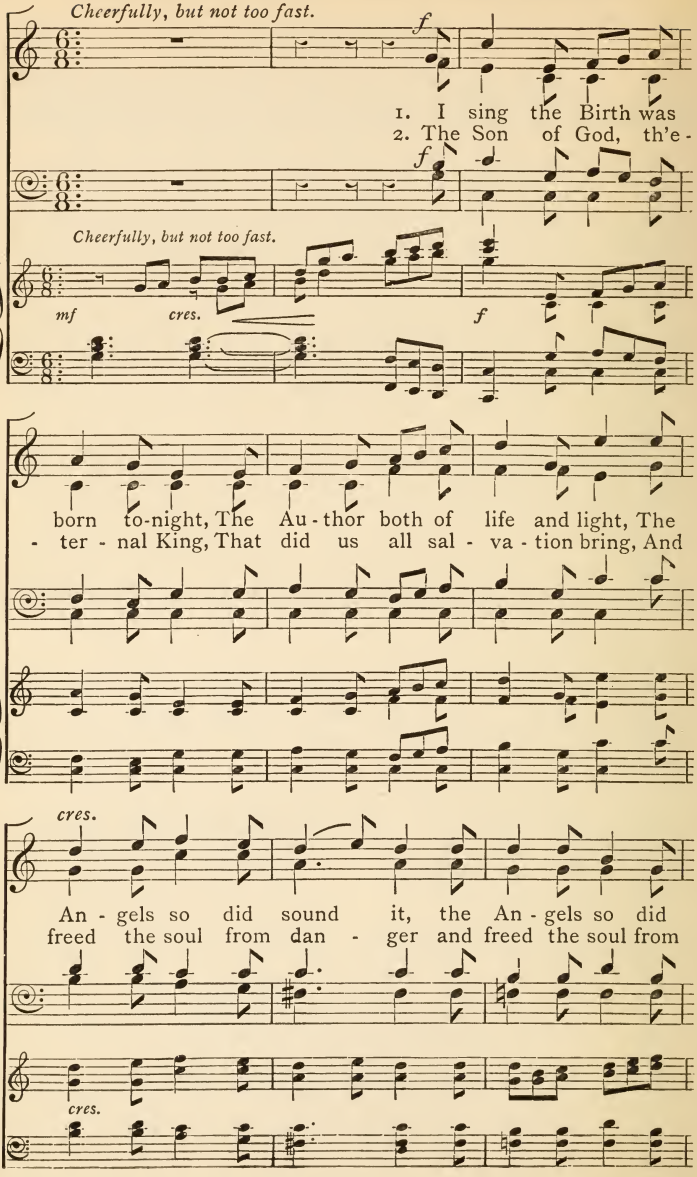
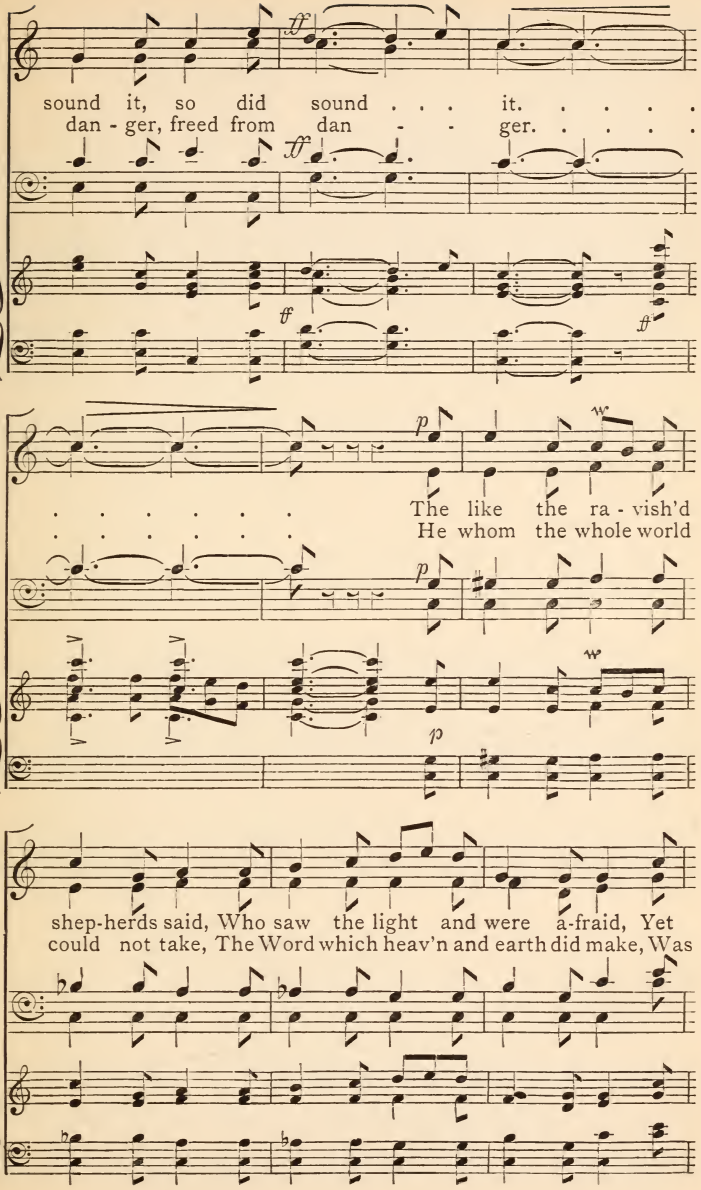
In an humble feeding-trough,
Within a lowly shed,
With cattle at His infant feet,
And shepherds at His head,
The Saviour of this sinful world
In innocence first lay,
And Wise-men made their offering
Upon an Holy day.—Noel, &c.

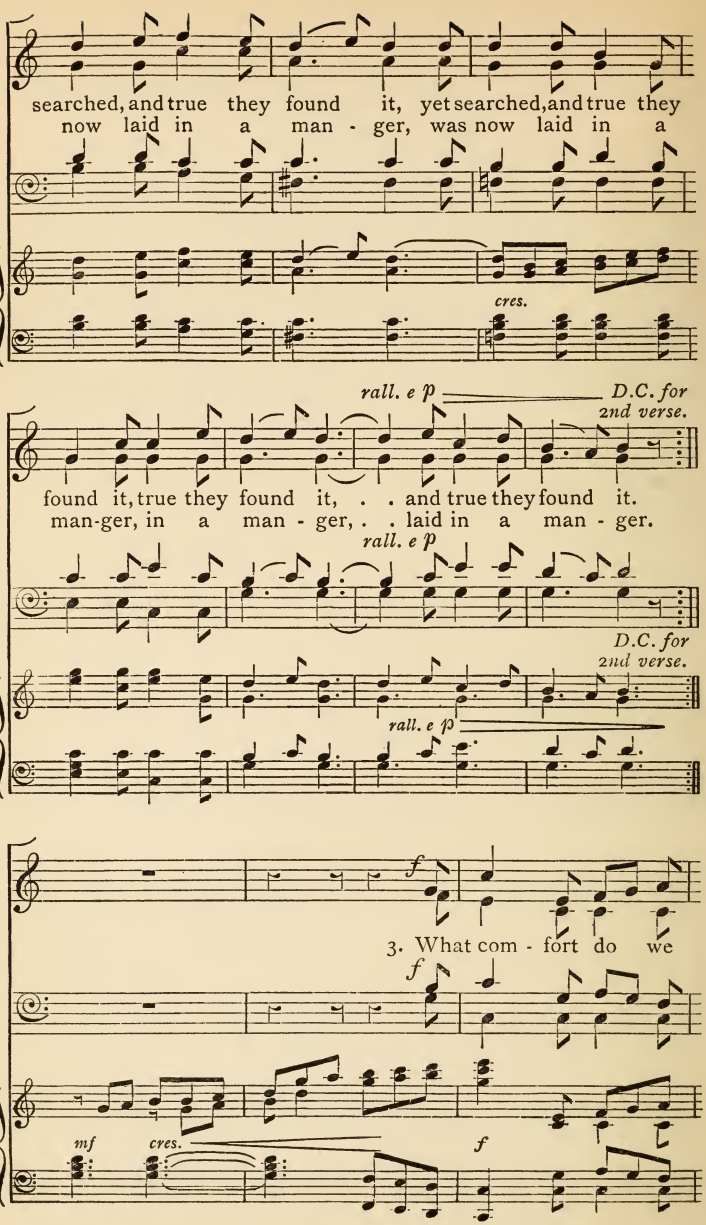
3.

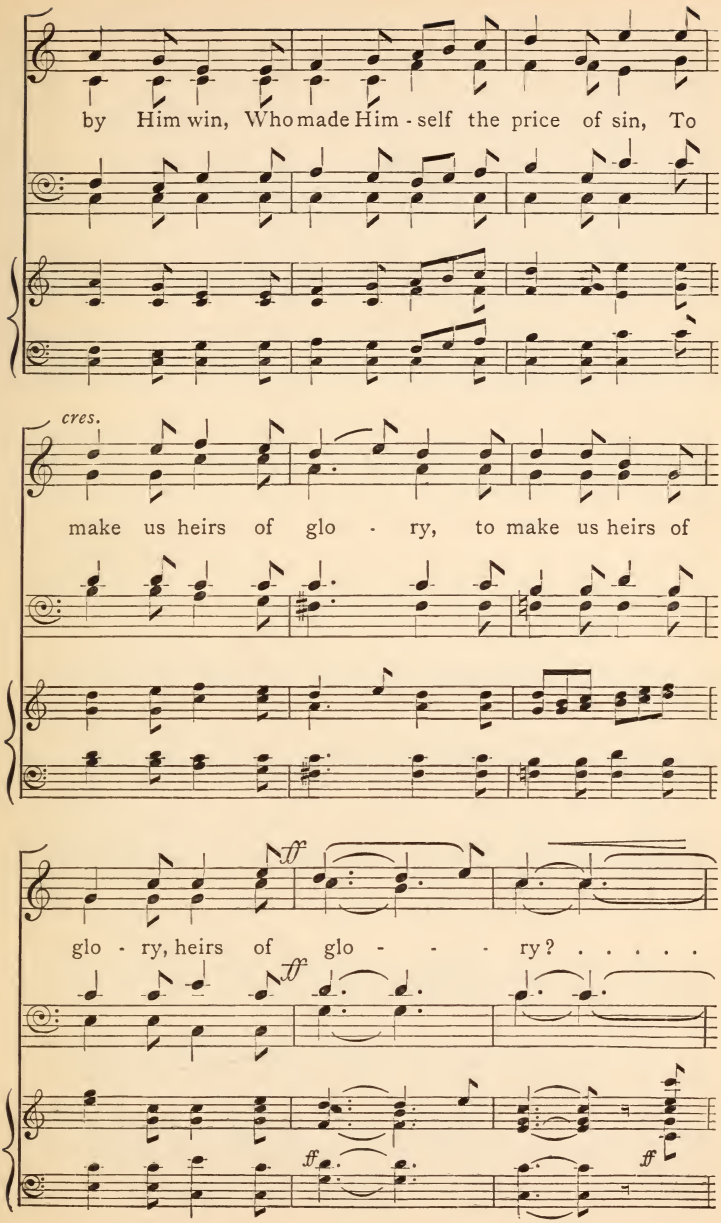
He will save the perishing,
Will waft the sighs to heaven
Of guilty men, who truly seek
And weep to be forgiven.
An Intercessor still He shines,
And men to Him should pray,
Before His Altar meekly,
Upon this Holy Day.—Noel, &c.

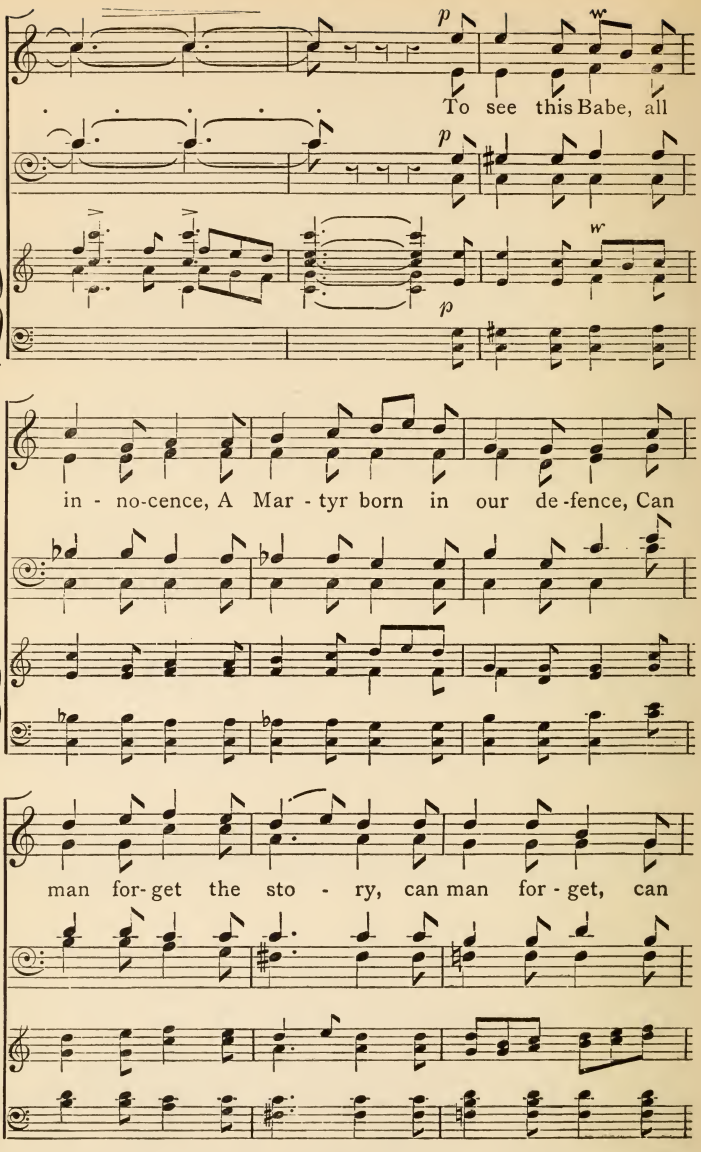
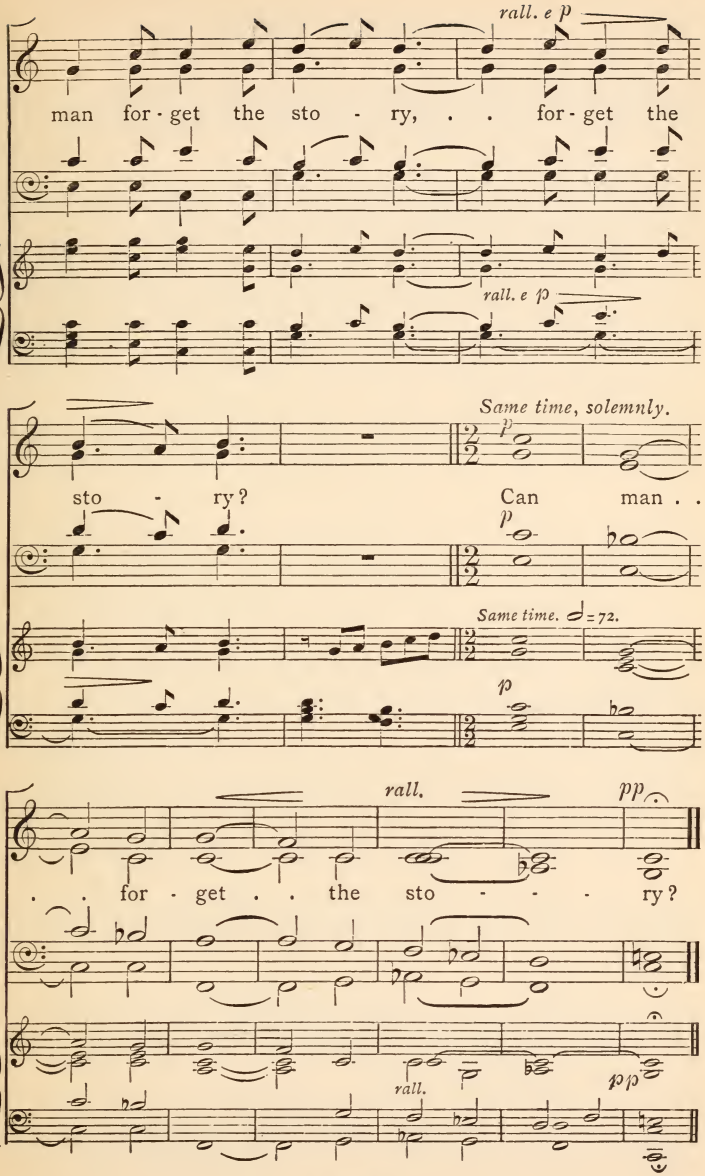
4.

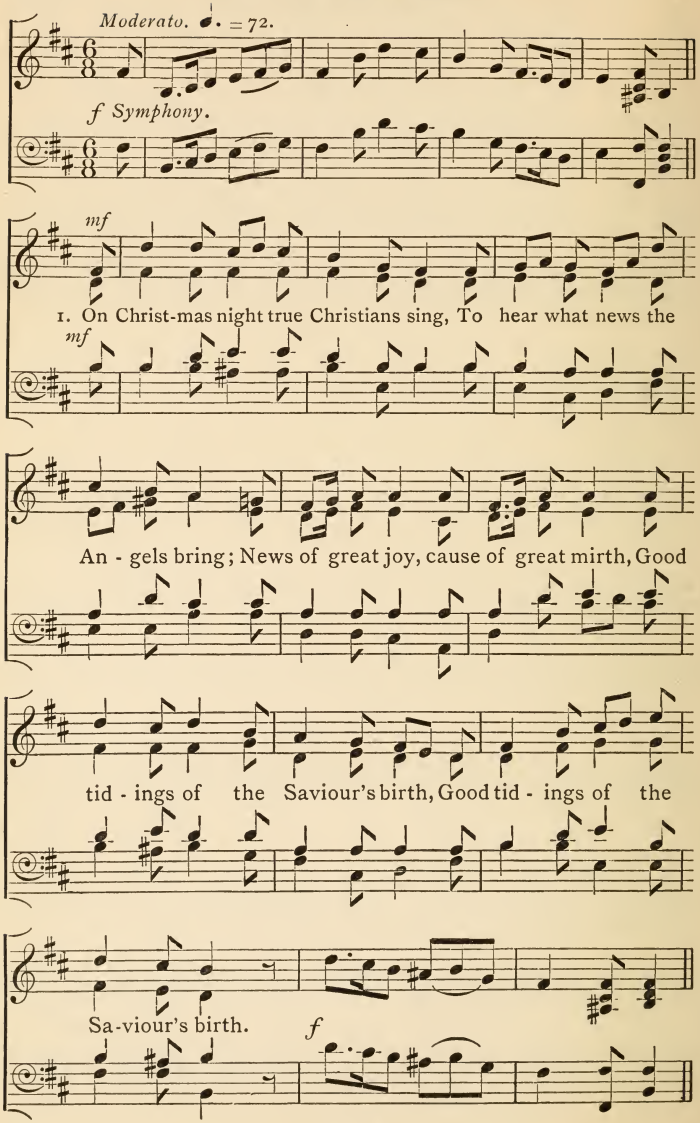
Flowers, we see, bloom fair again,
Though all their life seems shed,
Thus we shall rise to life once more,
Though numbered with the dead.
Then may our station be near Him,
To whom we worship pay,
And offer hearty praises,
Upon this Holy day.—Noel, &c.

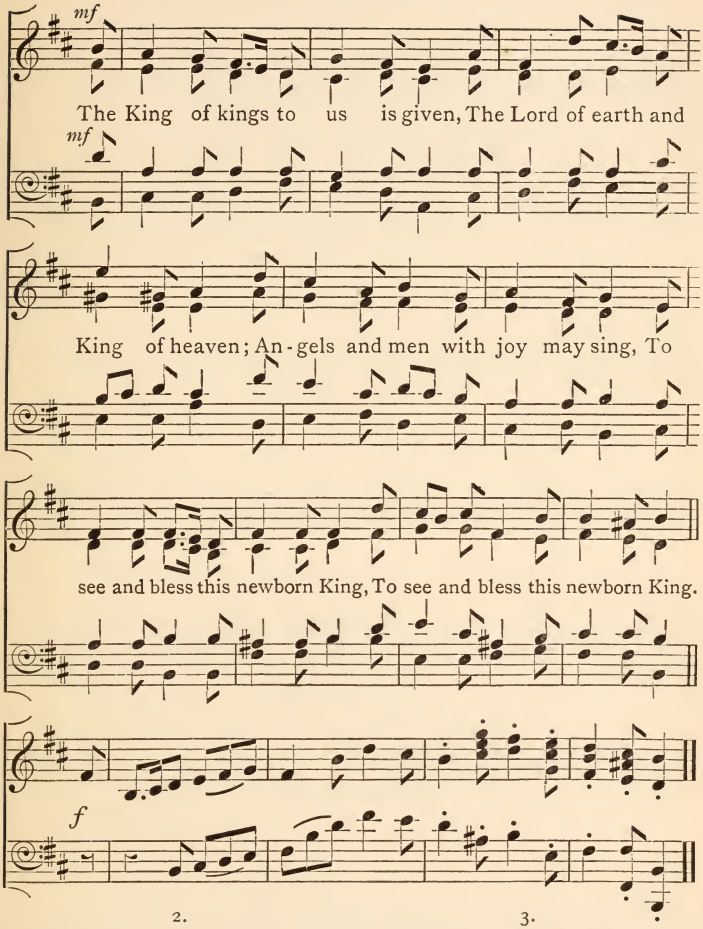
55 I sing the Birth was born to-night.

sound it, so did sound . . . it. . . . .
dan - ger, freed from dan - - ger. . . . .
ff
ff
ff
ff
The like the ra - vish'd
He whom the whole world
p
p
p
shep-herds said, Who saw the light and were a-fraid, Yet
could not take, The Word which heav'n and earth did make, Was


searched, and true they found it, yet searched, and true they
now laid in a man - ger, was now laid in a
cres.
rall. e p
D.C. for 2nd verse.
found it, true they found it, . . and true they found it.
man-ger, in a man - ger, . . laid in a man - ger.
rall. e p
D.C. for 2nd verse.
rall. e p
f
3. What com - fort do we
f
mf
cres.
f


by Him win, Who made Him - self the price of sin, To
cres.
make us heirs of glo - ry, to make us heirs of
ff
glo - ry, heirs of glo - - - ry? . . . . .
ff
ff
ff


To see this Babe, all
in - no-cence, A Mar - tyr born in our de-fence, Can
man for-get the sto - ry, can man for - get, can

rall. e p
man for - get the sto - ry, . . for - get the
rall. e p
Same time, solemnly.
p
sto - ry?
Can man . .
p
Same time. ♩= 72.
p
rall.
pp
. . for - get . . the sto - - - ry?
rall.
pp


Moderato. ♩. = 72.
f Symphony.
mf
1. On Christ-mas night true Christians sing, To hear what news the
mf
An - gels bring; News of great joy, cause of great mirth, Good
tid - ings of the Saviour's birth, Good tid - ings of the
Sa-viour's birth.
f

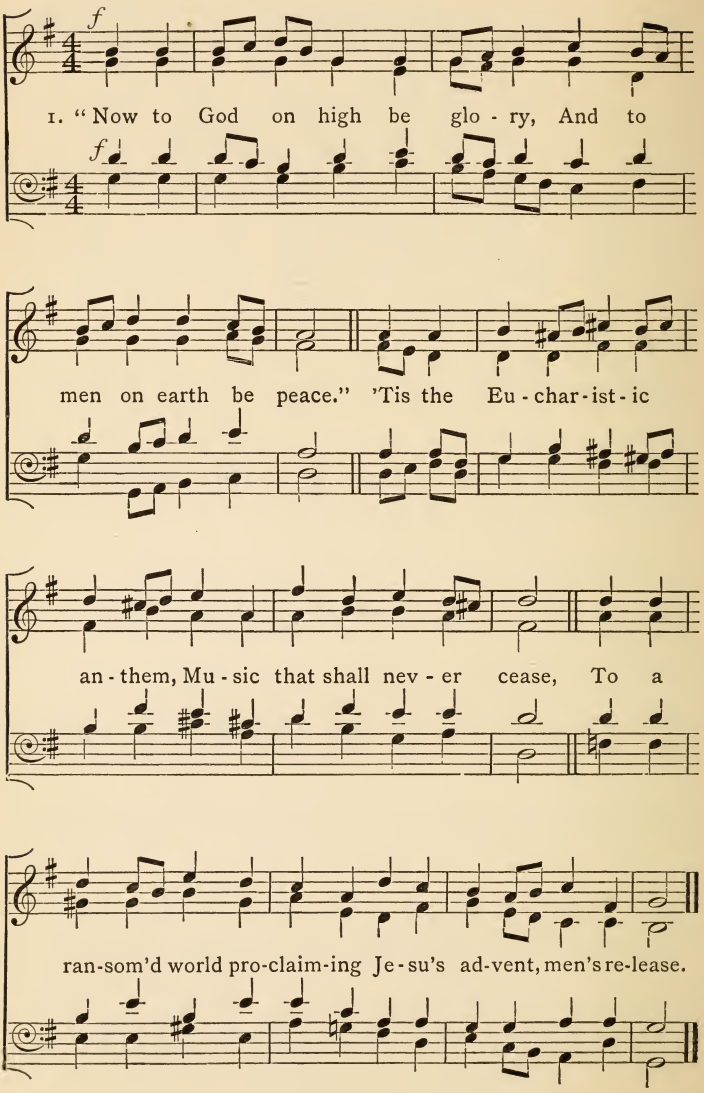


2.

Angels with joy sing in the air,
No music may with theirs compare;
While prisoners in their chains rejoice
To hear the echo of that voice.
So now on earth can men be sad,
When Jesus comes to make us glad;
From sin and hell to set us free,
And buy for us our liberty?

3.

Let sin depart, while we His grace,
And glory see in Jesus' face;
For so shall we sure comforts find
When thus this day we bear in mind.
And from the darkness we have light,
Which makes the Angels sing this night:
"Glory to God, His peace to men,
Both now and evermore." Amen.


f
1. "Now to God on high be glo - ry, And to
men on earth be peace." 'Tis the Eu - char - ist - ic
an - them, Mu - sic that shall nev - er cease, To a
ran-som'd world pro-claim-ing Je - su's ad-vent, men's re-lease.

2.

Christendom at all her Altars
Once again the tale doth tell
Of His Birth, Who came to vanquish
Sin and Satan, Death and Hell,
Virgin-born, and Manger-cradled,
Jesus our Emmanuel.

3.

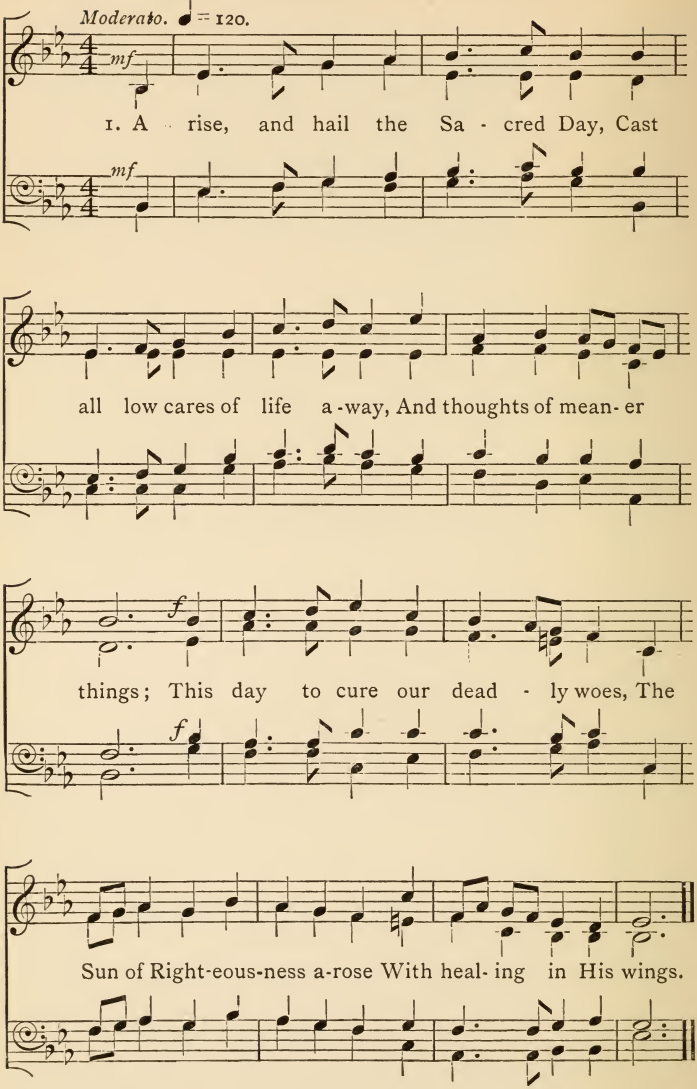
See the shepherds, heaven-greeted,
Worship, while the Angels sing;
See the Magi, star-directed,
Their most costly treasures bring;
See earth's simple ones and wise ones
Bending o'er their Baby-King.

4.

Happy Mother, ever Virgin,
Mary clasps Him to her breast,
All succeeding generations
Speaking of her call her blest,
And Saint Joseph joins with wonder
In the homage of the rest.

5.

Now, dear Lord, Thy Birth-day keeping,
As we bend before the shrine,
Find Thee life and health bestowing
Veiled beneath the Bread and Wine.
Make us like Thee, child-like, God-like,
Keep, O keep us ever Thine.

Arise, and hail the Sacred Day.

2.

If Angels, on that happy morn
The Saviour of the world was born,
  Poured forth seraphic songs;
Much more should we of human race
Adore the wonders of His grace,
  To whom that grace belongs.

3.

How wonderful, how vast His love,
Who left the shining realms above,
  Those happy seats of rest;
How much for lost mankind He bore,
Their peace and pardon to restore,
  Can never be exprest.

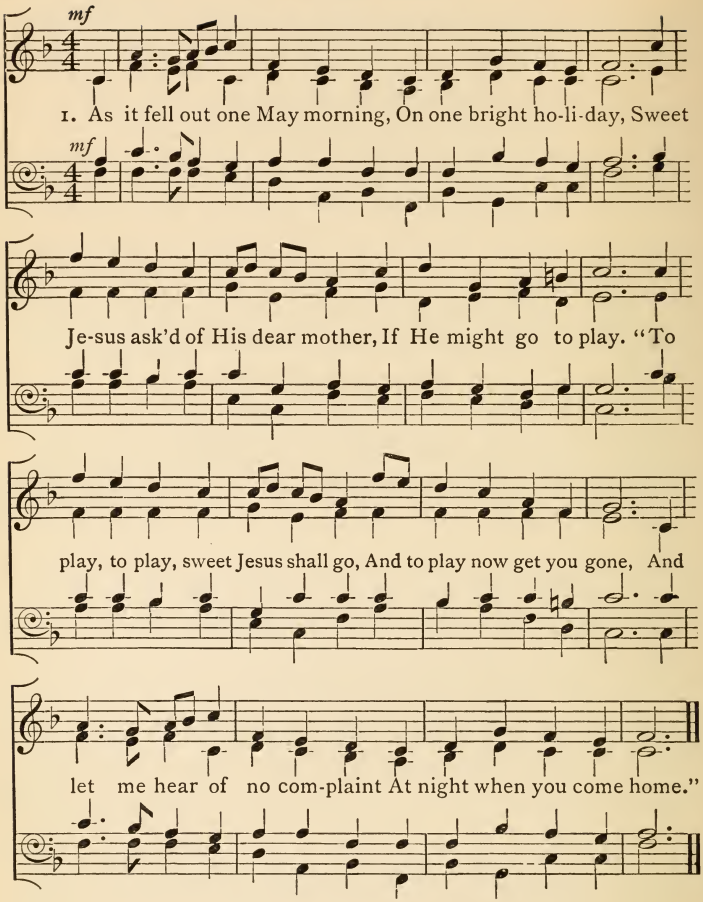
4.

While we adore His boundless grace,
And pious joy and mirth take place
  Of sorrow, grief, and pain,
Give glory to our God on high,
And not among the general joy
  Forget good-will to men.

5.

O then let Heaven and earth rejoice,
Creation's whole united voice,
  And hymn the Sacred Day,
When sin and Satan vanquished fell,
And all the powers of death and hell,
  Before His sovereign sway.

The Holy Well.



2.
Sweet Jesus went down to yonder town,
As far as the Holy Well,
And there did see as fine children
As any tongue can tell.
He said "God bless you every one,
May Christ your portion be;
Little children, shall I play with you?
And you shall play with me."

3.

But they made answer to Him, "No,"
They were lords' and ladies' sons;
And He, the meanest of them all,
Was born in an ox's stall.
Sweet Jesus turnèd Him around,
And He neither laughed nor smil'd,
But tears came trickling from His eyes,
Like water from the skies.

4.

Sweet Jesus turnèd Him about,
To His mother's dear home went He,
And said "I've been in yonder town,
As after you may see.
Yea, I have been in yonder town,
As far as the Holy Well;
There did I meet as fine children
As any tongue can tell.

5.

"I bid God bless them ev'ry one,
And Christ their portion be;
Little children, shall I play with you?
And you shall play with me.
But they made answer to me, 'No,'
They were lords' and ladies' sons;
And I, the meanest of them all,
Was born in an ox's stall."

6.

"Though Thou art but a maiden's Child,
Born in an ox's stall,
Thou art the Christ, the King of Heav'n,
The Saviour of them all.
Sweet Jesus, go down to yonder town,
As far as the Holy Well,
And take away those sinful souls,
And dip them deep in hell."

7.

"Nay, nay," sweet Jesus mildly said,
"Nay, nay, that must not be,
There are too many sinful souls
Crying out for the help of Me."
Then spake the Angel Gabriel,
"Upon a good set steven,*
Although Thou'rt but a maiden's Child,
Thou art the King of Heav'n."

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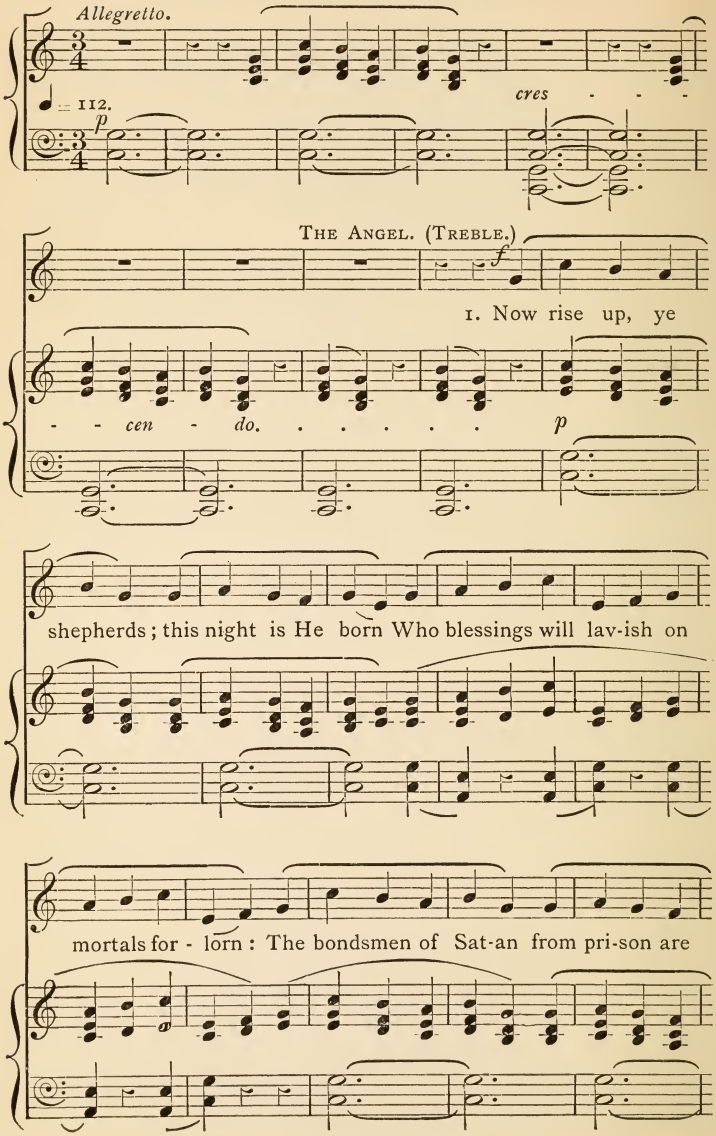
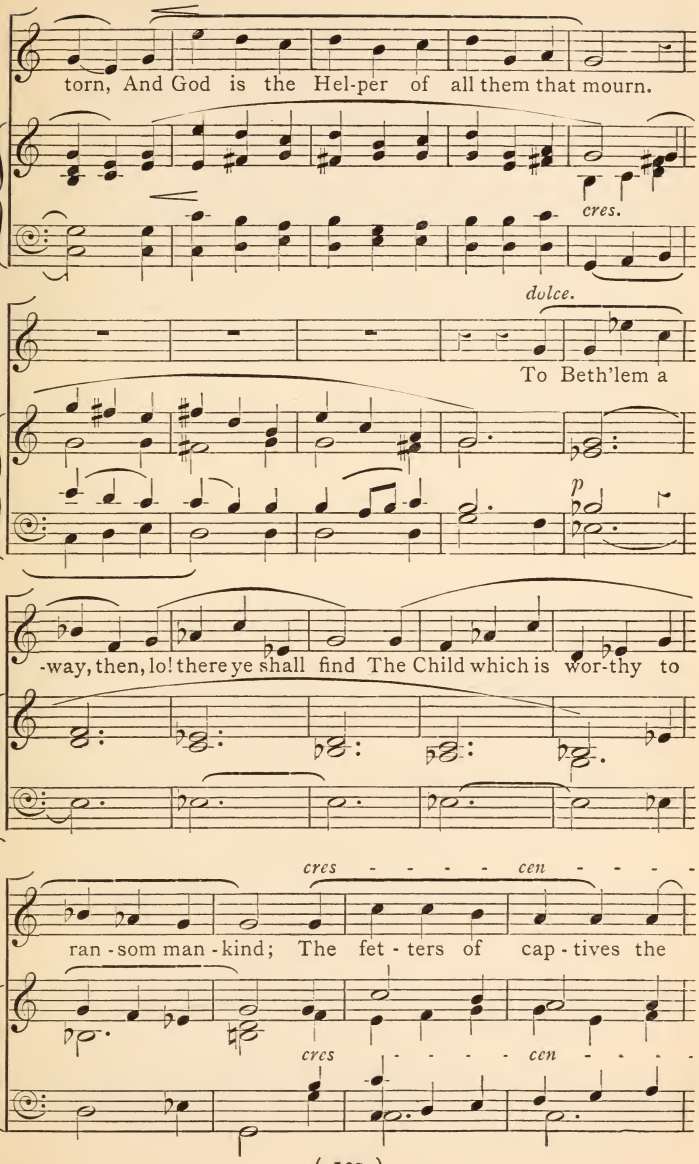
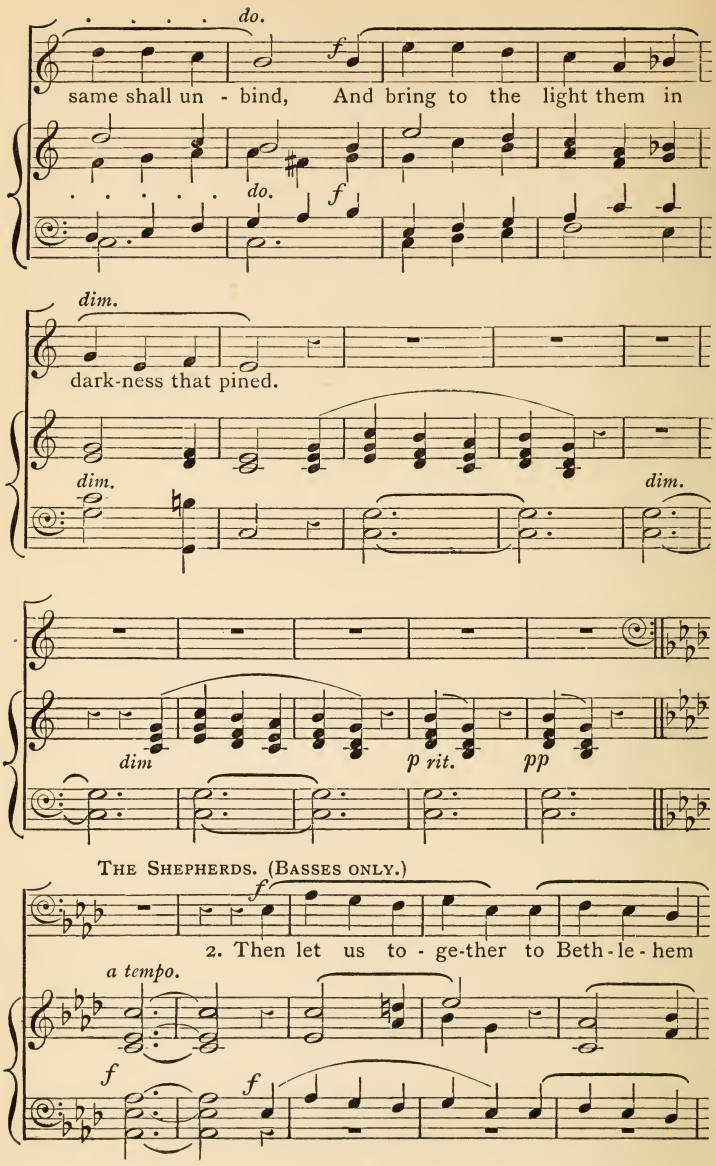
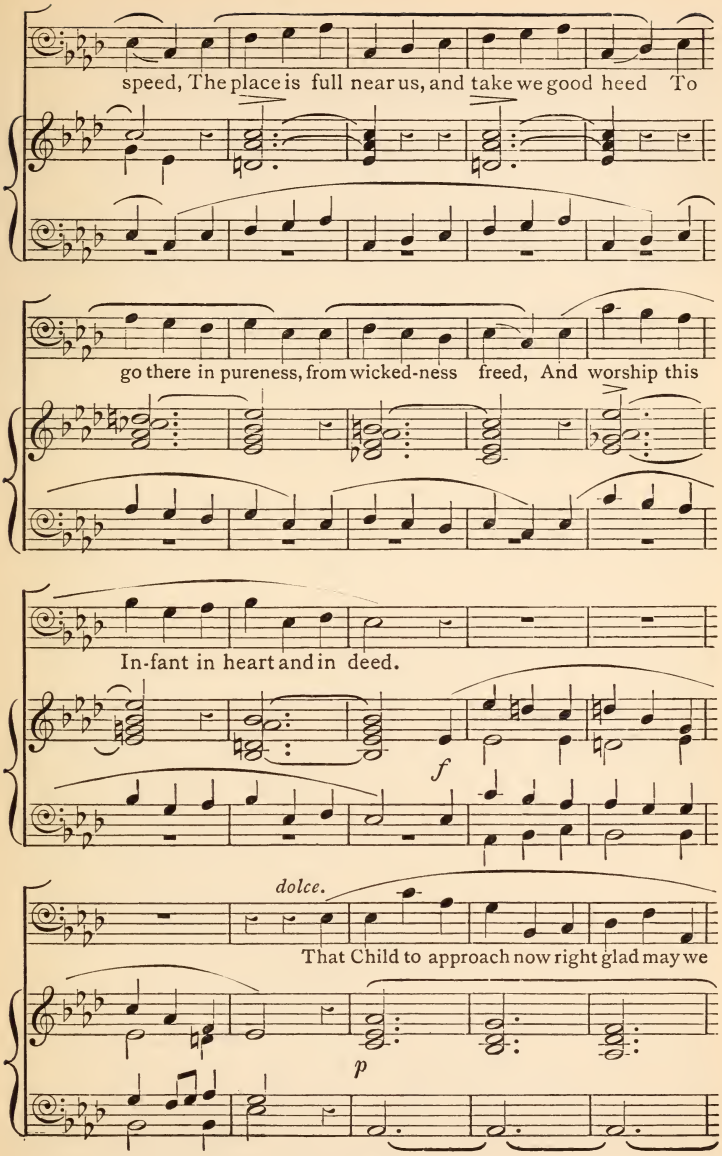
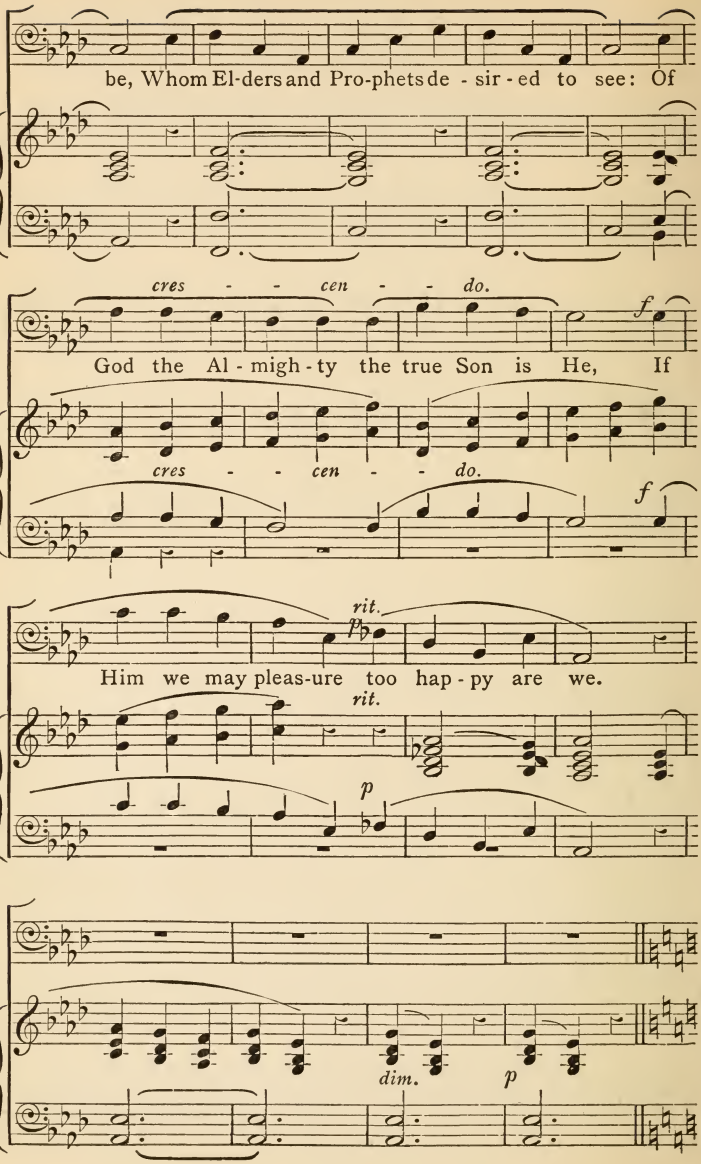
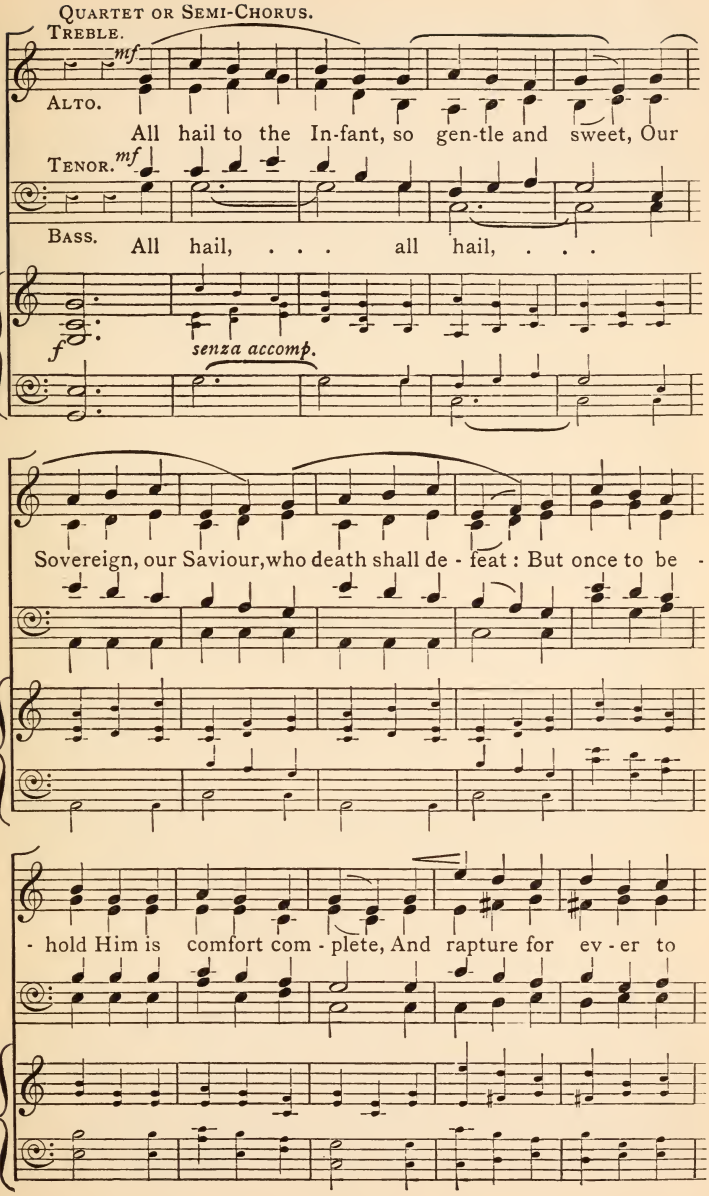
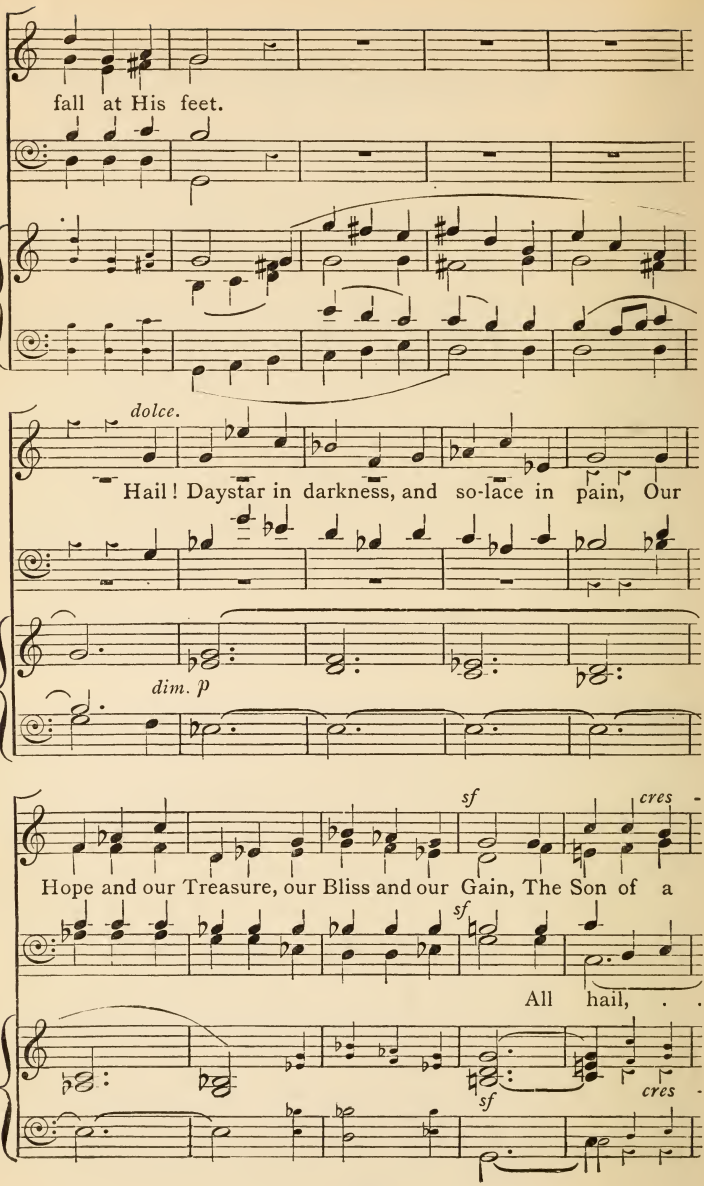
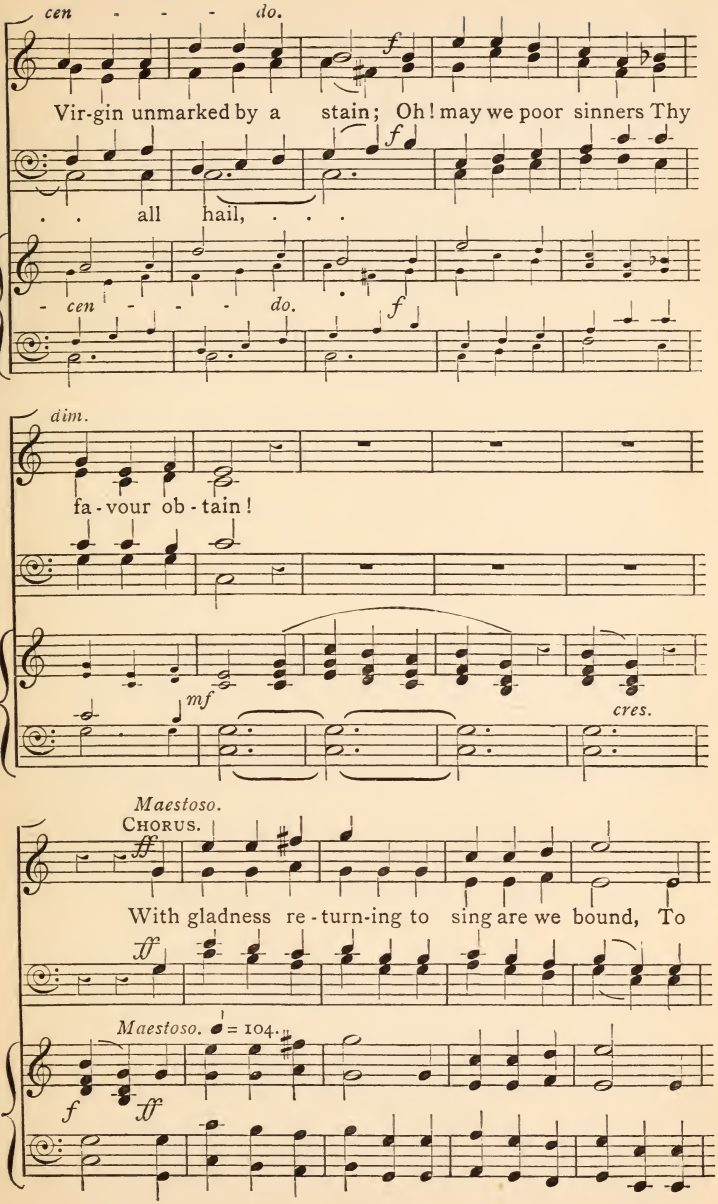
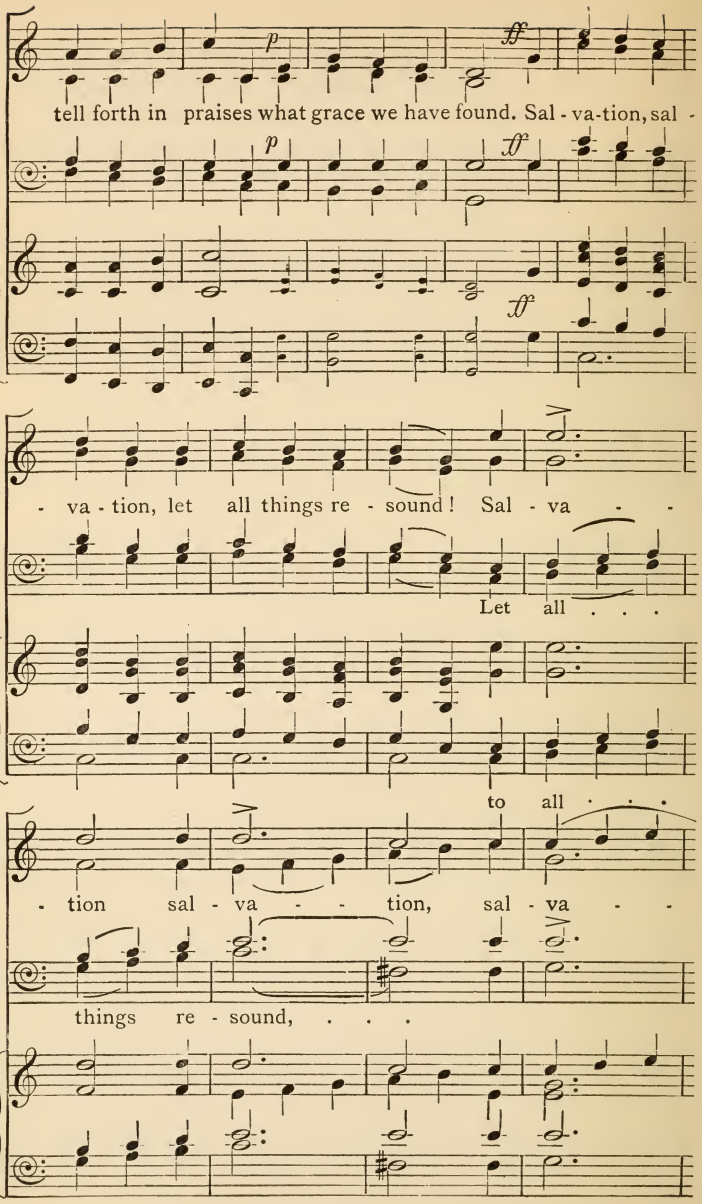
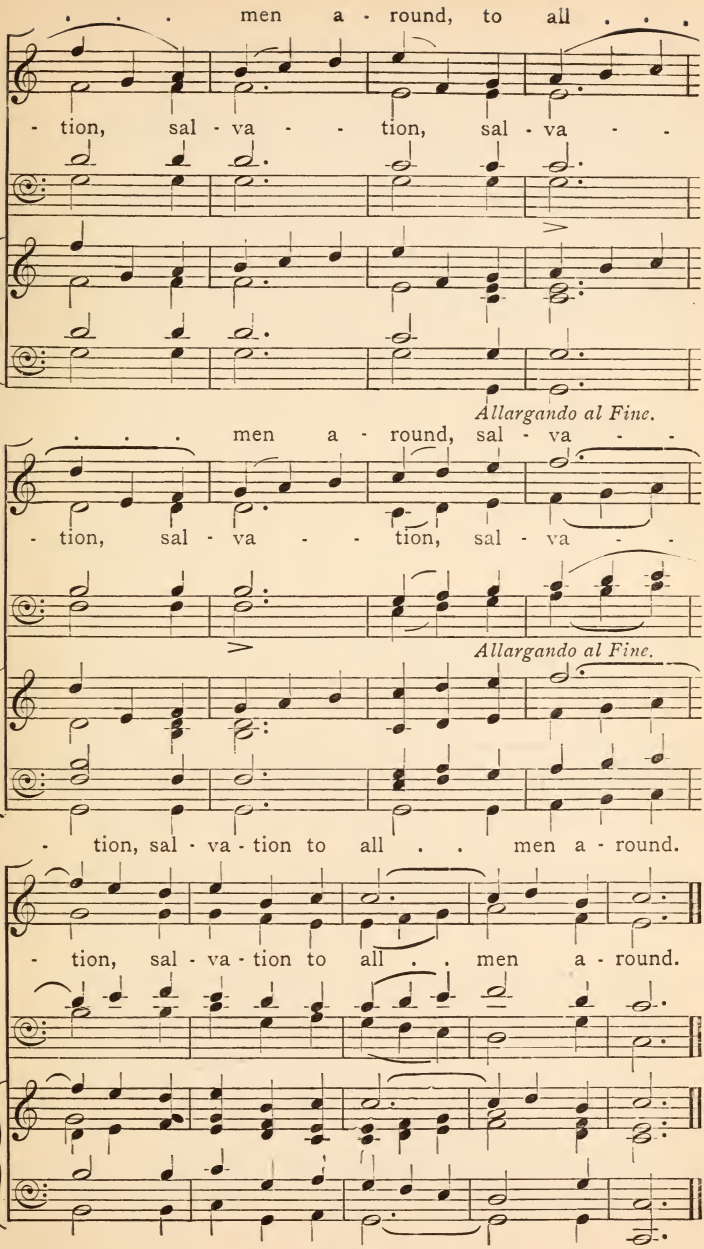
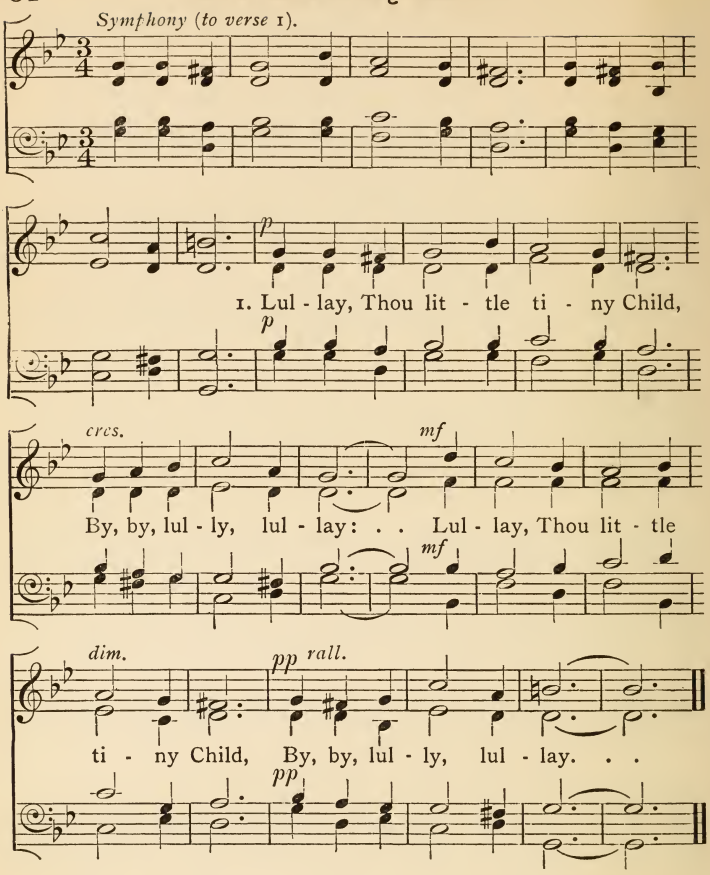
* Appointed time.

Allegretto.
♩ = 112.
p
cres - - -
THE ANGEL. (TREBLE.)
f
1. Now rise up, ye
- - cen - do. . . . . p
shepherds; this night is He born Who blessings will lav-ish on
mortals for - lorn: The bondsmen of Sat-an from pri-son are

torn, And God is the Hel-per of all them that mourn.
cres.
dolce.
To Beth'lem a
p
-way, then, lo! there ye shall find The Child which is wor-thy to
cres - - - - cen - - - -
ran-som man-kind; The fet-ters of cap-tives the
cres - - - - cen - - - -

do.
f
same shall un - bind, And bring to the light them in
do.
f
dim.
dark-ness that pined.
dim.
dim.
dim
p rit.
pp
THE SHEPHERDS. (BASSES ONLY.)
f
2. Then let us to - ge-ther to Beth-le-hem
a tempo.
f
f

speed, The place is full near us, and take we good heed To
go there in pureness, from wicked-ness freed, And worship this
In-fant in heart and in deed.
f
dolce.
That Child to approach now right glad may we
p

be, Whom El-ders and Pro-phets de - sir - ed to see: Of
cres - - cen - - do.
f
God the Al - migh - ty the true Son is He, If
cres - - cen - - do.
f
rit.
p
Him we may pleas-ure too hap - py are we.
rit.
p
dim.
p

Quartet or Semi-Chorus.
Treble.
mf
Alto.
All hail to the In-fant, so gen-tle and sweet, Our
Tenor.
mf
Bass.
All hail, . . . all hail, . . .
f
senza accomp.
Sovereign, our Saviour, who death shall de - feat : But once to be -
- hold Him is comfort com - plete, And rapture for ev - er to

fall at His feet.
dolce.
Hail! Daystar in darkness, and so-lace in pain, Our
dim. p
sf
cres -
Hope and our Treasure, our Bliss and our Gain, The Son of a
sf
All hail, . .
sf
cres -


cen - - - do.
Vir-gin unmarked by a stain; Oh! may we poor sinners Thy
. . all hail, . . .
- cen - - - do.
dim.
fa-vour ob-tain!
mf
cres.
Maestoso.
CHORUS.
With gladness re-turn-ing to sing are we bound, To
Maestoso. ♩ = 104.

tell forth in praises what grace we have found. Sal - va-tion, sal -
- va - tion, let all things re - sound! Sal - va - -
Let all . . .
to all . . .
- tion sal - va - - tion, sal - va - -
things re - sound, . . .

men a - round, to all . . .
- tion, sal - va - - tion, sal - va - -
Allargando al Fine.
men a - round, sal - va - -
- tion, sal - va - - tion, sal - va - -
Allargando al Fine.
- tion, sal - va - tion to all . . men a - round.
- tion, sal - va - tion to all . . men a - round.

The Coventry Carol.

2.

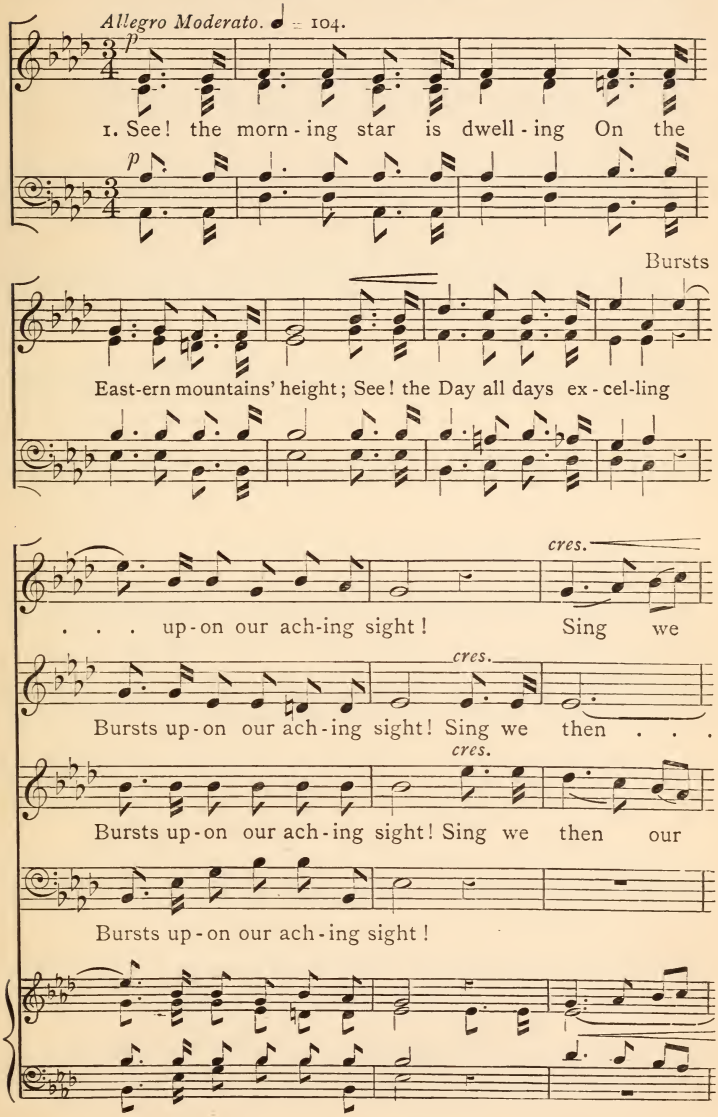
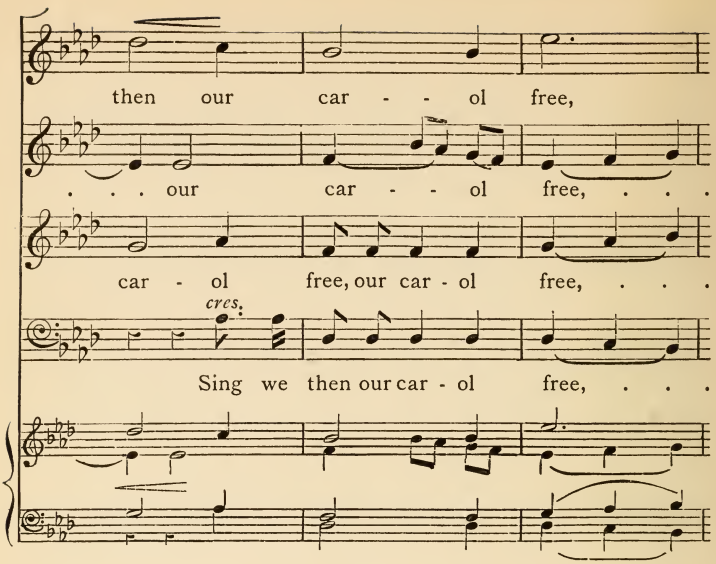
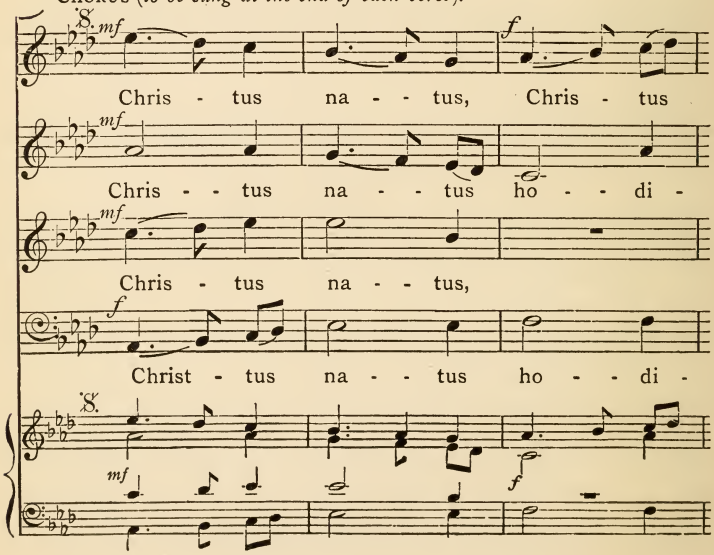
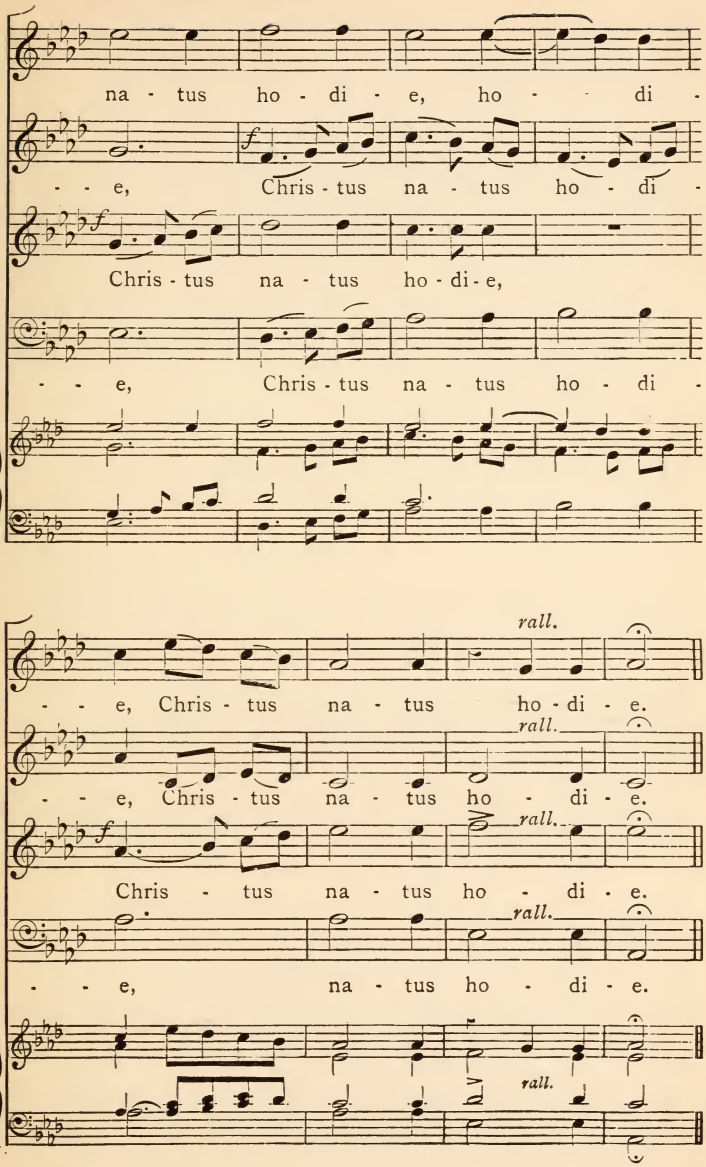
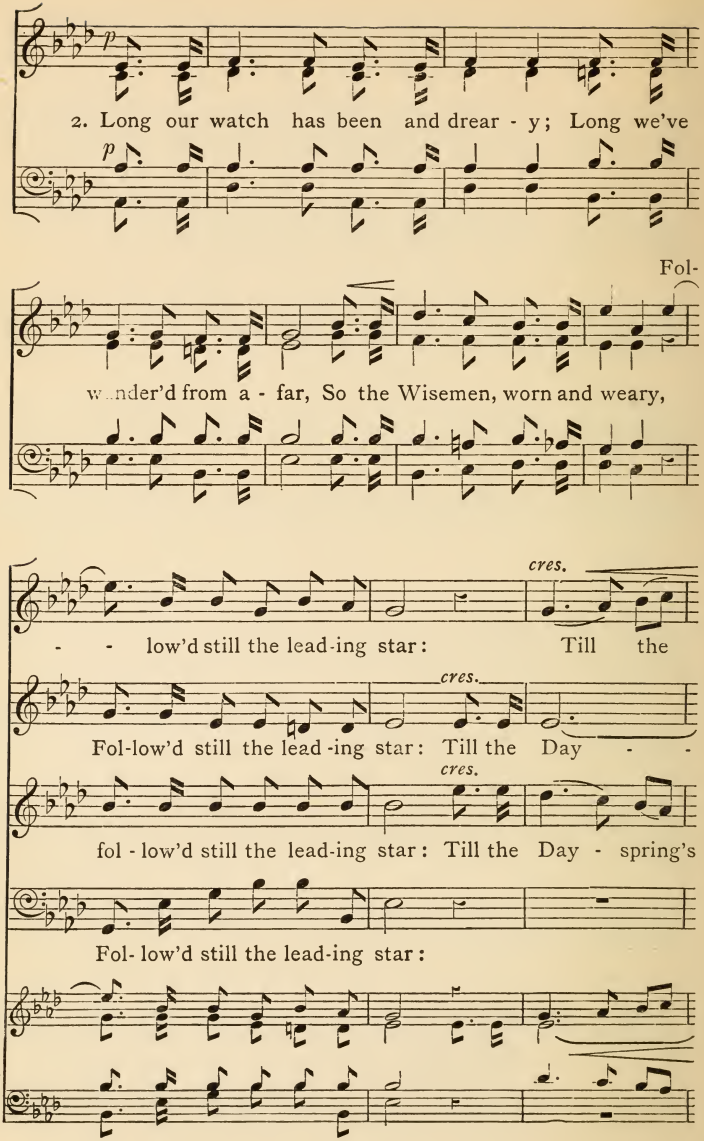
O sisters too, how may we do,
For to preserve this day, [sing,
This poor Youngling for whom we
By, by, lully, lullay?

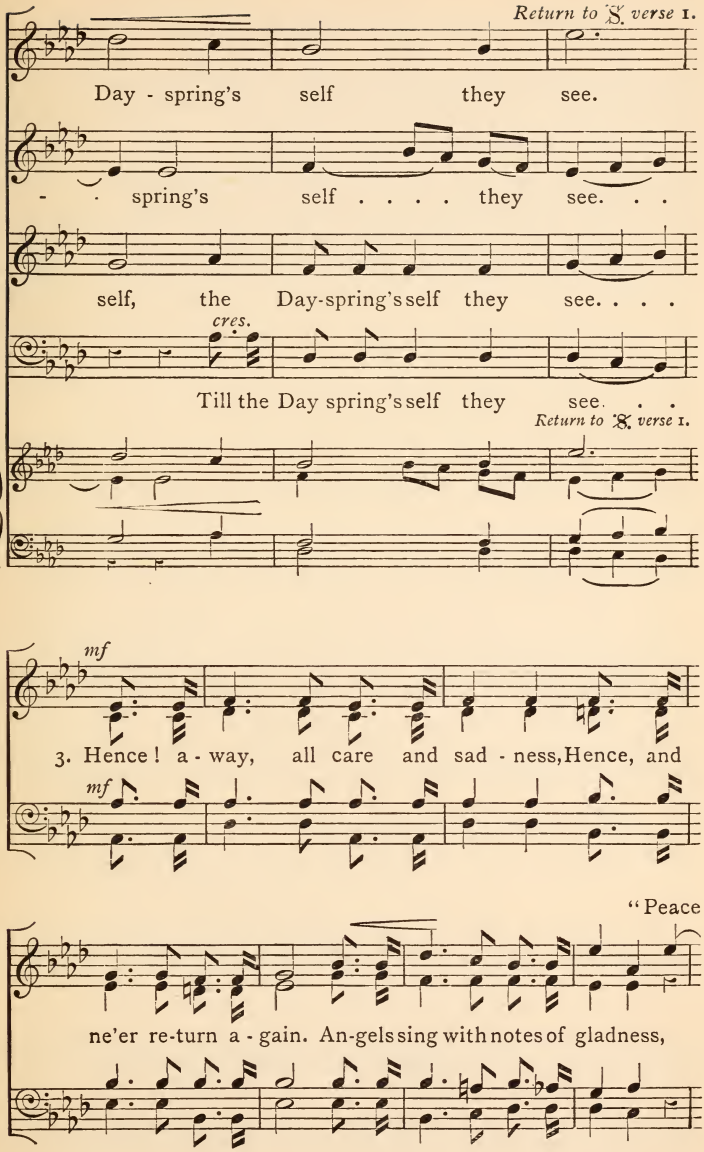
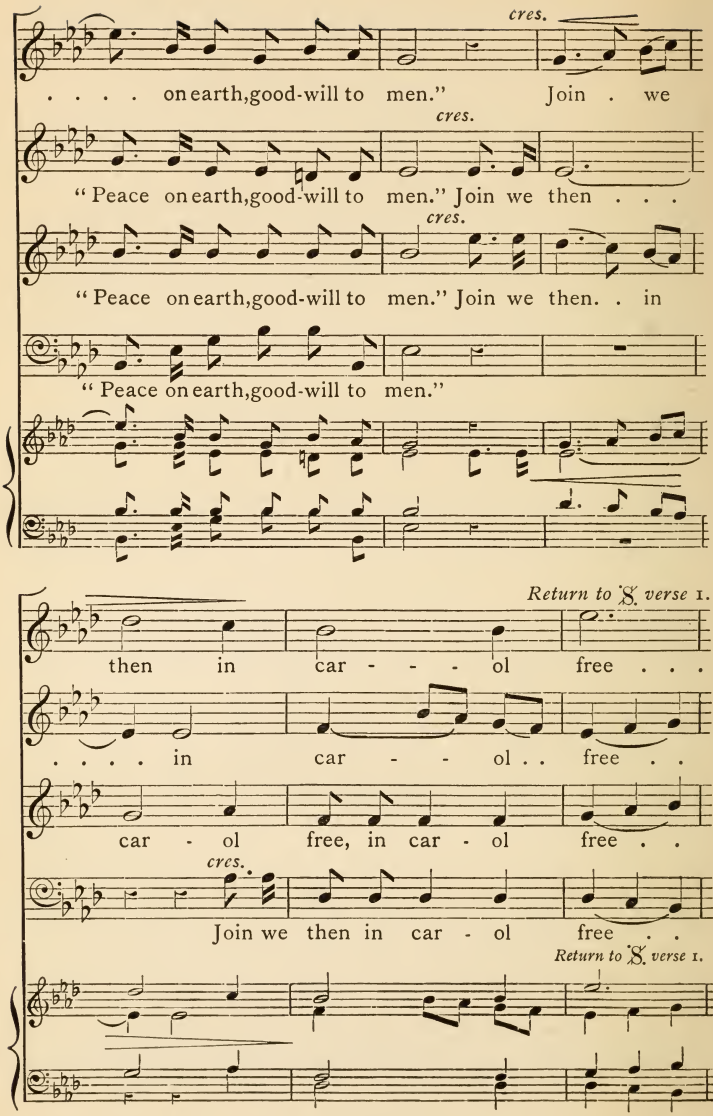
3.

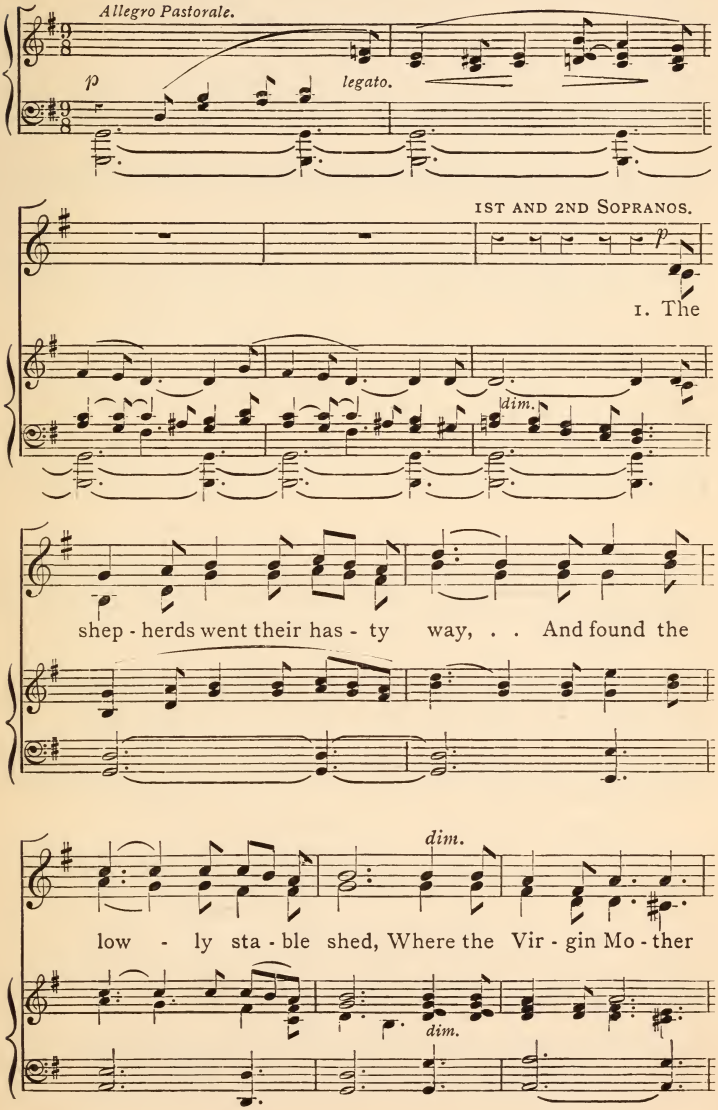
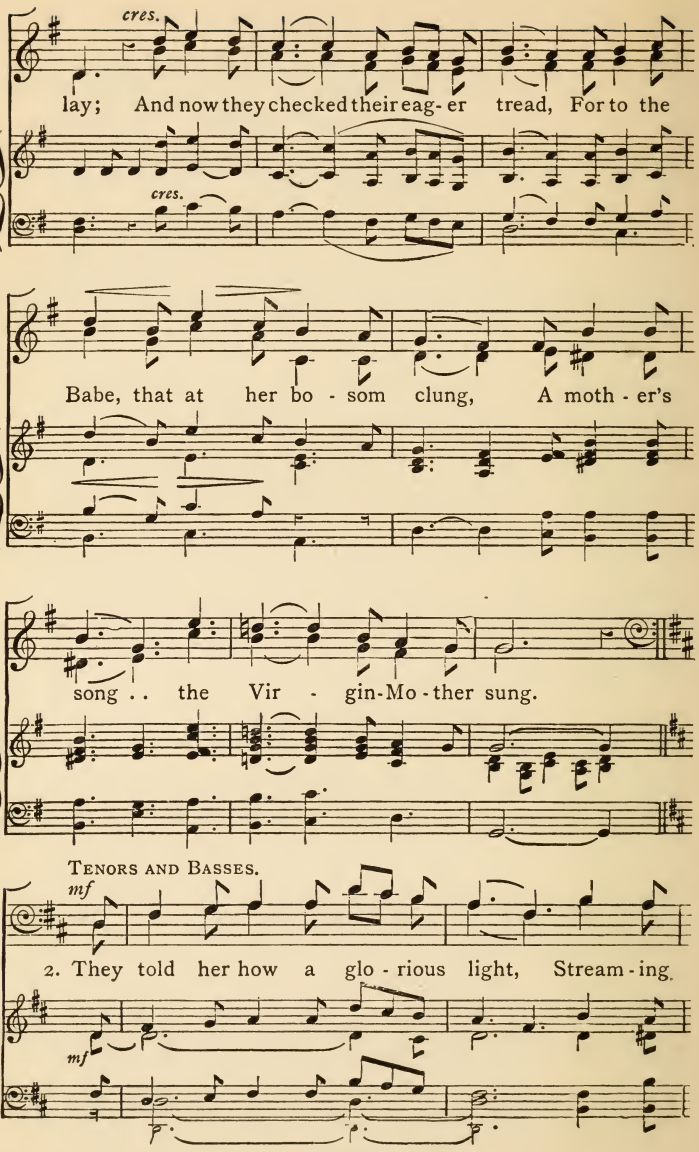
Herod the king in his raging,
Charged he hath this day
His men of might, in his own fight,
All children young to slay.

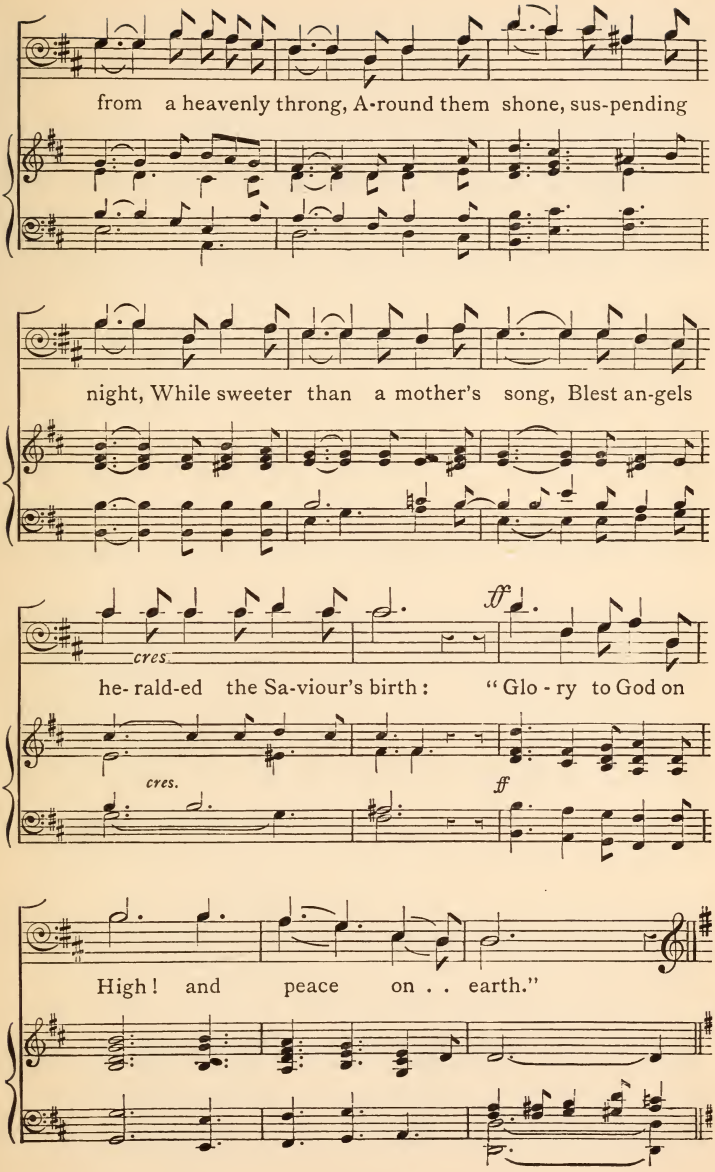
4.

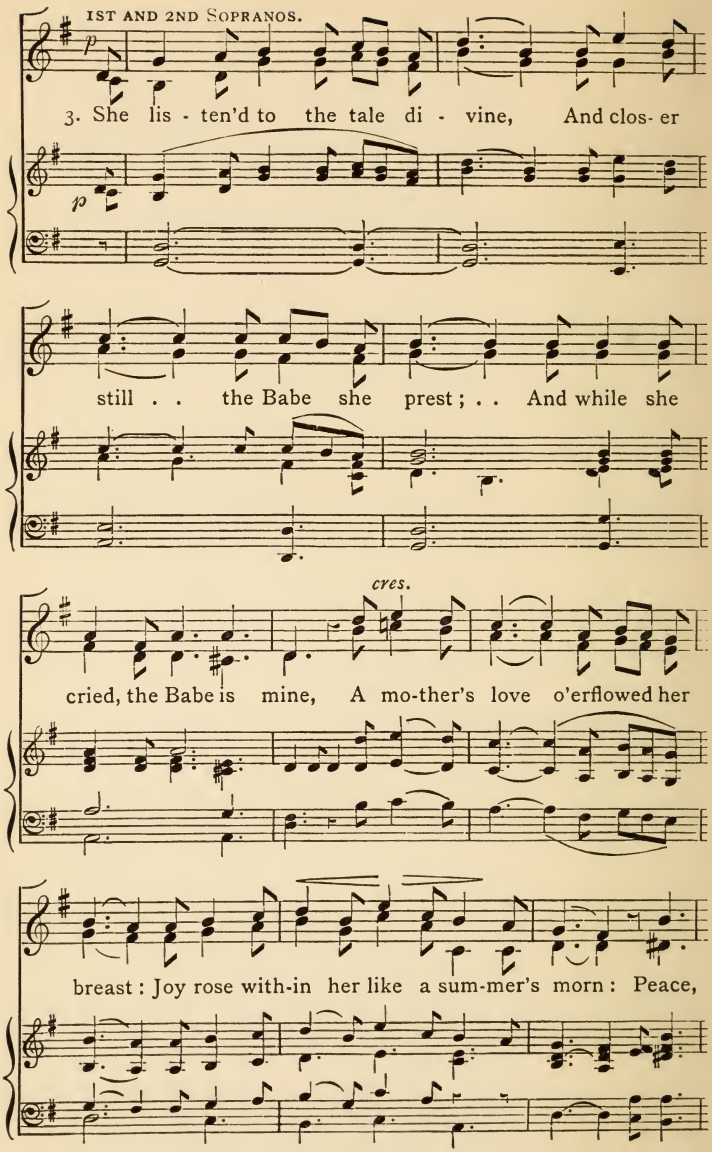
Then woe is me, poor Child, for Thee,
And ever mourn and say,
For Thy parting nor say nor sing,
By, by, lully, lullay.

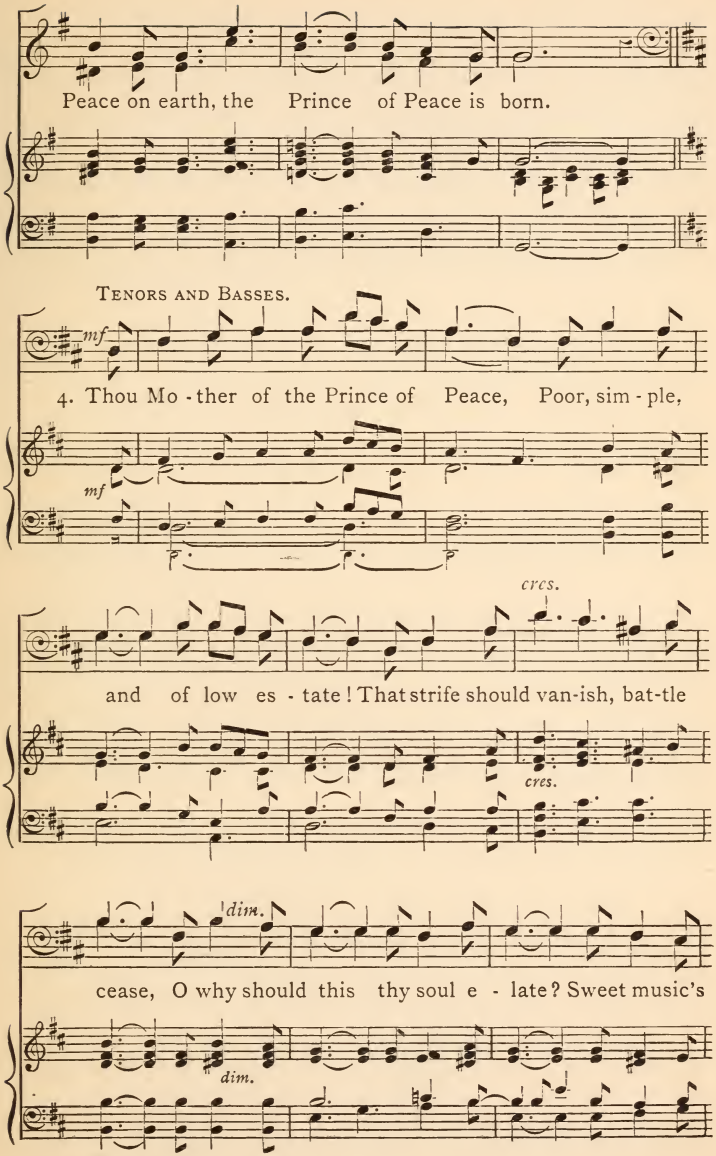
The Morning Star.

Chorus (*to be sung at the end of each verse*).

na - tus ho - di - e, ho - - di -
f
- - e, Chris - tus na - tus ho - di -
f
Chris - tus na - tus ho - di - e,
- - e, Chris - tus na - tus ho - di -
rall.
- - e, Chris - tus na - tus ho - di - e.
rall.
- - e, Chris - tus na - tus ho - di - e.
f
rall.
Chris - tus na - tus ho - di - e.
rall.
- - e, na - tus ho - di - e.
rall.

p
2. Long our watch has been and drear - y; Long we've
p
Fol-
w..nder'd from a - far, So the Wisemen, worn and weary,
cres.
- - low'd still the lead-ing star: Till the
cres.
Fol-low'd still the lead-ing star: Till the Day - -
cres.
fol - low'd still the lead-ing star: Till the Day - spring's
Fol- low'd still the lead-ing star:

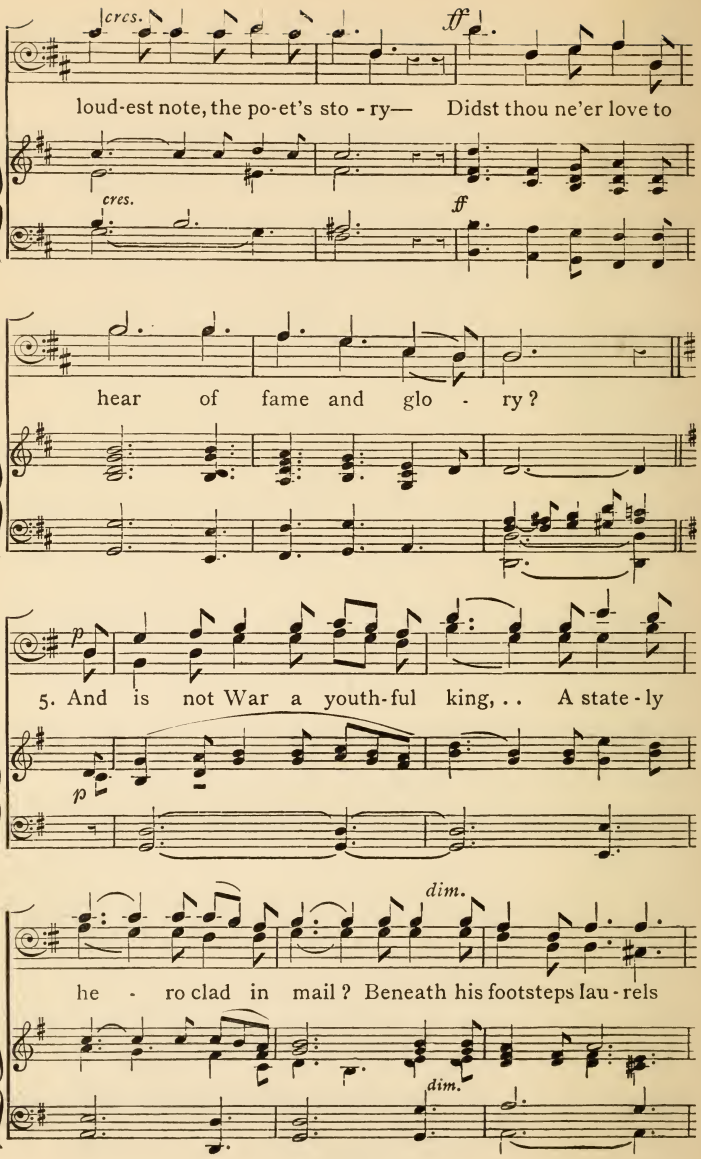
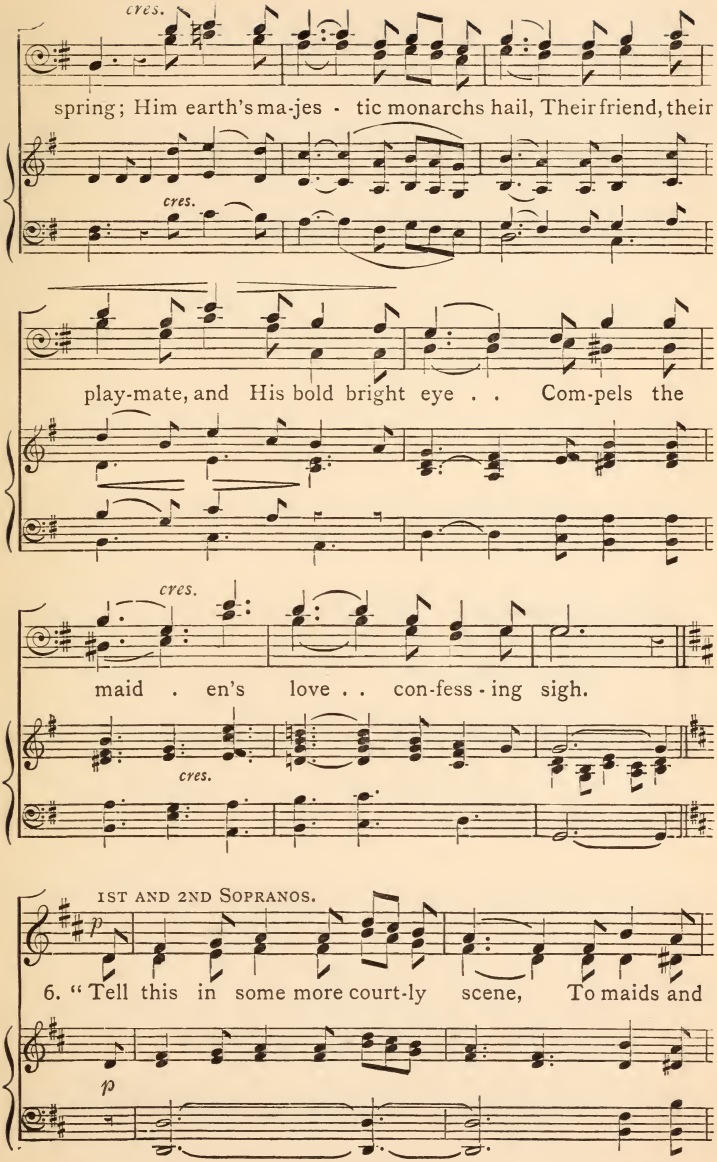

Return to 𝄋 verse 1.
Day - spring's self they see.
- · spring's self . . . . they see. . .
self, the Day-spring's self they see. . . .
cres.
Till the Day spring's self they see. . .
Return to 𝄋 verse 1.
mf
3. Hence! a - way, all care and sad - ness, Hence, and
mf
"Peace
ne'er re-turn a - gain. An-gels sing with notes of gladness,

cres.
. . . . on earth, good-will to men." Join . we
cres.
"Peace on earth, good-will to men." Join we then . . .
cres.
"Peace on earth, good-will to men." Join we then. . in
"Peace on earth, good-will to men."
Return to 𝄋 verse 1.
then in car - - - ol free . . .
. . . . in car - - ol . . free . .
car - ol free, in car - ol free . .
cres.
Join we then in car - ol free . .
Return to 𝄋 verse 1.

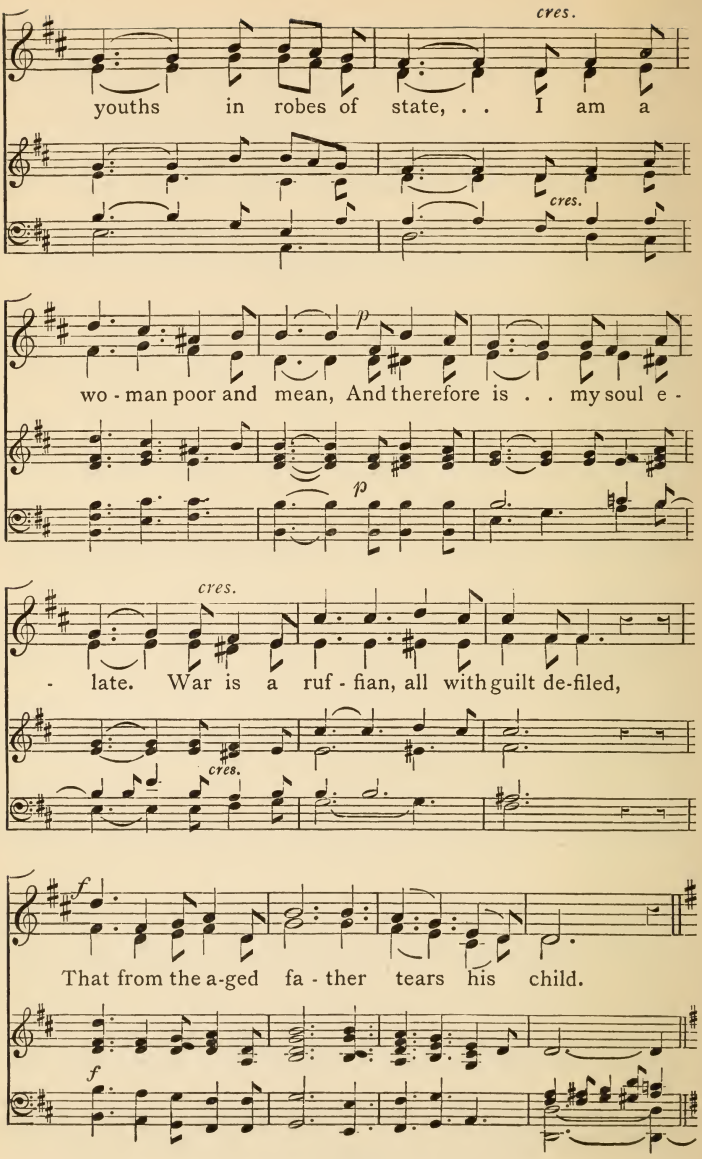
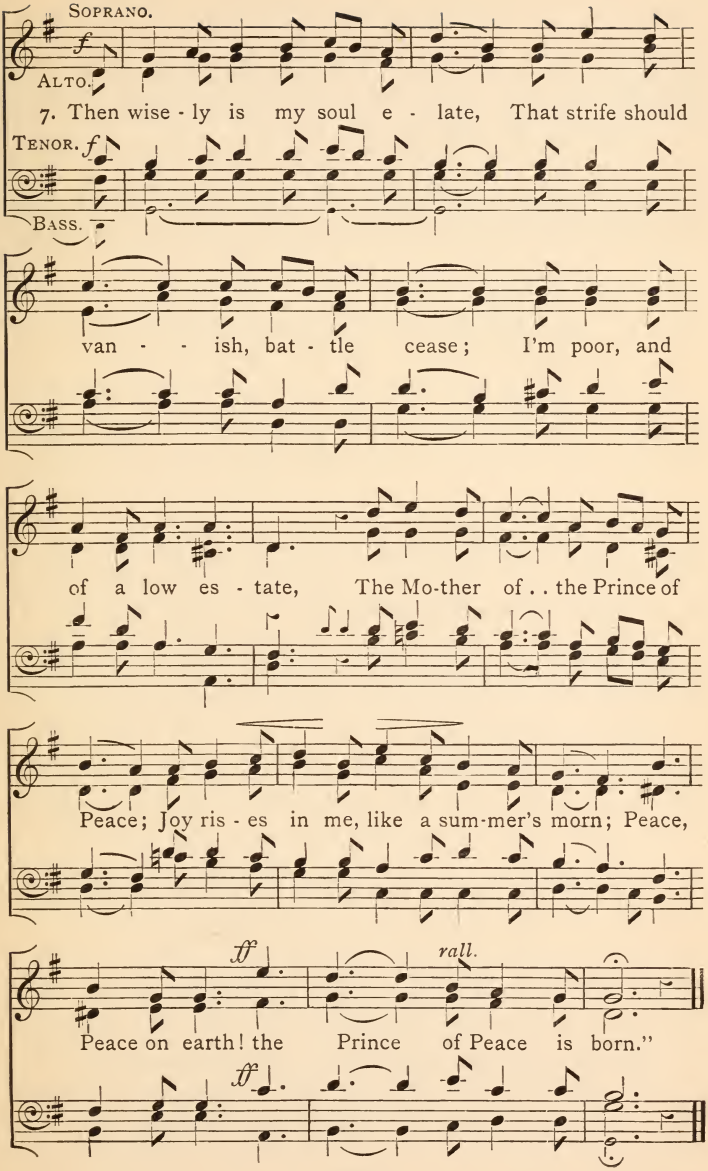
63 The Shepherds went their hasty way.

cres.
lay; And now they checked their eag - er tread, For to the
cres.
Babe, that at her bo - som clung, A moth - er's
song . . the Vir - gin-Mo - ther sung.
Tenors and Basses.
mf
2. They told her how a glo - rious light, Stream - ing
mf

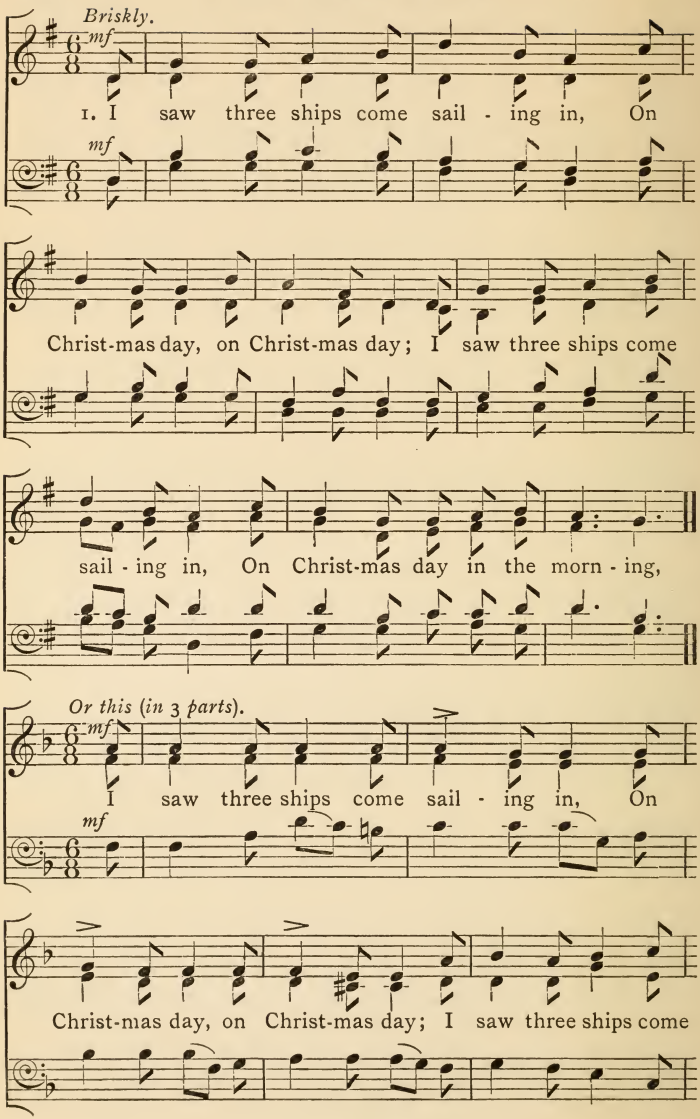
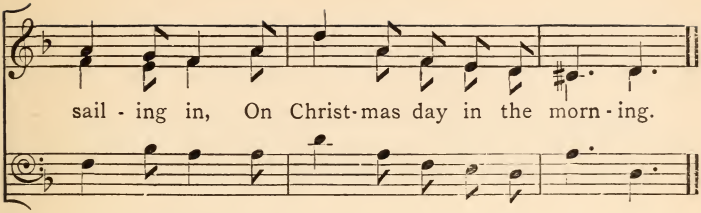

from a heavenly throng, A-round them shone, sus-pending
night, While sweeter than a mother's song, Blest an-gels
cres.
ff
he- rald-ed the Sa-viour's birth: "Glo - ry to God on
cres.
ff
High! and peace on . . earth."


1ST AND 2ND SOPRANOS.
p
3. She lis - ten'd to the tale di - vine, And clos- er
p
still . . the Babe she prest; . . And while she
cres.
cried, the Babe is mine, A mo-ther's love o'erflowed her
breast: Joy rose with-in her like a sum-mer's morn: Peace,


Peace on earth, the Prince of Peace is born.
Tenors and Basses.
mf
4. Thou Mo - ther of the Prince of Peace, Poor, sim - ple,
mf
cres.
and of low es - tate! That strife should van-ish, bat-tle
cres.
dim.
cease, O why should this thy soul e - late? Sweet music's
dim.


cres.
ff
loud-est note, the po-et's sto - ry— Didst thou ne'er love to
cres.
ff
hear of fame and glo - ry?
p
5. And is not War a youth-ful king, . . A state - ly
p
dim.
he - ro clad in mail? Beneath his footsteps lau - rels
dim.

cres.
spring; Him earth's ma-jes - tic monarchs hail, Their friend, their
cres.
play-mate, and His bold bright eye . . Com-pels the
cres.
maid . en's love . . con-fess - ing sigh.
cres.
1ST AND 2ND SOPRANOS.
p
6. " Tell this in some more court-ly scene, To maids and
p


cres.
youths in robes of state, . . I am a
cres.
p
wo - man poor and mean, And therefore is . . my soul e -
p
cres.
- late. War is a ruf - fian, all with guilt de-filed,
cres.
f
That from the a-ged fa - ther tears his child.
f

Soprano.
Alto.
7. Then wise - ly is my soul e - late, That strife should
Tenor.
Bass.
van - - - ish, bat - tle cease; I'm poor, and
of a low es - tate, The Mo-ther of . . the Prince of
Peace; Joy ris - es in me, like a sum-mer's morn; Peace,
ff
rall.
Peace on earth! the Prince of Peace is born."
ff

I saw three Ships.

2 And what was in those ships all three,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day?
And what was in those ships all three,
On Christmas day in the morning?

3 The Virgin Mary and Christ were there,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
The Virgin Mary and Christ were there,
On Christmas day in the morning.

4 Pray, whither sailed those ships all three,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
Pray, whither sailed those ships all three,
On Christmas day in the morning?

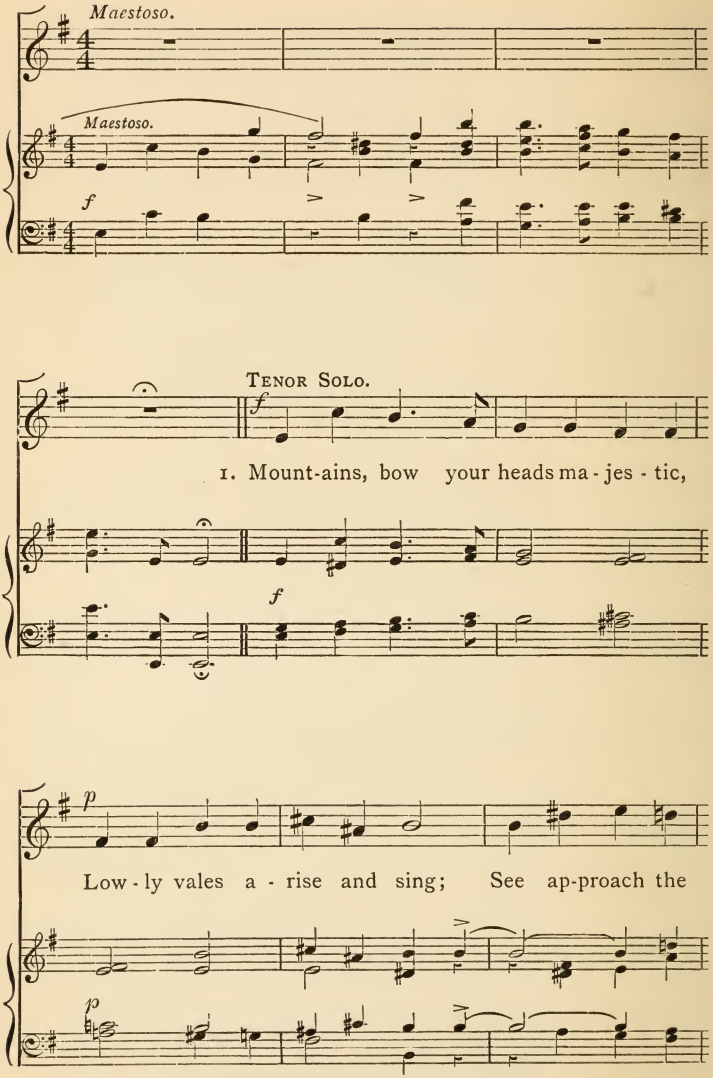
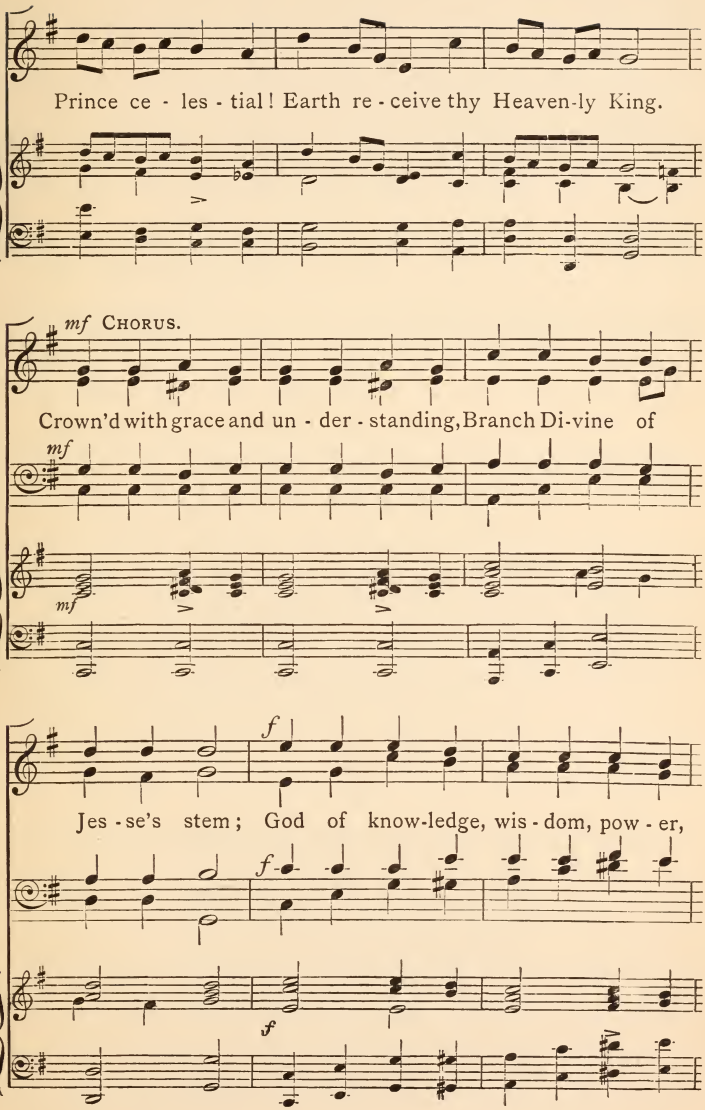
5 O they sailed into Bethlehem,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
O they sailed into Bethlehem,
On Christmas day in the morning.

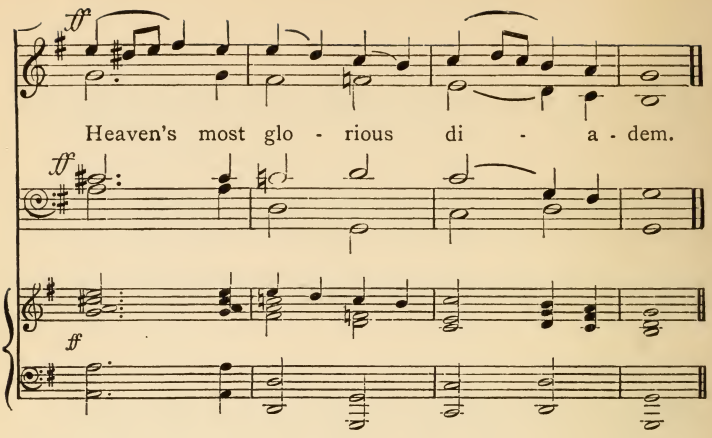
6 And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas day in the morning.

7 And all the Angels in Heaven shall sing,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
And all the Angels in Heaven shall sing,
On Christmas day in the morning.

8 And all the souls on earth shall sing,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
And all the souls on earth shall sing,
On Christmas day in the morning.

9 Then let us all rejoice amain,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
Then let us all rejoice amain,
On Christmas day in the morning.

65 Mountains, bow your heads majestic.


Prince ce - les - tial! Earth re - ceive thy Heaven-ly King.
mf CHORUS.
Crown'd with grace and un - der - standing, Branch Di-vine of
mf
mf
f
Jes - se's stem; God of know-ledge, wis - dom, pow - er,
f
f



2.

Soprano Solo. Sweetly smiles the Rose of Sharon,
Lofty cedars kiss the ground,
Deserts bloom with great rejoicing,
Isles with glorious mirth resound.

Chorus. Christ has brought us our redemption,
Righteous Saviour, faithful Lord;
Christ has come to save the sinner
From the edge of Judgment's sword.

3.

Tenor Solo. Heavenly throngs His Birth attending,
Angels chant Emmanuel's praise,
Joy pervades the shining myriads,
That above their anthems raise:

Chorus. Earth, with holy joy abounding,
Haste to welcome Zion's King;
And as tokens of affection,
Richest treasures hither bring.

4.

Soprano Solo. Hark, ye deaf, to words of comfort;
See, ye blind, the source of light;
Speak, ye dumb, the Saviour's praises;
Rise, ye dead, from realms of night!

Chorus. Flee, ye fiends, before His Presence;
Peace, be still, thou sounding sea;
Winds be hushed, in silence slumber;
Rest, ye billows, tranquil be.

5.

Tenor Solo. Christ is come, the weak to succour;
Not to break the bruised reed;
Christ is come to bear the burden
Of the poor that pine in need.

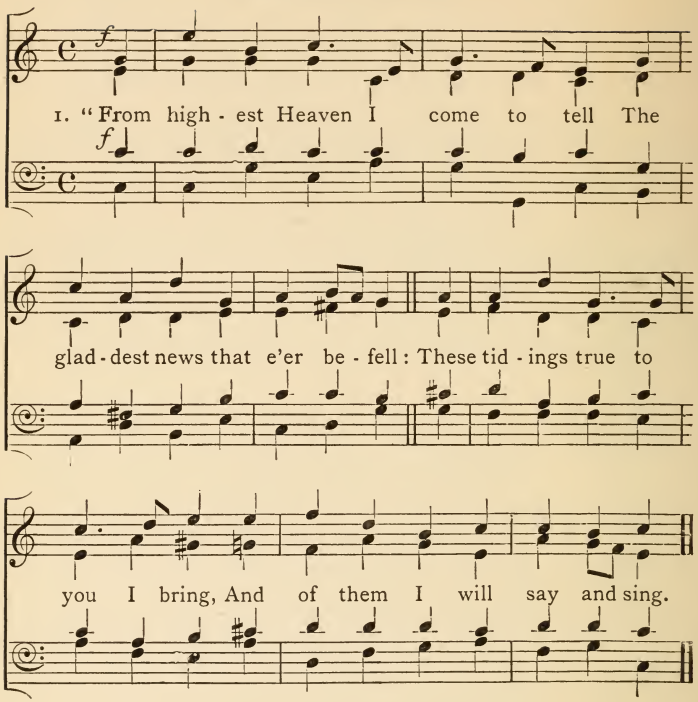
Chorus. Balm to every wound He offers,
Comfort to the restless mind;
Captives from their chains He severs,
He is come lost sheep to find.

6.

Sop. & Ten., unis. Earth, before Thy Lord triumphant,
Bow the head and bend the knee,
Christ, that over death and Satan
Hath obtained the victory;

Chorus. Sing His praises, tell His story,
Bid thy heart with rapture swell;
Let thine own remotest corners
Praise His conquest over hell.

Luther's Carol.



2 "To you this day is born a Child,
Of Mary, chosen Virgin mild:
That blessed Child, so sweet and kind
Shall give you joy and peace of mind.

3 "'Tis Christ our Lord and God indeed,
Your help and stay in every need:
Himself your Saviour He will be,
From sin and death to set you free.

4 "All blessedness to you He bears,
Which God the Father's love prepares:
The Heavenly Kingdom ye shall gain,
And now and ever with us reign.

5 "Now hear the sign, and mark with care
The swadlding clothes and crib so bare;
There shall ye find this Infant laid
Who all the world upholds and made."

6 Then let us all our gladness shew,
And with the joyful shepherds go,
To see what God for us has done,
And given with His glorious Son.

7 Awake, my soul, my heart behold
Who lieth in that manger cold,
Who is that lovely Baby-Boy?
'Tis Jesus Christ, our only joy.

8 Now, welcome, ever-blessed Guest,
To sinful souls with guilt opprest;
In mercy come to our distress!
How can we thank Thy gentleness?

9 Ah! Lord, who all things didst create,
How cam'st Thou to this poor estate,
To make the hay and straw Thy bed,
Whereon the ass and ox are fed?

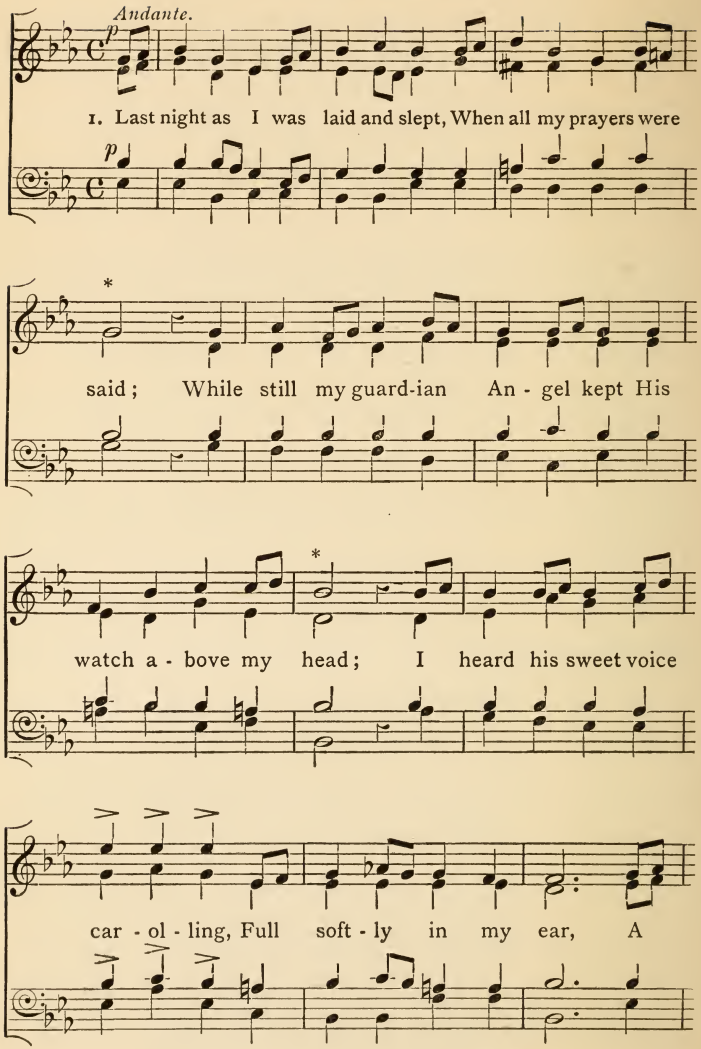
10 Nay, were the world ten times so wide,
With gold and gems on every side,
Yet were it all too small to be
A narrow cradle, Lord, for Thee.

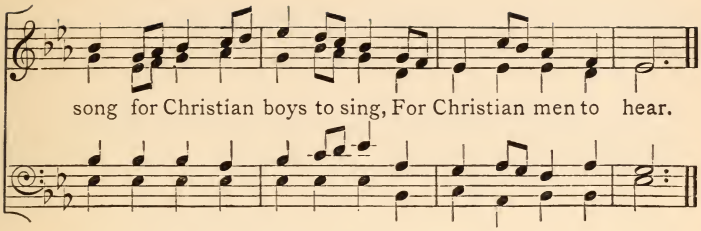
11 Thy samite and Thy silk array
Are swathing-bands and coarest hay,
Whereon Thou shinest, King most bright,
As though Thou sat'st in heavenly light.

12 And all this woe hath come to Thee,
That Thou might'st shew the truth to me;
For all the goods and gifts of earth
To Thee are vile and nothing worth.

13 Ah! Jesu, my heart's treasure blest,
Make Thee a clean, soft cradle-nest;
And rest and dwell within my heart,
That I from Thee may never part.

14 So shall I evermore rejoice,
And bounding sing, with heart and voice,
A lullaby which Thou wilt own,
The spirit's song of sweetest tone.

15 To God on high all glory be,
Who gave His only Son for me;
For which the Angels carol clear,
And sing us such a glad New Year.

* In verse 4, two crotchets must be substituted for this minim.



2.

"Thy body be at rest, dear boy,
Thy soul be free from sin;
I'll shield thee from the world's annoy,
And breathe pure words within.
The holy Christmas-tide is nigh,
The season of Christ's Birth:
All glory be to God on high,
And peace to men on earth.

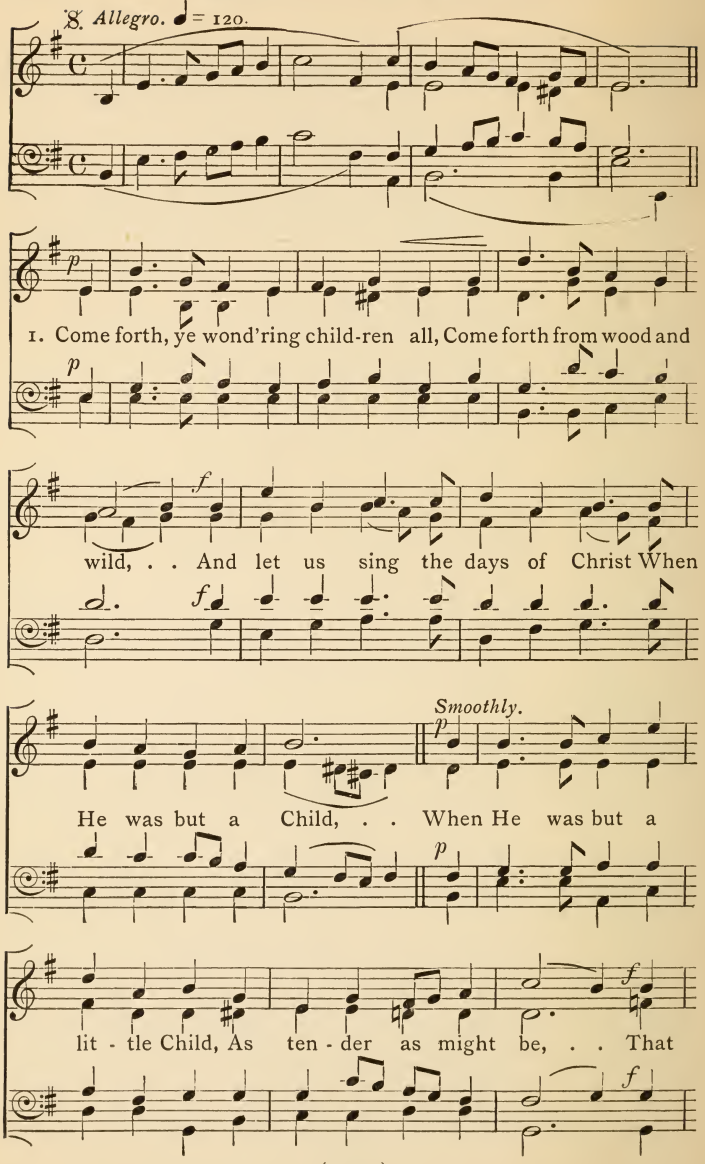
3.

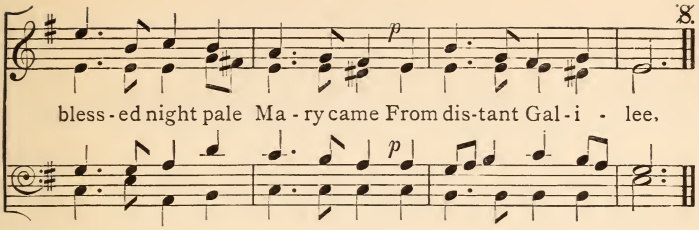
"Myself and all the heavenly host
Were keeping watch of old,
And saw the shepherds at their post,
And all the sheep in fold.
Then told we with a joyful cry,
The tidings of Christ's Birth:
Gave glory unto God on high,
And peace to men on earth.

4.

"He bowed to all His Father's will,
And meek was He and lowly;
And year by year His thoughts were still
Most innocent and holy.
He did not come to strive or cry,
But ever from His Birth
Gave glory unto God on high,
And peace to men on earth."

5.

"Like Him be true, like Him be pure,
Like Him be full of love;
Seek not thine own, and so secure
Thine own which is above:
And still when Christmas-tide draws nigh,
Sing thou of Jesus' Birth;
All glory be to God on high,
And peace to men on earth."

Allegro. ♩ = 120.
1. Come forth, ye wond'ring child-ren all, Come forth from wood and
wild, . . And let us sing the days of Christ When
Smoothly.
He was but a Child, . . When He was but a
lit - tle Child, As ten - der as might be, . . That



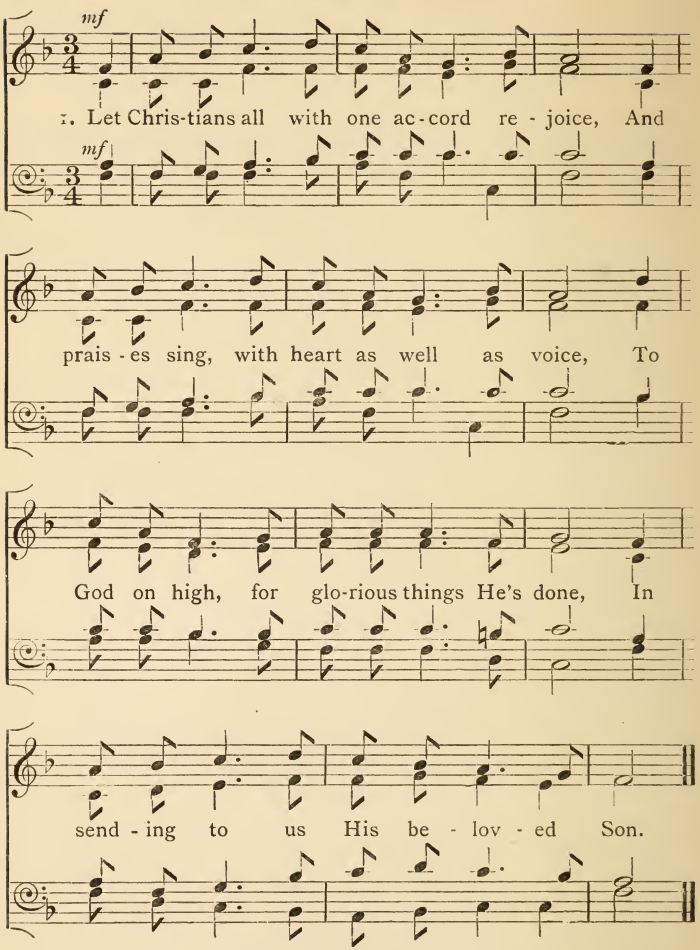
2 That night when 'mid the cattle herd,
Pure as the snow that falls,
The Voice that breathed our Father's love
Was hushed among the stalls,
It was the dreary winter-tide,
And dark the hour He came;
But such a brightness round Him burned,
The East was all aflame.

3 He made a wonder where He lay:
Quickened with love and fear,
The barren straw did swell with grain,
Ripe in the fruitful ear.
All round the shed the frozen bees
Went singing, singing sweet;
The lowly herd, bowed down with fear,
Fell kneeling at His feet.

4 And Mary on her sleeping Son
In solemn gladness smiled:
Remember! 'twas the sacred time
When Christ was but a Child.
And yet upon His heaving breast,
By troubled visions tossed,
Still folded in a mystic sign
His tender arms He crossed.

5 Though Mary Mother loosed the clasp,
Her care it was but loss;
For still the silent Sleeper's arms
Would form that mystic cross.
The daylight dawned, and Jesus woke
And on His mother smiled;
Remember! 'twas the hallowed time,
When Christ was but a Child.

The Black Decree.



2.

That blessed Babe and holy Child of love
Came down from heaven that we may reign above·
The happy news was brought on angels' wings,
Of our redemption by the King of kings.

3.

An earthly wonder not to be denied
Born of a Virgin mother and a bride;
Not like a prince, in worldly pomp and state,
But poor and low, to make us heavenly great.

4.

The night before that happy day of grace
The Virgin mother had no resting place:
She and her pious Joseph were so low
They knew not whither or which way to go.

5.

For they were forced to wander up and down
And could not find a lodging in the town;
But in an ox's stall where beasts are fed
The mother of our Lord was brought to bed.

6.

No costly silks, no robes of rich attire,
Nor gaudy show, which rich ones do admire;
But in a manger the great Lord of life
Was nourished by a mother, maid, and wife.

7.

Three wise-men by a star were thither brought
And found the blessed Babe they long had sought:
The best of spices and rich costly things
They humbly offered to the King of kings.

8.

And rather than the Lord of life betray
They worshipped Him and went another way:
Which so enraged the wicked Herod then,
(A Jewish king, but very worst of men),

9.

He caused young harmless infants to be killed;
All under two years old, their blood was spilled;
Sad cries and groans were heard in every street,
With mangled bodies, bleeding hands and feet.

10.

Young tender babes with limbs in pieces torn,
On soldiers' spears with spite and horrow borne:
Dear parents' tears could not their rage prevent,
Nor pity move the tyrant to repent.

11.

The Black Decree went all the country round,
To kill and murder children sick and sound:
They tore young children from their mothers' breast,
Thinking to murder Christ among the rest.

12.

But God above, Who knew what would be done,
Had sent to Egypt His beloved Son;
Where with His earthly parents He was fed,
Until the bloody tyrant he was dead.

13.

* [What pains and labours did not Christ endure,
To save our souls, and happiness secure!
Was always doing good, to let us see
By His example, what we ought to be.

14.

He made the blind to see, the lame to go,
He raised the dead, which none but He could do;
He cured the lepers of injected evils,
And by His mighty power cast out devils.

15.

He honoured marriage with a heavenly sign,
By turning water to the best of wine;
Five thousand hungry souls by Him were fed,
With two small fishes and five loaves of bread.

16.

Sufficient plenty and a welcome treat
The wondering guests with thanks and praises eat,
Who gathering up the fragments of the feast,
Their wonder, like the loaves, was much increased.

---

* The remaining verses may be omitted.

17.

Twelve baskets full, not half so much before,
Instead of wasting, still increasing more!
But yet for all the wonders that He wrought,
Ungrateful Jews still His destruction sought:

18.

And, that their wicked purpose might not miss,
Bribed Judas, who betrayed Him with a kiss;
Which being done, away they took Him then,
And used Him as the very worst of men.

19.

Spit in His face, and with reproachful scorn,
They put upon His head a crown of thorn:
Cried with one voice, and would not be denied,
To Pilate that He should be crucified.

20.

This wicked judge, with base injustice now,
To please the crowd, did their request allow,
Against his conscience, he, to end the strife,
Condemned to death the blessed Lord of life.

21.

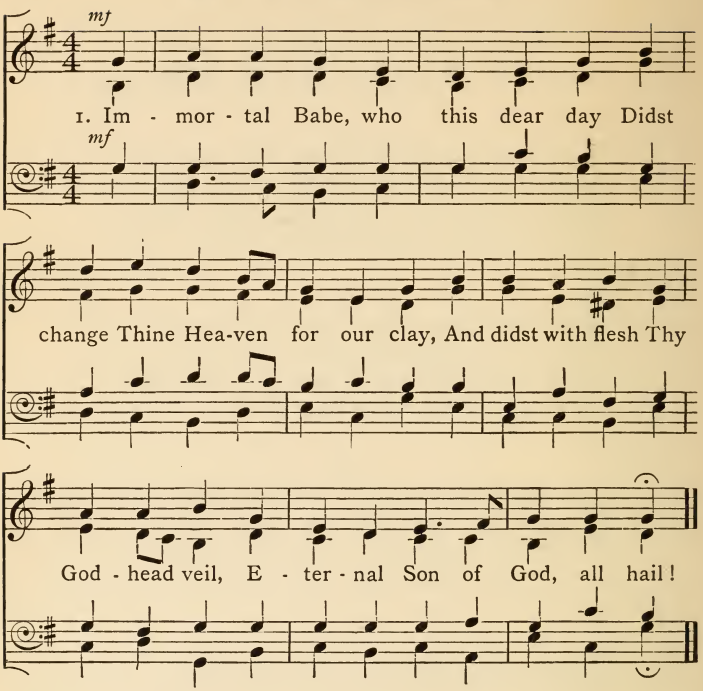
Then to a cross the Saviour of mankind
Was led, a harmless Lamb, as was designed:
To save our souls, condemned by Adam's fall,
Without His death we had been ruined all.

22.

His blessed hands and feet, with bitter pain,
Were nailed to the cross, with sad disdain;
With hateful spear they pierced His tender skin
And let out blood to wash away our sin.

23.

Thus blessed Jesus freely did resign
His precious soul to save both thine and mine:
Then let us all His mercies highly prize,
Who for our sins was made a sacrifice.]



2.

Shine, happy Star: ye Angels sing
Glory on high to Heaven's King:
Run, Shepherds, leave your nightly watch,
See Heaven come down to Bethlehem's cratch.

3.

Worship, ye Sages of the East,
The King of gods in meanness dressed:
O blessed Maid, with smiles adore
The God thine arms, thy bosom bore.

4.

Star, Angels, Shepherds, Sages wise,
Thou Virgin glory of all eyes,
Restored frame of Heaven and Earth,
Rejoice in your Redeemer's Birth!

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